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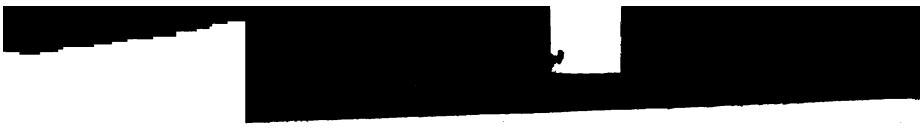

CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH CLASSICS

The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

In ten volumes

Vol. VI

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Born 1584
Died 1616

JOHN FLETCHER

Born 1579
Died 1625

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

THE QUEEN OF CORINTH
BONDUCA·
THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE
LOVES PILGRIMAGE
THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE

THE TEXT EDITED BY

A. R. WALLER, M.A.

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THE
Queen of Corinth,
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Agenor, *Prince of* Argos.
Theanor, *Son to the Qu. of* Corinth, *a vicious Prince.*
Leonidas, *The* Corinthian *General, Brother to* Merione.
Euphanes, *A noble young Gentleman, Favorite to the Qu.*
Crates, *Elder brother to* Eupha. *a malicious beautefeu.*
Conon, Euph[a]nes *Confident, and fellow-Traveller.*
Neanthes, Sosicles, Eraton, } *Courtiers.*
Onos *or* Lamprias, *A very foolish Traveller.*
Tutor *and* Uncle } *to* Onos, *two foolish Knaves.*
Gentlemen *Servants to* Agenor.
A Page *to Lord* Euphanes.
Marshal,
Vintner,
Drawers,

WOMEN.

Merione, { *A virtuous Lady, honourably solicited by Prince* Agenor.
Beliza, *A noble Lady, Mistriss to* Euphanes.
Queen *of* Corinth, { *A wise and virtuous Widow, Mother of* Theanor,

The Scene Corinth.

The Principal Actors were

Richard Burbadge,
Henry Condel,
John Underwood,
Thomas Polard,
Nathan Feild,
John Lowin,
Nich. Toolie,
Tho. Holcomb,

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Neanthes, Sosicles, Eraton.

Era. THe General is returned then?
Nean. With much honour.
Sos. And peace concluded with the Prince of *Argos*?
Nean. To the Queens wishes: the conditions sign'd
So far beyond her hopes, to the advantage
Of *Corinth*, and the good of all her Subjects;
That though *Leonidas* our brave General
Ever came home a fair and great example,
He never yet return'd, or with less loss
Or more deserved honour.
Era. Have you not heard
The motives to this general good?
Nean. The main one
Was admiration first in young *Agenor*,
(For by that name we know the Prince of *Argos*)
Of our *Leonidas* wisdom and his valour,
Which though an enemy, first in him bred wonder;
That liking, Love succeeded that, which was
Followed by a desire to be a friend
Upon what terms soever to such goodness;
They had an enterview; and that their friendship
Might with our peace be ratified, 'twas concluded,
Agenor yielding up all such strong places
As he held in our territories, should receive
(With a sufficient Dower, paid by the Queen)
The fair *Merion*[*e*] for his wife.
Era. But how
Approves the Queen of this? since we well know
Nor was her Highness ignorant, that her Son
The Prince *Theanor* made love to this Lady,
And in the noblest way.
Nean. Which she allowed of,
And I have heard from some familiar with
Her nearest secrets, she so deeply priz'd her
Being from an Infant train'd up in her service,

(Or to speak better, rather her own Creature)
She once did say, That if the Prince should steal
A Marriage without her leave, or knowledge,
With this *Merione*, with a little suit
She should grant both their pardons: whereas now
To shew her self for sooth a *Spartan* Lady,
And that 'tis in her power, now it concerns
The common good, not alone to subdue
Her own affections, but command her Sons;
She has not only forc'd him with rough threats
To leave his Mistriss, but compell'd him when
Agen[*or*] made his entrance into *Corinth*
To wait upon his Rival.
Sos. Can it be
The Prince should sit down with this wrong?
Nean. I know not,
I am sure I should not.
Era. Trust me nor I,
A Mother is a name, but put in ballance
With a young Wench 'tis nothing; where did you leave him?
Nean. Near *Vesta*'s Temple, for there he dismiss'd me,
And full of troubled thoughts, calling for *Crates*:
He went with him, but whither, or to what purpose
I am a stranger.

Enter Theanor *and* Crates.

Era. They are come back *Neanthes.*
The. I like the place well.
Cra. Well Sir? it is built
As if the Architect had been a Prophet,
And fashion'd it alone for this night's action;
The Vaults so hollow, and the Walls so strong,
As *Dian* there might suffer violence,
And with loud shrikes in vain call *Jove* to help her;
Or should he hear, his Thunder could not find
An entrance to it.
The. I give up my self
Wholly to thy direction, worthiest *Crates*;
And yet the desperate cure that we must practice
Is in it self so foul, and full of danger,

That I stand doubtful whether 'twere more manly
To dye not seeking help, or that help being
So deadly, to pursue it.
Cra. To those reasons
I have already urg'd, I will add these.
For but consider Sir—
Era. It is of weight
What e'r it be, that with such vehement action,
Of Eye, Hand, Foot, nay all his bodies motion,
Crates incites the Prince to.
Nean. Then observe,
With what variety of passions he
Receives his reasons; now he's pale, and shakes
For fear or anger; now his natural red
Comes back again, and with a pleasing smile
He seems to entertain it; 'tis resolv'd on
Be it what 'twill: to his ends may it prosper
Though the State sink for't.
Cra. Now you are a Prince
Fit to rule others, and in shaking off
The Bonds in which your Mother fetters you
Discharge your debt to nature, she's your guide,
Follow her boldly, Sir.
The. I am confirm'd,
Fall what may fall.
Cra. Yet still disguise your malice
In your humility.
The. I am instructed.
Cra. Though in you[r] heart there rage a thousand tempests,
All calmness in your looks.
The. I shall remember.
Cra. And at no hand, though these are us'd as agents
Acquaint them with your purpose till the instant
That we employ them; 'tis not fit they have
Time to consider, when 'tis done, reward
Or fear will keep them silent: yet you may
Grace them as you pass by, 'twill make them surer,
And greedier to deserve you.
The. I'll move only
As you would have me: Good-day Gentlem[e]n;

Nay, spare this ceremonious form of duty
To him that brings love to you, equal love,
And is in nothing happier, than in knowing
It is return'd by you; we are as one.
Sos. I am o'r-joy'd, I know not
How to reply: but—
Era. Hang all buts; my Lord,
For this your bounteous favour—
Nean. Let me speak,
If to feed Vultures here, after the halter
Has done his part, or if there be a Hell
To take a swinge or two there, may deserve this.
Sos. We are ready.
Era. Try us any way.
Nean. Put us to it.
The. What jewels I have in you!
Cra. Have these souls,
That for a good look, and a few kind words
Part with their Essence?
The. Since you will compell me
To put that to the tryal, which I doubt not,
Crates, may be, suddainly will instruct you
How, and in what to shew your loves; obey him
As you would bind me to you.
Cra. 'Tis well-grounded;
Leave me to rear the building.
Nean. We will do.
Cra. I know it.
Era. Any thing you'll put us to. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Leonidas, Merione, Beliza, Servants.

Leo. Sister, I reap the harvest of my labours
In your preferment, be you worthy of it,
And with an open bosom entertain
A greater fortune than my love durst hope for;
Be wise, and welcome it: play not the coy
And foolish wanton, with the offered bounties
Of him that is a Prince. I was woo'd for you,

And won *Merione*: then if you dare
Believe the object that took me was worthy,
Or trust my judgement, in me think you were
Courted, sued to, and conquer'd.
Mer. Noble Brother,
I have, and still esteem you as a Father,
And will as far obey you; my heart speaks it:
And yet without your anger, give me leave
To say, That in the choice of that on which
All my lifes joyes or sorrows have dependance,
It had been fit e'r you had made a full
And absolute grant of me to any other,
I should have us'd mine own eyes, or at least
Made you to understand, whether it were
Within my power to make a second gift
Of my poor self.
Leo. I know what 'tis you point at,
The Prince *Theanor*'s love; let not that cheat you;
His vows were but meer Courtship; all his service
But practice how to entrap a credulous Lady:
Or grant it serious, yet you must remember
He's not to love, but where the Queen his Mother
Must give allowance, which to you is barr'd up:
And therefore study to forget that ever
You cherisht such a hope.
Mer. I would I could.
Leo. But brave *Agenor*, who is come in person
To celebrate this Marriage, for your love
Forgives the forfeit of ten thousand lives,
That must have fall'n under the sword of War
Had not this peace been made; which general good
Both Countreys owe to his affection to you:
O happy Sister, ask this noble Lady
Your bosome friend (since I fail in my credit)
What palme *Agenor*'s name, above all Princes
That *Greece* is proud of, carries, and with lustre.
Bel. Indeed Fame gives him out for excellent;
And friend, I doubt not but when you shall see him [*Ent. a Ser.*
He'll so appear to you. Art sure 'tis he?
Ser. As I live Madam—

Bel. Virtue enable me to contain my joy.
'Tis my *Euphanes.*
Ser. Yes.
Bel. And he's in health?
Ser. Most certainly Madam.
Bel. I'll see him instantly.
So prethee tell him. [*Exit Ser.*
Mer. I yield my self too weak
In argument to oppose you: you may lead me
Whither you please.
Leo. 'Tis answer'd like my Sister;
And if in him you find not ample cause
To pray for me, and daily on your knees,
Conclude I have no judgement.
Mer. May it prove so:
Friend, shall we have your company?
Bel. Two hours hence
I will not fail you.
Leo. At your pleasure Madam. [*Ex.* Leo. *and* Mer.

Enter Euphanes.

Bel. Could I in one word speak a thousand welcomes
(And hearty ones) you have 'em: Fie, my hand,
We stand at no such distance, by my life
The parting kiss you took before your travel
Is yet a Virgin on my lips, preserv'd
With as much care as I would do my fame
To entertain your wish'd return.
Euph. Best Lady,
That I do honour you, and with as much reason
As ever man did virtue; that I love you,
Yet look upon you with that reverence
As Holy men behold the Sun, the Stars,
The Temples, and their gods, they all can witness;
And that you have deserv'd this duty from me;
The life, and means of life, for which I owe you,
Commands me to profess it, since my fortune
Affords no other payment.
Bel. I had thought,
That for the trifling courtesies, as I call them,

(Though you give them another name) you had
Made ample satisfaction in th' acceptance,
And therefore did presume you had brought home
Some other Language.
Euph. No one I have learn'd
Yields words sufficient to express your goodness;
Nor can I ever choose another theme
And not be thought unthankful.
Bel. Pray you no more
As you respect me.
Euph. That charm is too powerful
For me to disobey it: 'Tis your pleasure,
And not my boldness Madam.
Bel. Good *Euphanes*,
Believe I am not one of those weak Ladies,
That (barren of all inward worth) are proud
Of what they cannot truly call their own,
Their birth or fortune, which are things without them:
Nor in this will I imitate the world,
Whose greater part of men think when they give
They purchase bondmen, not make worthy friends:
By all that's good I swear, I never thought
My great estate was an addition to me,
Or that your wants took from you.
Euph. There are few
So truly understanding or themselves
Or what they do possess.
Be[l]. Good *Euphanes*,
Where benefits
Are ill conferr'd, as to unworthy men,
That turn them to bad uses, the bestower
For wanting judgement how, and on whom to place them,
Is partly guilty: but when we do favours
To such as make them grounds on which they build
Their noble actions, there we improve our fortunes
To the most fair advantage. If I speak
Too much, though I confess I speak well,
Prethee remember 'tis a womans weakness,
And then thou wilt forgive it.
Euph. You speak nothing

But what would well become the wisest man:
And that by you deliver'd is so pleasing
That I could hear you ever.
Bel. Fly not from
Your word, for I arrest it: and will now
Express my self a little more, and prove
That whereas you profess your self my debtor,
That I am yours.
Euph. Your Ladyship then must use
Some Sophistry I ne'r heard of.
Bel. By plain reasons,
For look you, had you never sunk beneath
Your wants, or if those wants had found supply
From *Crates*, your unkind and covetous brother,
Or any other man, I then had miss'd
A subject upon which I worthily
Might exercise my bounty: whereas now
By having happy opportunity
To furnish you before, and in your travels,
With all conveniencies that you thought useful,
That Gold which would have rusted in my Coffers
Being thus imploy'd, has rendred me a partner
In all your glorious actions. And whereas
Had you not been, I should have dy'd a thing
Scarce known, or soon forgotten: there's no Trophy
In which *Euphanes* for his worth is mentioned,
But there you have been careful to remember,
That all the good you did came from *Beliza.*
Euph. That was but thankfulness.
Bel. 'Twas such an honour,
And such a large return for the poor trash
I ventur'd with you, that if I should part
With all that I possess, and my self too
In satisfaction for it, 'twere still short
Of your deservings.
Euph. You o'r-prize them Madam.
Bel. The Queen her self hath given me gracious thanks
In your behalf, for she hath heard *Euphanes*
How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour
In all the Courts of *Greece*: and rest assur'd

(Though yet unknown) when I present you to her,
Which I will do this evening, you shall find
That she intends good to you.
Euph. Worthiest Lady,
Since all you labour for is the advancement
Of him that will live ever your poor servant,
He must not contradict it.
Bel. Here's your Brother,
'Tis strange to see him here.

Enter Crates.

Cra. You are welcome home, Sir,
(Your pardon Madam) I had thought my house,
Considering who I am, might have been worthy
Of your first visit.
Euph. 'Twas not open to me
When last I saw you; and to me 'tis wonder
That absence which still renders men forgotten
Should make my presence wish'd for.
Bel. That's not it,
Your too kind Brother understanding that
You stand in no need of him, is bold to offer
His entertainment.
Cra. He had never wanted,
Or yours, or your assistance, had he practis'd
The way he might have took, to have commanded,
Whatever I call mine.
Euph. I studied many,
But could find none.
Cra. You would not find your self, Sir,
Or in your self, what was due to me from you:
The priviledge my birth bestow'd upon me
Might challenge some regard.
Euph. You had all the Land, Sir,
What else did you expect? and I am certain
You kept such strong Guards to preserve it yours
I could force nothing from you.
Cra. Did you ever
Demand help from me?
Euph. My wants have, and often,

With open mouths, but you nor heard, nor saw them;
May be you look'd I should petition to you
As you went to your Horse; flatter your servants,
To play the Brokers for my furtherance,
Sooth your worst humors, act the Parasite
On all occasions, write my name with theirs
That are but one degree remov'd from slaves,
Be drunk when you would have me, then wench with you,
Or play the Pander; enter into Quarrels
Although unjustly grounded, and defend them
Because they were yours; these are the tyrannies
Most younger Brothers groan beneath; yet bear them
From the insulting Heir, selling their freedoms
At a less rate than what the State allows
The sallary of base and common Strumpets:
For my part, e'r on such low terms I feed
Upon a Brothers trencher, let me dye
The Beggars death, and starve.
Cra. 'Tis bravely spoken,
Did what you do rank with it.
Bel. Why, what does he
You would not wish were yours?
Cra. I'll tell you Lady,
Since you rise up his Advocate, and boldly,
(For now I find, and plainly in whose favor
My Love and Service to you was neglected)
For all your wealth, nay, add to that your beauty,
And put your virtues in, if you have any,
I would not yet be pointed at, as he is,
For the fine Courtier, the womans man,
That tells my Lady stories, dissolves Riddles,
Ushers her to her Coach, lies at her feet
At solemn Masks, applauding what she laughs at;
Reads her asleep anights, and takes his oath
Upon her Pantoffles, that all excellence
In other Madams do but zany hers:
These you are perfect in, and yet these take not
Or from your birth and freedom.
Euph. Should another
Say this, my deeds, not looks should shew—

Bel. Contemn it:
His envie fains this, and he's but reporter,
Without a second, of his own dry fancies.
Cra. Yes Madam, the whole City speaks it with me,
And though [it may] distaste, 'tis certain you
Are brought into the scene, and with him censur'd;
For you are given out for the provident Lady,
That not to be unfurnish'd for her pleasures
(As without them to what vain use is greatness)
Have made choice of an able man, a young man
Of an *Herculean* back to do you service,
And one you may command too, that is active,
And does what you would have him.
Bel. You are foul-mouth'd.
Cra. That can speak well, write Verses too, and good ones,
Sharp and conceited, whose wit you may lie with
When his performance fails him; one you have
Maintain'd abroad to learn new ways to please you,
And by the gods you well reward him for it,
No night (in which while you lye sick and panting)
He watches by you, but is worth a talent:
No conference in your Coach, which is not paid with
A Scarlet Suit; this the poor people mutter,
Though I believe, for I am bound to do so,
A Lady of your youth, that feeds high too,
And a most exact Lady, may do all this
Out of a virtuous love, the last bought vizard
That Leachery purchas'd.
Euph. Not a word beyond this,
The reverence I owe to that one womb
In which we both were embrions, makes me suffer
What's past; but if continu'd—
Bel. Stay your hand,
The Queen shall right my honor.
Cra. Let him do it,
It is but marrying him; and for your anger
Know that I slight it: when your goddess here
Is weary of your sacrifice, as she will be,
You know my house, and there amongst my servants
Perhaps you'll find a livery. [*Exit.*

Bel. Be not mov'd,
I know the rancor of his disposition,
And turn it on himself by laughing at it;
And in that let me teach you.
Euph. I learn gladly. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Neanthes, Sosi[cl]es, *and* Eraton *severally.*

Nean. You are met unto my wishes, if you ever
Desir'd true mirth so far as to adventure
To dye with the extremity of laughter,
I come before the object that will do it;
Or let me live your fool.
Sos. Who is't *Neanthes*?
Nea. *Lamprias* the Usurers Son.
Era. *Lamprias*? the youth
Of six and fifty?
Sos. That was sent to travel
By rich *Beliza*, till he came to age,
And was fit for a Wife?
Nea. The very same,
This gallant with his Guardian, and his Tutor,
(And of the three, who is most fool I know not)
Are newly come to *Corinth*, I'll not stale them
By giving up their characters, but leave you
To make your own discoveries: here they are, Sir.

Enter Onos, Uncle *and* Tutor.

Tutor. That leg a little higher; very well.
Now put your Face into the Travellers posture;
Exceeding good.
Uncle. Do you mark how they admire him?
Tut. They will be all my Scholars, when they know
And understand him truly.
Era. *Phœbus* guard me
From this new *Python*.
Sos. How they have trimm'd him up
Like an old Reveller!
Nea. Curl'd him and perfum'd him,

But that was done with judgement, for he looks
Like one that purg'd perpetually; trust me,
That Witches face of his is painted too,
And every ditch upon it buries more
Then would set off ten Bawds, and all their tenants.
Sos. See how it moves towards us.
Nea. There's a salutation:
'Troth Gentlemen, you have bestowed much travel
In training up your Pupil.
Tut. Sir, great buildings
Require great labours, which yet we repent not,
Since for the Countreys good we have brought home
An absolute man.
Unc. As any of his years,
Corinth can shew you.
Era. He's exceeding meagre.
Tut. His contemplation—
Unc. Besides, 'tis fit
Learners should be kept hungry.
Nea. You all contemplate;
For three such wretched pictures of lean famine
I never saw together.
Unc. We have fat minds, Sir,
And travell'd to save charges. Do you think
'Twas fit a young and hopeful Gentleman
Should be brought up a glutton? he's my Ward,
Nor was there ever where I bore the bag
Any superfluous waste.
Era. Pray you can it speak?
Tut. He knows all Languages, but will use none,
They are all too big for his mouth, or else too little
T' express his great conceits: and yet of late
With some impulsion he hath set down
In a strange method by the way of question,
And briefly to all business whatsoever
That may concern a Gentleman.
Nea. Good Sir, let's hear him.
Tut. Come on, Sir.
Nea. They have taught him like an Ape,
To do his tricks by signs: now he begins.

Onos. When shall we be drunk together?
Tut. That's the first.
Onos. Where shall we whore to night?
Unc. That ever follows.
Era. 'Odds me, he now looks angry.
Onos. Shall we quarrel?
Nea. With me at no hand, Sir.
Onos. Then lets protest.
Era. Is this all?
Tut. These are, Sir, the four new Virtues
That are in fashion: many a mile we measur'd
Before we could arrive to this knowledge.
Nea. You might [h]ave spar'd that labour, for at home here
There's little else in practice: Ha? the Queen?
Good friends, for half an hour remove your motion,
To morrow willingly when we have more leasure
We'll look on him again.
Onos. Did I not rarely?
Unc. Excellent well.
Tut. He shall have six Plumbs for it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Theanor, Queen, Merione, Beliza, Euphanes, Crates, Ladies, Attendants *with Lights.*

Qu. How much my Court is honour'd Princely Brother
In your vouchsafing it your long'd-for presence
Were tedious to repeat, since 'tis already
(And heartily) acknowledg'd; may the gods
That look into Kings actions, smile upon
The league we have concluded; and their justice
Find me out to revenge it, if I break
One Article.
Age. Great miracle of Queens,
How happy I esteem myself in being
Thought worthy to be numbred in the rank
Of your confederates, my love and best service
Shall teach the world hereafter: but this gift
With which you have confirm'd it, is so far
Beyond my hopes and means e'r to return,
That of necessity I must dye oblig'd
To your unanswer'd bounty.

The. The sweet Lady
In blushes gives your Highness thanks.
Qu. Believe it
On the Queens word, she is a worthy one,
And I am so acquainted with her goodness,
That but for this peace that hath chang'd my purpose,
And to her more advancement, I should gladly
Have call'd her Daughter.
The. Though I am depriv'd of
A blessing, 'tis not in the Fates to equal,
To shew my self a Subject as a Son,
Here I give up my claim, and willingly
With mine own hand deliver you what once
I lov'd above my self; and from this hour
(For my affection yields now to my duty)
Vow never to sollicite her.
Cra. 'Tis well cover'd;
Neanthes, and the rest. [*Exeunt* Cra. Nea. Sos. Era.
Qu. Nay, for this night
You must (for 'tis our Countrey fashion, Sir)
Leave her to her Devotions, in the morning
We'll bring you to the Temple.
Leo. How in this
Your Highness honours me?
Mer. Sweet rest to all.
Age. This kiss, and I obey you.
Bel. Please it your Highness,
This is the Gentleman.
Qu. You are welcome home, Sir,
(Now as I live, one of a promising presence)
I have heard of you before, and you shall find
I'll know you better: find out something that
May do you good, and rest assur'd to have it.
Were you at *Sparta* lately?
Euph. Three daies since
Madam, I came from thence.
Qu. 'Tis very late,
Good night my Lord, do you Sir follow me,
I must talk further with you.
Ag. All rest with you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crates, Neanthes, Eraton, Sosicles *disguis'd.*

Cra. She must pass through this Cloyster, suddainly
And boldly seize upon her.
Nea. Where's the Prince?
Cra. He does expect us at the place I shew'd you.

Enter Merione *and* Servant.

I hear ones footing, peace, 'tis she;
Mer. Now leave me,
I know the way, though *Vesta* witness with me
I never trode it with such fear: help, help. (you.
Cra. Stop her mouth close, out with the Light, I'll guide
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Merione (*as newly ravished.*)

Mer. TO whom now shall I cry? What pow'r thus kneel
And beg my ravisht honor back upon me? (to?
Deaf, deaf, you gods of goodness, deaf to me,
Deaf Heaven to all my cries; deaf hope, deaf justice,
I am abus'd, and you, that see all, saw it;
Saw it, and smil'd upon the villain did it:
Saw it, and gave him strength: why have I pray'd to ye,
When all the worlds eyes have been sunk in slumbers?
Why have I then powr'd out my tears? kneel'd to ye,
And from the Altar of a pure heart sent ye
Thoughts like your selves, white, innocent, vows purer
And of a sweeter flame than all the earths odours?
Why have I sung your praises, strew'd your Temples,
And crown'd your Holy Priests with Virgin Roses?
Is it we hold ye powerful, to destroy us?
Believe, and honor ye, to see us ruin'd?
These tears of anger thus I sprinkle toward ye,
You that dare sleep secure whilst Virgins suffer,
These stick like Comets, blaze eternally,
Till, with the wonder, they have wak'd your justice,
And forc't ye fear our curses, as we yours.

Enter Theanor, Crates, *with vizards.*

My shame still follows me, and still proclaims me;
He turns away in scorn, I am contemned too,
A more unmanly violence than the other;
Bitten, and flung away? What e'r you are
Sir, you that have abus'd me, and now most basely
And sacrilegiously robb'd this fair Temple,
I fling all these behind me, but look upon me,
But one kind loving look, be what ye will,
So from this hour you will be mine, my Husband;
And you his hand in mischief, I speak to you too,
Counsel him nobly now; you know the mischief,
The most unrighteous act he has done, perswade him,
Perswade him like a friend, knock at his Conscience
Till fair Repentance follow: yet be worthy of me,
And shew your self, if ever good thought guided ye;
You have had your foul will; make it yet fair with marriage;
Open your self and take me, wed me now: *Draws his*
More fruits of villany? your Dagger? come *Dagger.*
Ye are merciful, I thank you for your medicine:
Is that too worthy too?

Enter the rest disguis'd.

Devil, thou with him,
Thou penny Bawd to his Lust, will not that stir thee?
Do you work by tokens now? Be sure I live not,
For your own safeties knaves. I will sit patiently:
But as ye are true villains, the Devils own servants,
And those he loves and trusts, make it as bloody
An Act, of such true horror, Heaven would shake at,
'Twill shew the braver: goodness hold my hope fast,
And in thy mercies look upon my ruines,
And then I am right: my eyes grow dead and heavy:

Enter six disguis'd, singing and dancing to a horrid Musick, and sprinkling water on her face.

Wrong me no more as ye are men.
The. She is fast.
Cra. Away with her. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Agenor, *and Gentlemen.*

Age. Now Gentlemen, the time's come now t'enjoy
That fruitful happiness my heart has long'd for:
This day be happy call'd, and when old Time
Brings it about each year, crown'd with that sweetness
It gives me now, see every man observe it,
And laying all aside bears shew of business,
Give this to joy and triumph: How fits my cloaths?
1 *Gent.* Handsome, and wondrous well, Sir.
Ag. Do they shew richly?
For to those curious eyes even beauty envies,
I must not now appear poor, or low fashion'd;
Methinks I am younger than I was, far younger;
And such a promise in my bloud I feel now,
That if there may be a perpetual youth
Bestowed on man, I am that soul shall win it:
Does my hair stand well, Lord how ill-favourdly
You have drest me to day! how baldly! why this Cloak?
2 *Gen.* Why 'tis the richest, Sir.
Age. And here ye have put me on
A pair of Breeches look like a pair of Bagpipes.
1 *Gen.* Believe Sir, they shew bravely.
Ag. Why these Stockins?
2 *Gen.* Your Leg appears—
Ag. Peuh, I would have had 'em Peach-colour,
All young, and new about me: and this Scarf here
A goodly thing: you have trickt me like a Puppet.
1 *Gen.* I'll undertake to rig forth a whole Navy,
And with less labor than one man in love.
They are never pleas'd.
2 *Gen.* Methinks he looks well.
1 *Gen.* Well:
As man can look, as handsome: now do I wonder
He found not fault his Nose was put on ugly,
Or his Eyes lookt too gray, and rail at us,
They are the waywards things, these Lovers.
2 *Gent.* All will be right

When once it comes to th' push.
1 *Gent.* I would they were at it
For our own quiet sake.
Ag. Come, wait upon me,
And bear your selves like mine, my friends, and nobly. [*Ex.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Theanor, Crates, *and* Erat[on], *bringing* Merione.

Erat. This is her Brothers door.
Cra. There lay her down then.
Lay her along: she is fast still.
[*Era*]. As forgetfulness.
Cra. Be not you stirr'd now, but away to your Mother,
Give all attendance, let no stain appear
Of fear, or doubt in your face: carry your self confidently.
The. But whither runs your drift now?
Cra. When she wakes,
Either what's done will shew a meer dream to her,
And carry no more credit: or say she find it,
Say she remember all the circumstances,
Twenty to one the shapes in which they were acted,
The horrors, and the still affrights we shew'd her,
Rising in wilder figures to her memory
Will run her mad, and no man guess the reason:
If all these fail, and that she rise up perfect,
And so collect her self, believe this, Sir,
Not knowing who it was that did this to her,
Nor having any power to ghess; the thing done too
Being the utter undoing of her honor
If it be known, and to the worlds eye publish'd,
Especially at this time when Fortune courts her,
She must and will conceal it; nay, forget it,
The woman is no *Lucrece*; get you gone Sir,
And as you would have more of this sport, fear not.
The. I am confirm'd, farewel.
Cra. Farewel, away Sir:
Disperse your selves, and as you love his favour,
And that that crowns it, Gold, no tongues amongst ye.
You know your charge, this way goes no suspicion. [*Ex.*

Enter Agenor, *and* Leonid[a]s, *with two Gent.*

Ag. You are stirring early, Sir.
Leo. It was my duty
To wait upon your Grace.
Ag. How fares your Sister,
My beauteous Mistriss, what is she ready yet? (way
Leo. No doubt she'll lose no time Sir, young Maids in her
Tread upon thorns, and think an hour an age
Till the Priest has done his part, that theirs may follow:
I saw her not since yesterday i' th' evening:
But Sir, I am sure she is not slack; believe me,
Your grace will find a loving soul.
Ag. A sweet one,
And so much joy I carry in the thought of it,
So great a happiness to know she is mine;
Believe me noble Brother, that to express it
Methinks a Tongue's a poor thing: can do nothing,
Imagination less: who's that that lies there?
Leo. Where Sir?
Ag. Before the door, it looks like a woman.
Leo. This way I came abroad, but then there was nothing,
One of the Maids o'rwatch'd belike:
Ag. It may be.
Leo. But methinks this is no fit place to sleep in.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis sure a woman Sir, she has jewels on too:
She fears no foul play sure.
Leo. Bring a Torch hither,
Yet ['tis] not perfect day: I should know those Garments.
Ag. How sound she sleeps!
Leo. I am sorry to see this.
Ag. Do you know her?
Leo. And you now I am sure Sir.
Ag. My Mistriss, how comes this?

Enter Queen, Theanor, Beliza, Euphanes, Neanthes, *Attendants.*

Leo. The Queen and her train?
Qu. You know my pleasure.
Euph. And will be most careful.
Qu. Be not long absent, the suit you preferr'd
Is granted.

Nea. This fellow mounts apace, and will
Towre o'r us like a Falcon.
Qu. Good morrow to ye all, why stand ye wondring?
Enter the house Sir, and bring out your Mistriss,
You must observe our Ceremonies: what's the matter?
What's that ye stand at? How *Merione*?
Asleep i' th' street? belike some sudden Palsie
As she stept out last night upon devotion,
To take her farewel of her Virgin state,
The air being sharp and piercing, struck her suddenly:
See if she breath.
Leo. A little.
Qu. Wake her then,
'Tis sure a fit.
Ag. She wakes her self,
Give room to her.
Qu. See how the spirits struggle to recover,
And strongly reinforce their strength; for certain
This was no natural sleep.
The. I am of your mind, Madam.
Qu. No Son, it cannot be.
The. Pray Heaven no trick in't;
Good Soul she little merits such a mischief.
Qu. She is broad awake now, and her sence cleers up,
'Twas sure a fit; stand off.
Mer. The Queen, my Love here,
And all my noble friends? Why where am I?
How am I tranc'd, and moap'd? i' th' street? Heaven bless me,
Shame to my Sex; o th' ground too? O I remember—
Leo. How wild she looks?
Ag. Oh my cold heart, how she trembles!
Mer. Oh I remember, I remember.
Qu. What's that?
Mer. My shame, my shame, my shame: Oh I remember
My never-dying shame.
The. Here has been villanie.
Qu. I fear so too.
Mer. You are no Furies are ye?
No horrid shapes sent to affright me?
Ag. No sweet,

We are your friends: look up, I am *Agenor*,
O my *Merione*, that loves you dearly:
And come to marry ye.
Leo. Sister, what ail ye?
Speak out your griefs, and boldly—
Ag. Something sticks here
Will choak ye else.
Mer. I hope it will.
Qu. Be free Lady,
You have your loving friends about ye.
A[*g*]. Dear *Merione*,
By the unspotted love I ever bore ye,
By thine own goodness—
Mer. Oh 'tis gone, 'tis gone Sir,
I am now I know not what: pray ye look not on me,
No name is left me, nothing to inherit
But that detested, base, and branded—
Ag. Speak it,
And how; diseases of most danger
Their causes once discover'd are easily cur'd:
My fair *Merione.*
Mer. I thank your love Sir;
When I was fair *Merione*, unspotted,
Pure, and unblasted in the bud you honour'd,
White as the heart of truth, then Prince *Agenor*,
Even then I was not worthy of your favour;
Wretch that I am, less worthy now of pitty:
Let no good thing come near me, virtue flie me;
You that have honest noble names despise me,
For I am nothing now but a main pestilence
Able to poison all. Send those unto me
That have forgot their names, ruin'd their fortunes,
Despis'd their honours; those that have been Virgins
Ravish'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell it.
The. Now it appears too plain.
Mer. Send those sad people
That hate the light, and curse society;
Whose thoughts are Graves, and from whose eyes continually
Their melting souls drop out, send those to me;
And when their sorrows are most excellent,

So full that one grief more cannot be added,
My Story like a torrent shall devour 'em.
Hark, it must out; but pray stand close together,
And let not all the world hear.
Leo. Speak it boldly.
Mer. And Royal Lady, think but charitably,
Your Grace has known my breeding.
Qu. Prethee speak it.
Mer. Is there no stranger here? send off your servants,
And yet it must be known: I shake.
Ag. Sweet Mistriss.
Mer. I am abus'd, basely abus'd; do you ghess yet?
Come close, I'll tell ye plainer; I am whor'd,
Ravish'd, and robb'd of Honour.
Leo. Oh the Devil.
Ag. What hellish Slave was this?
The. A wretch, a wretch,
A damned wretch: do you know the Villain, Lady?
Mer. No.
The. Not by ghess?
Mer. Oh no.
The. It must be known.
Qu. Where was the place?
Mer. I know not neither.
Ag. O Heaven,
Is this the happy time? my hope to this come?
Leo. Neither the man nor circumstances?
The. His tongue,
Did you not hear his tongue, no voice?
Mer. None, none Sir:
All I know of him was his violence.
Ag. How came ye hither, Sweet?
Mer. I know not neither.
The. A cunning piece of villany.
Mer. All I remember
Is only this: Going to *Vestas* Temple
To give the goddess my last Virgin prayers,
Near to that place I was suddainly surpriz'd,
By five or six disguis'd, and from thence violently
To my dishonour hal'd: that Act perform'd,

Brought back, but how, or whether, till I wak'd here.—
The. This is so monstrous, the gods cannot suffer it;
I have not read in all the villanies
Committed by the most obdurate Rascals,
An act so truly impious.
Leo. Would I knew him.
The. He must be known, the Devil cannot hide him.
Qu. If all the Art I have, or power can do it,
He shall be found, and such a way of justice
Inflicted on him: A Lady wrong'd in my Court,
And this way rob'd, and ruin'd?
The. Be contented Madam,
If he be above ground I will have him.
Ag. Fair virtuous Maid, take comfort yet and flourish,
In my love flourish: the stain was forc'd upon ye
None of your wills, nor yours; rise, and rise mine still,
And rise the same white, sweet, fair soul, I lov'd ye,
Take me the same.
Mer. I kneel and thank ye, Sir,
And I must say ye are truly honourable:
And dare confess my Will, yet still a Virgin;
But so unfit and weak a Cabinet
To keep your love and virtue in am I now,
That have been forc'd and broken, lost my lustre,
I mean this body, so corrupt a Volume
For you to study goodness in, and honor,
I shall intreat your Grace, confer that happiness
Upon a beauty sorrow never saw yet:
And when this grief shall kill me, as it must do,
Only remember yet ye had such a Mistriss;
And if ye then dare shed a tear, yet honour me:
Good Gentlemen, express your pities to me,
In seeking out this villany; and my last suit
Is to your Grace, that I may have your favour
To live a poor recluse Nun with this Lady,
From Court and company, till Heaven shall hear me,
And send me comfort, or death end my misery.
Qu. Take your own Will, my very heart bleeds for thee.
Ag. Farwell *Merione*, since I have not thee.
I'll wed thy goodness, and thy memory.

Leo. And I her fair revenge.
The. Away: let's follow it,
For he is so rank i' th' wind we cannot miss him. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Crates *and* Conon.

Cra. *Conon*, you are welcome home, ye are wondrous (welcome,
Is this your first arrival?
Co. Sir, but now
I reacht the Town.
Cra. Y'are once more welcome then.
Co. I thank ye, noble Sir.
Cra. Pray ye do me the honor
To make my poor house first—
Con. Pray Sir excuse me,
I have not seen mine own yet; nor made happy (Tavern?
These longing eyes with those I love there: what's this a
Cra. It seems so by the outside.
Co. Step in here then,
And since it offers it self so freely to us,
A place made only for liberal entertainment,
Let's seek no further, but make use of this,
And after the *Greek* fashion, to our friends
Crown a round cup or two.

Enter Vintner *and* Drawer.

Cra. Your pleasure, Sir.
Drawers, who waits within?
Draw. Anon, anon Sir.
Vint. Look into the *Lilly-pot*: why *Mark* there;
You are welcome Gentlemen; heartily welcome
My noble friend.
Cra. Let's have good Wine mine Host,
And a fine private room.
Vint. Will ye be there Sir?
What is't you'll drink? I'll draw your Wine my self:
Quissions ye knaves: why when?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon Sir.

Vint. *Chios*, or *Lebos*, *Greek*?
Cra. Your best and neatest.
Vint. I'll draw ye that shall dance.
Cra. Away, be quick then. [*Exit Vintner.*
Con. How does your Brother, Sir, my noble friend
The good *Euphanes*? in all my course of travel
I met not with a Gentleman so furnish'd
In gentleness and courtesie; believe Sir,
So many friendly Offices I receiv'd from him,
So great, and timely, and enjoy'd his company
In such an open and a liberal sweetness,
That when I dare forget him—
Cra. He's in good health, Sir,
But you will find him a much alter'd man,
Grown a great Courtier, Sir.
Co. He's worthy of it.
Cra. A man drawn up, that leaves no print behind him
Of what he was: those goodnesses you speak of
That have been in him, those that you call freedoms,
Societies, and sweetness, look for now, Sir,
You'll find no shadows of them left, no sound,
The very Air he has liv'd in alter'd: now behold him,
And you shall see a thing walk by, look big upon ye,
And cry for place; I am the Queens, give room there:
If you bow low, may be he'll touch the Bonnet,
Or fling a forced smile at ye for a favour.
Co. He is your brother, Sir.
Cra. These forms put off,
Which travel, and Court Holy-water sprinkle on him,
I dare accept, and know him: you'll think it strange, Sir,
That even to me, to me his natural Brother,
And one by birth he owes a little honor too—

Enter Vintner *with Wine.*

(But that's all one) come, give me some Wine, mine Host,
Here's to your fair return.
Con. I wonder at it,
But sure he has found a nature not worth owning
In this way; else I know he is tender carried.
I thank ye, Sir: and now durst I presume

For all you tell me of these alterations,
And stops in his sweet nature, which till I find so,
I have known him now so long, and look'd so through him,
You must give me leave to be a little faithless:
I say for all these, if you please to venture
I'll lay the Wine we drink, let me send for him
(Even I that am the poorest of his fellowship)
But by a Boy oth' house too, let him have business,
Let him attend the Queen, nay let his Mistriss
Hold him betwixt her arms, he shall come to me,
And shall drink with me too, love me, and heartily,
Like a true honest man bid me welcome home.
I am confident.

Cra. You will loose.

Con. You'l stand to th' wager?

Cra. With all my heart.

Con. Go Boy, and tell *Euphanes.*

Boy. He's now gone up the street Sir,
With a great train of Gallants.

Cra. What think you now Sir?

Con. Go, and overtake him,
Commend my love unto him: my name is *Conon,*
Tell him I am new arriv'd, and where I am,
And would request to see him presently:
Ye see I use old dudgen phrase to draw him.

Cra. I'll hang and quarter when you draw him hither.

Con. Away Boy.

Boy. I am gone Sir. [*Exit.*

Con. Here's to you now,
And you shall find his travel has not stopt him
As you suppose, nor alter'd any freedome,
But made him far more clear and excellent;
It draws the grossness off the understanding,
And renders active and industrious spirits:
He that knows most mens manners, must of necessity
Best know his own, and mend those by example:
'Tis a dull thing to travell like a Mill-horse,
Still in the place he was born in, lam'd and blinded;
Living at home is like it: pure and strong spirits
That like the fire still covet to fly upward,

And to give fire as well as take it; cas'd up, and mewd here
I mean at home, like lusty metled Horses,
Only ty'd up in Stables, to please their Masters,
Beat out their fiery lives in their own Litters,
Why do not you travel Sir?

Cra. I have no belief in't
I see so many strange things, half unhatcht, to
Return, those that went out men, and good men,
They look like potch'd Eggs with the souls suckt out
Empty and full of wind: all their affections
Are bak'd in Rye crust, to hold carriage
From this good Town to th' other: and when they are open'd,
They are so ill cooked and mouldy—

Con. Ye are pleasant.

Cra. I'll shew ye a pack of these: I have 'em for ye,
That have been long in travel too.

Con. Please you Sir.

Cra. You know the Merchants walk, Boy?

2 *Boy.* Very well.

Cra. And you remember those Gentlemen were here
The other day with me?

2 *Boy.* Yes.

Cra. Then go thither,
For there I am sure they are, pray 'em come hither,
(And use my name) I would be glad to see 'em.

Enter 1 *Boy.*

1 *Boy.* Your Brother's coming in Sir.

Vint. Odds my passion,
Out with the Plate ye knaves: bring the new Quishions,
And wash those Glasses I set by for high days,
Perfume the rooms along, why Sirrah.

1 *Boy.* Here Sir.

Vint. Bid my Wife make her self ready handsomly,
And put on her best Apron: it may be
The noble Gentleman will look upon her.

Enter Euphanes *and two Gentlemen.*

Euph. Where is he Boy?

Vint. Your worship's heartily welcome,

It joyes my very heart to see ye here Sir.
The Gentleman that sent for your honor—
Euph. O good mine Host.
Vint. To my poor homely house, and't like your honor.
Euph. I thank thine honor good mine Host, where is he?
Con. What think ye now? my best *Euphanes.*
Euph. *Conon*, welcome my friend, my noble friend how
Are you in safety come, in health? (is it?
Con. All health, all safety,
Riches, and all that makes content and happiness
Now I am here I have: how have you far'd Sir?
Euph. Well, I thank Heaven, and never nearer friend
To catch at great occasion.
Con. Indeed I joy in't.
Euph. Nor am I for my self born in these fortunes.
In truth I love my friends.
Con. You were noble ever.
Cra. I thought you had not known me. [*Euph. salutes Cra.*
Euph. Yes, ye are my Brother,
My elder Brother too, would your affections
Were able but to ask that love I owe to ye,
And as I give, preserve it: here friend *Conon*,
To your fair welcome home.
Con. Dear Sir, I thank ye,
Fill it toth'brim, Boy: *Crates.*
Cra. I'll pledge you,
But for that glorious Comet lately fired.
Con. Fie, fie Sir, fie.
Euph. Nay, let him take his freedomes,
He stirs not me I vow to ye; much less stains me.
Cra. Sir, I cannot talk with that neat travelling tongue.
Con. As I live, he has the worst belief in men abroad.

Enter the 2. *Boy.*

I am glad I am come home.
2. *Boy.* Here are the Gentlemen.
Cra. O let 'em enter: now you that trust in travel,
And make sharp Beards, and little Breeches Deities,
You that inhaunce the daily price of Tooth-picks,

And hold there is no homebred happiness,
Behold a model of your minds and actions.
Euph. Though this be envious, yet done ith' way of mirth,
I am content to thank ye for't.
Con. 'Tis well yet.
Cra. Let the Maske enter.

Enter Onos, *his* Unkle *and* Tutor.

Onos. A pretty Taverne 'faith, of a fine structure.
Unc. Bear your self like a Gentleman, here's six pence,
And be sure you break no Glasses.
Tut. Hark ye Pupill,
Go as I taught you, hang more upon your hams,
And put your knees out bent: there, yet a little:
Now I beseech ye, be not so improvident
To forget your travelling pace, 'tis a main posture,
And to all unayr'd Gentlemen will betray you:
Play with your *Pisa* Beard: why, where's your brush Pupill?
He must have a Brush Sir.
Unc. More charge yet?
Tut. Here, take mine,
These elements of travel he must not want Sir.
Unc. Ma'foy, he has had some nineteen pence in elements,
What would you more?
Tut. *Durus mehercle pater.*
Con. What Monsieur *Onos*, the very pump of travell?
Sir, as I live you have done me the greatest kindnes,
O my fair Sir, *Lampree*, the careful Unkle
To this young hopeful issue; Monsieur *Tutor* too,
The father to his mind; [C]ome, come, let's hug Boyes,
Why what a bunch of travel do I embrace now,
Methinks I put a Girdle about *Europe*;
How has the boy profited?
Unc. He has enough Sir,
If his too fiery mettle do not mar it.
Con. Is he not thrifty yet?
Tut. That's all his fault,
Too bounteous minded being under age too,
A great consumer of his stock in Pippins,
Had ever a hot stomach.

Con. Come hither *Onos*,
Will you love me for this fine Apple?
Onos. We.
Con. And will ye be rul'd by me sometimes?
Onos. 'Faith I will.
Con. That's a good boy.
Unc. Pray give not the child so much fruit,
He's of a raw Complexion.
Euph. You Monsieur hard eg[g]e,
Do you remember me? Do you remember
When you and your Consort travell'd through *Hungary*?
Con. He's in that circuit still.
Euph. Do you remember
The cantell of immortal Cheese ye carried with ye,
The half cold [C]abbedge in a leather Sachell,
And those invincible Eggs that would lye in your bowells
A fortnight together, and then turn to bedstaves;
Your sowre milk that would choak an *Irish* man,
And bread was bak'd in *Cæsars* time for the Army?
Con. Providence, providence.
Tut. The soul of travel.
Euph. Can the boy speak yet?
Tut. Yes, and as fine a Gentleman,
I thank my able knowledge, he has arriv'd at,
Only a little sparing of his Language,
Which every man of observation—
Unc. And of as many tongues.
Tut. Pray be content Sir,
You know you are for the bodily part, the Purse,
I for the magazin, the mind.
Euph. Come hither springall.
On. That in the *Almain* Tongue signifies a Gentleman.
Euph. What think you of the forms of *Italy* or *Spain*?
Onos. I love mine own Countrey Pippin.
Tut. Nobly answer'd,
Born for his Countrey first.
Euph. A great Philosopher:
What Horses do you prefer?
Onos. The white horse Sir,
There where I lye; honest and a just beast.

Tut. O *caput lepidum*: a Child to say this,
Are these figures for the mouths of Infants?
Con. *Onos*, what wenches?
Come, tell me true.
On. I cannot speak without book.
Con. When shall we have one, ha?
On. Steal me from mine Unckle,
For look you, I am broke out horribly
For want of fleshly Physick: they say I am too young,
And that 'twill spoyle my growth but could you help me?
Con. Meet me to morrow man, no more.
Euph. You think now
Ye have open'd such a shame to me of travell,
By shewing these thin Cubs: ye have honour'd us
Against your will, proclaim'd us excellent:
Three Frails of Sprats carried from Mart, to Mart,
Are as much Meat as these, to more use travell'd;
A bunch of bloted fools: me thinks your judgment
Should look abroad sometimes without your envy.
Cra. Such are most of you: so I take my leave,
And when you find your Womens favor fail,
'Tis ten to one you'l know your self, and seek me
Upon a better Muster of your manners.
Con. This is not handsome Sir.
Euph. Pray take your pleasure,
You wound the wind as much—
Cra. Come you with me,
I have business for you presently: there's for your Wine,
I must confess I lost it.
On. Shall I steal to ye
And shall we see the Wench?
Con. A dainty one.
On. And have a dish of Pippins?
Con. What a peck man.
Tut. Will you wait Sir.
Con. Pray let's meet oftner Gentlemen,
I would not lose ye.
Tut. O sweet Sir.
Con. Do you think I would,
Such noted men as you?

Onos, Unc. Tut. We are your Servants. [*Exeunt.*
Euph. That thing they would keep in everlasting nonage,
My brother for his own ends has thrust on
Upon my Mistriss, 'tis true, he shall be rich
If ever he can get that Rogue his Unkle
To let him be of years to come to inherit it,
Now what the main drift is—
Con. Say ye so? no more words,
I'll keep him company till he be of years,
Though it be a hundred years, but I'll discover it;
And ten to one I'll cross it too.
Euph. You are honest,
And I shall study still your love: farewell Sir,
For these few hours I must desire your pardon,
I have business of importance: once a day
At least I hope you'll see me: I must see you else:
So, once more ye are welcome.
Con. All my thanks Sir,
And when I leave to love you, life go from me. [*Exeu*[*n*]*t.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Theanor *and* Crates.

Cra. WHy Sir, the Kingdomes his, and no man now
Can come to *Corinth*, or from *Corinth* go
Without his Licence; he puts up the tithes
Of every office through *Achaia*;
From Courtier to the Carter hold of him:
Our Lands, our Liberties, nay very Lives
Are shut up in his Closet, and let loose
But at his pleasure; Books, and all discourse
Have now no Patron, nor direction,
But glorified *Euphanes*: our Cups are guilty
That quench our thirsts, if not unto his health;
Oh, I could eat my heart, and fling away
My very Soul for anguish: gods, nor men
Should tollerate such disproportion.

The. And yet is he belov'd: whether't be virtue,
Or seeming virtue which he makes the cloak
To his ambition.
Cra. Be it which it will:
Your Highness is too tame, your eyes too film'd
To see this, and sit still: the Lion should not
Tremble to hear the bellowing of the Bull;
Nature excuse me, though he be my Brother,
You are my Countries Father, therefore mine:
One parallel line of Love I bend on him,
All lines of love and duty meet in you
As in their Center: therefore hear, and weigh
What I shall speak: You know the Queen your Mother
Did, from a private state your Father raise,
So all your Royalty you hold from her;
She is older than she was, therefore more doating,
And what know we but blindness of her love
(That hath from underneath the foot of fortune
Set even *Euphanes* foot, on fortunes head)
Will take him by the hand, and cry, Leap now
Into my bed; 'tis but a trick of age;
Nothing impossible.
The. What do you infer on this?
Cra. Your pardon Sir:
With reverence to the Queen; yet why should I
Fear to speak plain what pointeth to your good?
A good old Widow is a hungry thing,
(I speak of other Widows, not of Queens.)
The. Speak to thy purpose.
Cra. I approach it: Sir,
Should young *Euphanes* claspe the Kingdome thus,
And please the good old Lady some one night;
What might not she be wrought to put on you,
Quite to supplant your birth? neither is she
Past children as I take it.
The. *Crates*, Thou shak'st me;
Thou, that dost hate thy Brother for my love,
In my love find one; henceforth be my brother:
This Gyant I will fell beneath the earth;
I will shine out, and melt his artful wings:

Euphanes, from my mothers sea of favors
Spreads like a River, and runs calmly on,
Secure yet from my stormes; like a young pine
He grows up planted under a fair Oake,
Whose strong large branches yet do's shelter him,
And every Traveller admires his beauty;
But like a wind, I'l work into his crancks,
Trouble his stream, and drown all Vessels that
Ride on his Greatness: under my Mothers arms,
Like to a stealing tempest will I search,
And rend his root from her protection.
Cra. I, now *Theanor* speaks like Prince *Theanor*.
The. But how shall we provoke him to our snares?
He has a temper malice cannot move
To exceed the bounds of judgement; he is so wise,
That we can pick no cause to affront him.
Cra. No?
What better than his crossing your intent?
The suit I had to ye? *Conons* forfeit state
(Before he travel'd) for a Riot he
Hath from your Mother got restored to him:
The. Durst he? what is this *Conon*?
Cra. One that hath,
As people say, in foreign Countries pleasur'd him.

Enter Onos, Uncle, Tutor, Neanthes, Sosicles, Eraton.

But now no more;
They have brought the Travellors I told you of,
That's the sweet youth, that is my Brothers Rivall,
That curles his head, for he has little hair,
And paints his vizor, for it is no face,
That so desires to follow you, my Lord:
Shew 'em some countenance, and it will beget
Our sport at least.
The. What villanous Crab-tree legs he makes!
His shins are full of true-love knots.
Cra. His legs were ever villanous, since I knew him.
Era. Faith his Uncles shanks are somewhat the better.
Nea. But is't possible he should believe he is not of age?
He is 50. man, in's *Jubile* I warrant: s'light, he (why

Looks older then a groat, the very stamp on's face is
Worne out with handling. (him speak,

Sos. Why I tell you all men believe it when they hear
He utters such single matter in so infantly a voice.

Nea. He looks as like a fellow that I have seen accommodate Gentlemen with Tobacco in our Theaters.

Onos. Most illustrious Prince.

Era. A pox on him, he is guelt, how he trebles!

Onos. I am a Gentleman a both sides. (and Mother.

Tut. He means (sot' please your highness) both by Father

Sos. Thou a Gentleman? thou an Ass. (you.

Nea. He is nere the farther from being a Gent. I assure

Tut. May it please your Grace, I am another,

Nea. He is another Ass he says, I believe him.

Uncle. We be three, Heroicall Prince.

Nea. Nay then we must have the Picture of 'em, and the Word *nos sumus.*

Tut. That have travell'd all parts of the Globe together.

Unc. For my part, I have seen the vicissitude of fortune before. (than I

Onos. Peace *Uncle*, for though you speak a little better

Nea. 'Tis a very little, in truth. (best Speaker

Onos. Yet we must both give place, as they say to the The Tutor. (so low, as on us,

Tut. Yet since it hath pleased your radience to decline Poor and unworthy dunghils—

Nea. What a stinking knaves this!

Tut. Our Peregrination was nere so facilitated, as since we enter'd the line of your gracious favor, under whose beamy aspect, and by which infallible Mathematical compass, may we but hereafter presume to sail, our industries have reach't their desir'd termination and period; and we shall voluntarily sacrifice our lives to your resplendent eyes, both the Altars and fires of our devoted offerings.

Onos. Oh divine Tutor!

Cra. Can you hold Sir? (*Corinth.*

Era. He has spoken this very speech to some Whore in

Nea. A plague on him for a fustian Dictionary; on my conscience this is the *Ulissean* Traveller that sent home his Image riding upon Elephants to the great *Mogoll.*

Sos. The same: his wit is so huge, nought but an Elephant could carry him.

Era. So heavy you mean.

Nea. These three, are ev'n the fin'st one fool tripartite, that was ere discovered.

Sos. Or a treatise of famine divided into three branches.

Era. The Prince speaks.

The. I thank ye for your loves; but as I told you,
I have so little means, to do for those
Few followers I have already, that
I would have none shiprack themselves, and fortune,
Upon my barren shelf: Sue to *Euphanes.*
For he is Prince, and Queen, I would have no man
Curse me in his old age.

Cra. Alass Sir, they desire to follow you
But a far off, the farther off the better.

Tut. I Sir, and't be seven mile off, so we may but follow you, only to countenance us in the confronts and affronts, which (according to your Highness will) we mean on all occasions to put upon the Lord *Euphanes.*

Onos. He shall not want gibing nor jeering, I warrant him, if he do, I'l forswear wit.

Nea. It has forsworn thee, I'l swear, it is the ancient enemy to thy house.

The. Well, be it so; I here receive ye; for my followers a great way off.

Nea. Seven miles, my Lord, no further.

Onos. By what time, Sir, (by this measure) may I come to follow him in his Chamber?

Nea. Why when his Chamber, Sir, is seven miles long.

Enter Euphanes, Conon, Page, Gent. Attendants.

Gent. Make way there for my Lord *Euphanes.*

Cra. Look Sir, *Jove* appears,
The Peacock of our State, that spreads a train
Brighter than *Iris* blushes after rain.

Euph. You need not thank me *Conon,* in your love
You Antidated what I can do for you,
And I, in gratitude, was bound to this,
And am to much more: and what ere he be

Can with unthankfulness assoile me, let him
Dig out mine eyes, and sing my name in verse,
In Ballad verse, at every drinking house,
And no man be so charitable to lend me
A Dogg to guide my steps.
Nea. Haile to *Euphanes.*
Sos. Mighty *Euphanes.*
Era. The great Prince *Euphanes.*
Tut. Key of the Court, and Jewell of the Queen.
Unc. *Sol* in our Firmament.
Onos. Pearl in the States eye.
Nea. Being a black man.
Era. Mistress of the Land.
Nea. Our humble, humble poor Petitions are,
That we may hold our places.
All. May we?
Euph. Yes; be you malicious knaves still; and you fools.
Con. This is the Princes, and your brothers spight.
Euph. I know't, but will not know it.
Con. Yonder they are.
Who's fine child's this?
Unc. Sir.
Onos. Unckle le'be,
Let him alone, he is a mighty Prince.
Euph. I ask your Highness pardon: I protest
By *Jupiter* I saw you not.
The. Humh, it may be so,
You have rais'd such mountaines 'twixt your eyes and me,
That I am hidden quite: what do ye mean Sir?
You much forget your self.
Euph. I should much more,
Not to remember my due duty to your Grace;
I know not wherein I have so transgress'd
My service to your Highness, to deserve
This rigour and contempt, not from you only
But from your followers, with the best of whom
I was an equal in my lowest ebbe:
Beseech you Sir, respect me as a Gentleman,
I will be never more in heart to you:
Five fair Descents I can derive my self,

From Fathers worthy both in Arts and Armes.
I know your goodness companies your greatness
But that you are perverted: Royal Sir,
I am your humblest subject, use your pleasure,
But do not give protection to the wrongs
Of these subordinate Slaves, whom I could crush
By that great destined favor, which my Mistris
And your majestick Mother deignes to me,
But in respect of you: I know lean envy
Waites ever on the steps of virtue advanc'd:
But why your Mothers grace gets me disgrace,
Or renders me a slave to bear these wrongs
I do not know.
Oh Mediocrity,
Thou prizeless jewel, only mean men have
But cannot value; like the precious Jem,
Found in the Mukhill by the ignorant Cock.
The. Your creamy words, but cozen: how durst you
Intercept me so lately to my Mother?
And what I meant your Brother, you obtain'd
Unto the forfeitoe again.
Cra. Your answer to that my Lord, my Brother.
Euph. May I perish
If ere I heard you intended such a suit,
Though 'twould have stuck an ignominious brand
Upon your Highness, to have given your servant
A Gentlemans whole state of worth and quality,
Confiscate only for a youthful brawle.
The. Your rudiments are too sawcy: teach your Page.
Con. I, so are all things but your flatterers.
Onos. Hold you your prating.
Con. You know where you are, you fleeten face.
Euph. Yet Sir, to appease and satisfie your anger.
Take what you please from me, and give it him
In lieu of this: you shall not take it neither,
I freely will impart it, half my state,
Which Brother if you please—
Cra. Ile starve in Chains first,
Eat my own armes.
Euph. Oh that you saw your self:

You ne'r made me such offer in my poorness,
And 'cause (to do you ease) I sought not to you.
You thus maligne me; yet your nature must not
Corrupt mine, nor your rude examples lead me:
If mine can mend you, I shall joy; you know
I fear you not: you have seen me proved a man
In every way of fortune, 'tis my comfort
I know no more such Brothers in the World
As *Crates* is.

Con. Nor I such as *Euphanes*:
The temper of an Angel reigns in thee.

Euph. Your Royal Mother Sir, (I had forgot)
Entreats your presence.

The. You have done her errand,
I may do yours. [*Exit.*

Euph. Let it be truth my Lord.

Con. *Crates*, Ile question you for this.

Cra. Pish, your worst. [*Exit.*

Con. Away you hounds after your scent.

Onos. Come, we'll scorn to walk to'm: now they are gone,
We'l away too. [*Exeunt.*

Con. Why bear you this my Lord?

Euph. To shew the passive fortitude the best;
Vertue's a solid Rock, whereat being aym'd
The keenest darts of envy, yet unhurt
Her Marble *Heroes* stand, built of such Bases,
Whilst they recoyle, and wound the Shooters faces.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Con. My Lord, the Queen.

Quee. Gentle *Euphanes*, how,
How do'st thou honest Lord? oh how I joy
To see what I have made, like a choyce Workman,
That having fram'd a Master-piece, doth reap
An universal commendation.
Princes are Gods in this. I'll build thee yet
(The good foundation so pleases me)
A story or two higher; let dogs bark,
They are fools that hold them dignified by blood,
They should be only made great that are good.

Euph. Oraculous Madam.
Quee. Sirrah, I was thinking
If I should marry thee, what merry tales
Our neighbour Islands would make of us;
But let that pass, you have a Mistriss
That would forbid our Banes: troth I have wish'd
A thousand times that I had been a man,
Than I might sit a day with thee alone,
And talk,
But as I am I must not; there's no skill
In being good, but in not being thought ill.
Sirrah, who's that?
Euph. So't please your Majesty
Conon, the friend I su'd for.
Quee. 'Tis dispatch'd.
Con. Gracious Madam.
I owe the gods and you my life.
Quee. I thank you,
I thank you heartily; and I do think you
A very honest man, he says you are:
But now I'll chide thee; what's the cause my Son,
For my eye's every where, and I have heard,
So insolently do's thee Contumelies
Past sufferance (I am told) yet you complain not,
As if my justice were so partial
As not to right the meanest: credit me,
I'll call him to a strict account, and fright,
By his example, all that dare curb me
In any thing that's just: I sent you for him.
Euph. Humbly he did return, he would wait on you:
But let me implore your Majesty, not to give
His Highness any check, for worthless me;
They are Court canckers, and not Counsellors
That thus inform you: they do but hate the Prince,
And would subvert me: I should curse my fortune
Even at the highest, to be made the ginne
To unscrew a Mothers love unto her Son:
Better had my pale flame in humble shades
Been spent unseen, than to be raised thus high,
Now to be thought a meteor to the State,

Portending ruine and contagion:
Beseech you then rest satisfi'd, the Prince
Is a most noble natur'd Gentleman,
And never did to me but what I took
As favors from him, my blown billowes must not
Strive 'gainst my shore, that should confine me, nor
Justle with Rocks to break themselves to pieces.
Quee. Well, thou'rt the composition of a god:
My Lion, Lamb, my Eaglet, and my Dove,
Whose soul runs clearer then *Dianas* Fount,
Nature pick'd several flowers from her choyce banks
And bound them up in thee, sending thee forth
A Posie for the bosome of a Queen.
Lady. The Prince attends you.
Quee. Farewell my good Lord.
My honest man; stay, hast no other suit?
I prethee tell me; Sirrah, thine eye speaks
As if thou hadst: out with it modest fool.
Euph. With favor Madam, I would crave your leave
To Marry, where I am bound in gratitude,
The immediate means she was to all my Being:
Nor do I think your wisdom sacred Queen
Fetters in favors, taking from me so
The liberty that meanest men enjoy.
Quee. To marry? you are a fool: thou'st anger'd me:
Leave me, I'll think on't: [*Exit Euph. and Conon.*
Only to try thee this, for though I love thee,

Enter Theanor.

I can subdue my self: but she that can
Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more than a man.
Nay rise without a blessing, or kneel still:
What's Sir the reason you oppose me thus,
And seek to darken what I would have shine?
Eclipse a fire much brighter than thy self,
Making your Mother not a competent Judge
Of her own actions?
The. Gracious Madam, I
I have done no more than what in royalty

(And to preserve your fame) was fit to do:
Heard you the peoples talk of you, and him
You favor so, his greatness, and your love,
The pitty given to me, you would excuse me,
They prate as if he did dishonor you:
And what know I, but his own lavish tongue
Has uttered some such speeches; he is call'd
The King of *Corinth*.

Quee. They are traitors all:
I wear a Christal casement 'fore my heart,
Through which each honest eye may look in to't:
Let it be prospect unto all the world,
I care not this.

The. This must not be my way;
Your pardon gracious Madam: these incitements
Made me not shew so clear a countenance
Upon the Lord *Euphanes* as I would:
Which since your Majesty affects so grievously
I'll clear the black cloud of it, and henceforth
Vow on this knee all love and grace to him.

Quee. Rise with my blessing, and to prove this true,
Bear him from me this Cabinet of Jewels
In your own person, tell him, for his marrying
He may dispose him how, and when he please. [*Exit Quee.*

The. I shall discharge my duty and your will. *Crates*?

Enter Crates.

Cra. I have heard all my Lord, how luckely
Fate pops her very spindle in our hands:
This Marriage with *Beliza* you shall cross,
Then have I one attempt for *Lamprias* more
Upon this *Phaeton*: where's *Merione*'s Ring,
That in the Rape you took from her?

The. 'Tis here.

Cra. In and affect our purpose; you my Lord
Shall disobey your Mothers charge, and send
This Cabinet by some servant of her own,
That what succeeds may have no reference
Unto your Highness.

The. On, my engine on.
Cra. Now, if we be not struck by Heavens own hand,
We'l ruine him, and on his ruines stand. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione, Beliza.
A sad Song.

WEep no more, nor sigh nor groan
Sorrow calls no time that's gone
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest raine
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerefully
Fates hidd', ends, eyes cannot see.
Joyes as winged dreams fly fast
Why should sadness longer last.
Grief is but a wound to woe
Gent'lest fair, mourne, mourne no moe.

Ag. These heavy Ayres feed sorrow in her Lady,
And nourish it too strongly; like a Mother
That spoiles her Child with giving on't the will.
A lighter Song.

COurt Ladies laugh, and wonder. Here is one
That weeps because her Maiden head is gone
Whilst you do never frett, nor chafe, nor cry
But when too long it keeps you company,
Too well you know, Maids are like Towns on fire
Wasting themselves, if no man quench desire.
Weep then no more fool: a new Maidenhead
Thou suffer'st loss of, in each chast tear shed.

Bel. Some lighter note.
Leo. How like a hill of Snow she sits, and melts
Before the unchast fire of others lust!
What heart can see her passion and not break?
Ag. Take comfort gentle Madam; you know well
Even actual sins committed without will,

Are neither sins nor shame, much more compell'd;
Your honor's no whit less, your Chastity
No whit impair'd, for fair *Merione*
Is more a Virgin yet then all her Sex:
Alass, 'tis done; why burne these Tapers now?
Wicked and frantick Creatures joy in night.
Leo. Imagine faire *Merione* had dream'd
She had been ravish'd, would she sit thus then
Excruciate?
Mer. Oh.
Bel. Fye, fye, how fond is this!
What reason for this surfeit of remorse?
How many that have done ill and proceed,
Women that take degrees in wantonness,
Commence, and rise in rudiments of Lust,
That feel no scruple of this tenderness?
Mer. Pish.
Bel. Nor are you matchless in mishap, even I
Do bear an equal part of misery;
That love, belov'd, a man the Crown of men,
Whom I have friended, and how raised 'tis better
That all do know and speak it than my self:
When he sail'd low I might have made him mine,
Now at his full gale, it is questionable
If ever I o're-take him.
Ag. Wherefore sits
My *Phebe* shawdowed in a sable cloud?
Those pearly drops which thou let's fall like beades,
Numbring on them thy vestal Orisons
Alas are spent in vain: I love thee still,
In mids't of all these showres thou sweetlier sent'st,
Like a green Meadow on an *April* day,
In which the Sun and west-wind play together,
Striving to catch and drink the balmy drops.

Enter Euphanes and Servant.

Ser. The Lord *E*[*u*]*phanes* Madam. [*Exit Mer.*
Ag. Poor *Merione*,
She loathes the light, and men. [*Exit.*
Euph. The virtuous gods preserve my Mistriss.

Bel. O my most honor'd Lord, those times are chang'd.
Euph. Let times and men change, could Heaven change,
Should never change, to be devoted ever (*Euphanes*
To fair *Belïza*, should my load of honors,
Or any Grace which you were Author of
Detract mine honor, and diminish Grace?
The gods forbid: you here behold your servant,
Your Creature, gentle Lady, whose sound sleeps
You purchas'd for him: whose food you paid for,
Whose garments were your charge, whose first preferment
You founded: then, what since the gracious Queen
Hath, or can rear, is upon your free Land,
And you are Mistris of.
Bel. Mock me not gentle Lord,
You shine now in too high a sphear for me,
We are Plannets now disjoyn'd for ever: yet
Poor superstitious innocent that I am,
Give leave that I may lift my hands, and love
Not in Idolatry, but perfect zeal:
For credit me, I repent nothing I have done,
But were it to begin would do the same.
Euph. There are two Seas in *Corinth*, and two Queens,
And but there, not two such in the spacious Universe;
I came to tender you the man you have made,
And like a thankful stream to retribute
All you my Ocean have enrich'd me with.
You told [me] once you'ld marry me.
Bel. Another mock? you were wont to play fair play,
You scorn poor helps; he that is sure to win,
May slight mean hearts, whose hand commands the Queen.
Euph. Let me be held the Knave through all the Stock
When I do slight my Mistris; you know well
The gracious inclination of the Queen,
Who sent me leave this morning to proceed
To marry as I saw convenience,
And a great gift of Jewels: Three days hence
The general sacrifice is done to *Vesta*,
And can you by then be accommodated
Your servant shall wait on you to the Temple.
Bel. Till now

I never felt a real joy indeed.
Euph. Here then I seal my duty, here my love,
Till which vouchsafe to wear this Ring, dear Mistris;
'Twas the Queens Token, and shall celebrate
Our Nuptialls.
Bel. Honour still raise, and preserve
My honor'd Lord, as he preserves all honor. [*Exit Euph.*

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione.

Ag. Why shift you places thus *Merione*,
And will not lend a word? Could'st thou so soon
Leave sorrow as the place, how blest were I,
But 'twill not be; grief is an impudent guest,
A follower every where, a hanger on,
That words nor blows can drive away.
Leo. Dear Sister.
Bel. Who can be sad? out with these Tragick Lights,
And let day repossess her natural howres:
Tear down these blacks, cast ope' the Casements wide,
That we may jocondly behold the Sun.
I did partake with sad *Merione*
In all her mourning: let her now rejoyce
With glad *Beliza*, for *Euphanes* is
As full of love, full of humility
As when he wanted.
Mer. Oh—that.
Leo. Help, she faints:
Her grief has broke her heart.
Mer. No—that—that.
Ag. Mistris, what point you at?
Her lamps are out, yet still she extends her hand
As if she saw something antipathous
Unto her virtuous life.
Leo. Still, still she points,
And her lips move, but no articulate sound
Breathes from 'em: Sister, speak, what moves you thus?
Bel. Her spirits return.
Mer. Oh, hide that fatal Ring,
Where had it you *Beliza*?
Bel. What hid fate

Depends on it? *Euphanes* gave it me
As holy pledge of future Mariage.
Mer. Then is *Euphanes* the foul Ravisher?
Let me speak this and dye. That dismal night
Which seal'd my shame upon me, was that Ring,
The partner of my rob'd virginity.
Leo. *Euphanes*?
Ag. Strange.
Bel. Impossible.
Mer. Impossible to have redress on him,
Chief servant to the Queen—ha! I have read
Somewhere I am sure, of such an injury
Done to a Lady: and how she durst dye. [*Exit.*
Ag. Oh follow her *Beliza.*
Bel. To assure her,
The unlikelihood of this. [*Exit.*
Ag. Love hides all sins.
What's to be done *Leonidas*?
Leo. Why this:
Amazement takes up all my faculties;
The plagues of gods and men will muster all
To avenge this tyranny. Oh frontless man,
To dare do ill, and hope to bear it thus:
First let's implore, then cure.
Ag. Who, who can trust
The gentle looks and words of two-fac'd man?
Like *Corinths* double torrent, you and I
Will rush upon the Land; nor shall the Queen
Defend this Villain in his villany:
Lusts violent flames can never be withstood
Nor quench'd, but with as violent streams of blood. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Crates, Uncle, Tutor, and Onos.

Ono. THinks he to carry her and live.
Cra. It seems so,
And she will carry him the story says.
On. Well, hum—

Have I for this thou fair but falsest fair
Stretch'd this same simple leg over the Sea?
What though my bashfulness, and tender years,
Durst ne're reveal my affection to thy teeth?
Deep love ne're tatles, and (say they) loves bit
The deeper dip'd, the sweeter still is it.
Tut. Oh, see the power of Love: he speaks in ryme.
Cra. Oh, love would make a dog howle in ryme:
Of all the Lovers yet I have heard or read
This is the strangest: but his Guardian,
And you his Tutor should inform him better,
Thinks he, that love is answer'd by instinct?
Tut. He should make means,
For certain Sir, his bashfulness undo's him,
For from his Cradle h'had a shameful face.
Thus walks he night and day, eats not a bit,
Nor sleeps one jot, but's grown so humerous;
Drinks Ale, and takes Tobacco as you see;
Wear's a Steeletto at his Codpeece close,
Stabs on the least occasion: stroaks his beard,
Which now he puts i'th posture of a *T.*
The *Roman T.* your *T.* beard is the fashion,
And twifold doth express the enamour'd Courtier,
As full as your fork-carving Travellor.
On. Oh, black clouds of discontent invellop me,
Garters fly off: go Hatband, bind the browes
Of some dull Citizen that fears to ake:
And Leg appear now in simplicity
Without the tra[pp]ings of a Courtier:
Burst B[u]ttons, burst, your Bachelor is worm'd.
Cra. A worm-eaten Batchelor th'rt indeed.
On. And Devil melancholly possesses me now.
Unc. Cross him not in this fit I advise you Sir.
On. Dye crimson Rose, that didst adorn these cheeks,
For ytch of love is now broke forth on me.
Unc. Poor Boy, 'tis true: his wrists and hands are scabby.
On. Burn eyes out in your sockets, sink and stink:
Teeth I will pick ye to the very bones,
Hang hair like Hemp, or like the *Isling* Curs,
For never Powder, nor the Crisping-iron

Shall touch these dangling locks—oh—Ruby lips,
Love hath to you been like Wine-vinegar,
Now you look wan and pale, lips, ghosts ye are,
And my disgrace sharper than Mustard-seed.
Cra. How like a Chaundler he do's vent his passions,
Risum teneatis?
On. Well sung the Poet,
Love is a golden [*b*]*ubo*, full of Dreams:
That ripen'd breaks, and fills us with extreams.
Tut. A gold buble, pupill, Oh gross *solæcisme*
To chaster eares that understand the *Latine.*
On. I will not be corrected now:
I am in love, revenge is now the Cud
That I do chaw: I'll challenge him.
Cra. I marry Sir.
Unc. Your honor bids you Nephew, on, and prosper.
On. But none will bear it from me, times are dangerous.
Cra. Carry it your self man.
On. Tutor, your counsel: [I'll] do nothing Sir
Without him.
Unc. This may rid thee, (valiant Cuz.)
Whom I have kept this forty year my Ward:
Fain would I have his state, and now of late
He did inquire at *Ephesus* for his age,
But the Church Book being burnt with *Dian's* Temple
He lost his ayme: I have try'd to famish him,
Marry he'll live o'th stones: and then for Poysons,
He is an Antidote 'gainst all of 'em;
He sprung from *Mithridates*; he is so dry and hot,
He will eat Spiders faster than a Monkey:
His Maw (unhurt) keeps Quicksilver like a bladder,
The largest dose of *Camphire*, *Opium*,
Harmes not his Brain; I think his Skul's as empty
As a suckt Egg; *Vitriol* and Oyle of *Tartar*
He will eat tosts of: *Henbane* I am sure
And *Hemlock* I have made his Pot-herbs often.
Cra. If he refuse you, yours is then the honor:
If he accept, he being so great, you may
Crave both to choose the Weapon, time, and place,
Which may be ten years hence, and *Calicut*,

Or underneath the line to avoid advantage.
On. I am resolved.
Tut. By your favor Pupill,
Whence shall this challenge rise? for you must ground it
On some such fundamental base, or matter
As now the Gentry set their lives upon.
Did you ere cheat him at some Ordinary,
And durst he say so, and be angry? if thus,
Then you must challenge him: hath he call'd your whore,
Whore; though she be (beside yours) twenty mens?
Your honor, reputation is touched then,
And you must challenge him: Has he deny'd
On thirty damme's to accommodate money,
Though he have broke threescore before to you?
Here you must challenge him: Durst he ever shun
To drink two pots of Ale wi'ye? or to wench
Though weighty business otherwise importun'd?
He is a proud Lord,
And you may challenge him: Has he familiarly
Dislik'd your yellow Starch, or said your Dublet
Was not exactly frenchifi'd? or that, that report
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your Sword,
Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lye
In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,
Or direct parrallel? you must challenge him.
On. He never gave my direct apparrel the lye in's life.
Tut. But for the crown of all, Has he refus'd
To pledge your Mistris health though he were sick?

Enter Neanthes *and* Page.

And crav'd your pardon? you must challenge him,
There's no avoiding: one or both must drop.
On. Exquisite Tutor.
Nean. *Crates*, I have sought you long, what make you here
Fooling with these three farthings, while the Town
Is all in uproar, and the Prince our Master
(Seis'd by *Leonidas*, and *Agenor*) carried
And Prisoner kept i'the Castle, flanckes
The west part of the City, where they vow
To hold him, till your Brother, Lord *Euphanes*

Be rendr'd to 'em, with his life to satisfie
The Rape, by him suspected to *Merione*?
The Queen refuses to deliver him,
Pawning her knowledge for his innocency,
And dares 'em do their worst on Prince *Theanor*,
The whole State's in combustion.
Cra. Fatall Ring.
Unc. What will become of us?
Nea. And she hath given Commission to *Euphanes*
And *Conon* (who have leavied men already)
With violence to surprize the Towre, and take 'em.
What will you do?
Cra. Along wi'ye, and prevent
A farther mischief: Gentlemen, our intents
We must defer: you are the Princes followers.
Nea. Will ye walk with us?
Unc. You shall pardon us.
Tut. We are his followers afar off you know.
And are contented to continue so.
[*Exit* Crates *and* Neant.
Onos. Sir Boy.
Page. Sir Fool? a Challenge to my Lord?
How dar'st thou, or thy ambs-ace here think of him,
Ye Crow-pick'd heads, which your thin shoulders bear
As does the Poles on *Corinth* Bridge the Traitors:
Why you three Nine-pins you talk of my Lord,
And challenges? you shall not need: come draw,
His Page is able to swindge three such whelpes:
Uncle, why stand ye off: long-man advance.
Onos. S'light, what have we done Tutor?
Tut. He is a Boy,
And we may run away with honour.
Page. That ye shall not,
And being a Boy I am fitter to encounter
A Child in Law as you are, under twenty:
Thou sot, thou three-score Sot, and that's a Child
Again I grant you.
Unc. Nephew, here's an age:
Boyes are turn'd men, and men are Children.
Page. Away you Pezants with your bought Gentry;

Are not you he, when your fellow Passengers,
Your last transportment being assayl'd by a Galley
Hid your self i'the Cabbin: and the Fight done
Peep'd above Hatches, and cry'd, Have we taken,
Or are we tane? Come, I do want a slipper,
But this shall serve: Swear all as I would have you,
Or I will call some dozen brother Pages,
(They are not far off I am sure) and we will blancket
You untill you piss again.

All. Nay, we will swear Sir.

Page. ['Tis] your best course:
First, you shall swear never to name my Lord,
Or hear him nam'd hereafter, but bare-headed.
Next, to begin his health in every place,
And never to refuse to pledge it, though
You surfeit to the death. Lastly, to hold
The poorest, litlest Page in reverence;
To think him valianter, and a better Gentleman
Than you three stamp'd together: and to give him
Wine and Tobacco wheresoe're you meet,
And the best meat if he can stay.

All. We swear it loyally.

Page. Then I dismiss you
True Leigemen to the Pantoffle:
I had more Articles, but I have business
And cannot stay now: so adieu dear Monsieur,
Tres noble & tres puissant.

Unc. Adieu Monsieur.

On. *A vostre service & commandement.*

Tut. I told you Pupill, you'ld repent this foolery.

On. Who, I repent? you are mistaken Tutor,
I ne're repented any thing yet in my life,
And scorne to begin now: Come, let's be melancholly. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Queen, Euphanes, Conon, Lords.

Lord. 'Twere better treat with 'em.

Quee. I will no Treaties

With a League-breaker and a Rebell; shall I
Article with a Traitor? be compell'd
To yield an innocent unto their fury
Whom I have prov'd so to you?
Euph. Gracious Queen,
Though your own god-like disposition
Would succor Virtue, and protect the right,
Yet for the publick good, for the dear safety
Of your most Royal only Son, consent
To give me up the sacrifice to their malice,
My life is aym'd at, and 'twere better far
The blood of twenty thousand such as I
Purpled our Seas, [than] that your Princely Son
Should be endanger'd.
Quee. Still well said honest Fool,
Were their demand but one hair from thy head,
By all the gods [I'ld] scorn 'em: were they here,
The Majesty that dwels upon this brow
Should strike 'em on their knees: As for my Son,
Let 'em no more dare than they'l answer, I
An equal Mother to my Countrey, am,
And every virtuous Son of it is Son
Unto my bosome, tender as mine own.
Con. Oh, you are heavenly Madam, and the gods
Can suffer nothing pass to injure you:
The life that *Conon* promis'd, he stands now
Ready to pay with joy.
Quee. Farewell both,
Success attend you: you have Souldiers been,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio: if you bring not peace
Bring me their heads.
Con. I will put fair for one. [*Exeunt Quee. Lords.*
Euph. Double the Guard upon her Highness Person,
Conon. You must perform a friendly part,
Which I shall counsel you.
Con. I am your servant. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Theanor, Agenor, Leonidas above.

Leo. Make good that Fortification, and the Watch
Keep still upon the Battlements; Royall Sir,
Weigh but our injuries, we have told you fully
The manner and the matter hales us thus;
Nor shall this upstart *Mushrum* bred i'th night,
Sit brooding underneath your Mothers wings
His damn'd impieties.
Ag. For your self brave Prince,
Fear nothing that this face of arms presents:
We ask the Ravisher, and have no means
To win him from your most indulgent Mother
But by this practice.
The. Stout *Leonidas*,
Princely *Agenor*, your wrongs cry so loud,
That who so would condemn you is not heard:
I blame you not, who but *Euphanes* durst
Make Stories like to this? My wrong's as strong
Aske my revengeful arm to strengthen yours:
As for my fear, know you, and *Greece* throughout.

Enter Euphanes *and* Conon.

Our Mother was a *Spartan* Princess born,
That never taught me to spell such a word.
Con. Sir, you do tempt your life.
Euph. Conon, no more.
Do thus as thou wouldst save it. [*Sound Trumpet within.*
Ag. What Trumpet's this?
Leo. Beneath I do perceive
Two armed men, single, that [give] us summons
As they would treat.
Ag. Let us descend.
Con. My Lord,
I would you would excuse me, and proceed
According to the Queens directions.
Euph. Friend,
As thou wouldst wear that title after death.

Enter below Theanor, Agenor, Leonidas, *and* Soldiers.

Perform my charge: no Soldier on his life
Approach us nearer.
Con. Safety to both the Princes, Loyalty
To you Lord General, the Queen, your Mistriss
As well as ours, though not to fear, to cut
Civil dissention from her Land, and save
Much guiltless blood, that uprore ever thirsts,
And for the safeguard of her Son, by me
(As you demand) hath sent the Lord *Euphanes*
To plead his own cause, or to suffer death
As you shall find him worthy; so delivering
The Prince back, I shall leave him to your Guard.
Leo. The Queen is good and gracious: kiss her hand.
Ag. And seal our duties: Sir, depart in peace.
The. Oh Sir, you now perceive, when in the scales
Nature, and fond affection weigh together,
One poizes like a feather, and you know my Lords
What's to be done.
Euph. Your Highness is unarm'd,
Please you to use mine, and to lead the Army
Back to your Mother: *Conon*, march you with 'em.
Con. I will my Lord: But not so far as not
To bring you help if danger look upon you. [*Exit.*
Euph. Why do you look so strangely, fearfully,
Or stay your deathful hand, be not so wise
To stop your rage: look how unmov'dly, here
I give my self my Countreys sacrifice,
An innocent sacrifice: Truth laughs at death,
And terrifies the killer more than kill'd;
Integrity thus armless seeks her foes,
And never needs the Target nor the Sword,
Bow, nor invenom'd shafts.
Leo. We are amaz'd,
Not at your eloquence, but impudence,
That dare thus front us.
Ag. Kill him, who knows not
The iron forehead that bold mischief wears.
Leo. Forbear a while *Agenor*, I do tremble,

And something sits like virtue in his face,
Which the gods keep.
Euph. *Agenor*, strike *Leonidas*
You that have purchas'd Fame on certain grounds,
Lose it on supposition? smear your hands
In guiltless blood, laugh at my Martyrdom:
But yet remember, when Posterity
Shall read your Volumes fill'd with virtuous acts,
And shall arrive at this black bloody leaf,
Noting your foolish barbarisms, and my wrong,
(As time shall make it plain) what follows this
Disciphering any noble deed of yours
Shall be quite lost, for men will read no more.
Leo. Why? dare you say you are innocent?
Euph. By all the gods, as they
Of this foul crime, why Gent. pry clean through my life,
Then weigh these circumstances: think you that he
Which made day night, and men to furies turn'd,
Durst not trust silence, vizors, nor her sence
That suffer'd; but with Charms and Potions
Cast her asleep, (for all this I have enquir'd)
Acted the Fable of *Proserpines* Rape,
The place (by all description) like to Hell:
And all to perpetrate unknown his Lust,
Would fondly in his person bring a Ring,
And give it a betrothed Wife, ith' same house
Where the poor injur'd Lady liv'd and groan'd.
Ag. Hell gives us Art to reach the depth of sin,
But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in.
Euph. Had it given me that Art, and left me so,
I would not thus into the Lions jaws
Have thrust my self (defenceless) for your good,
The Princes safety, or the Common-weals:
You know the Queen deny'd me, and sent us
Commanders to surprize you, and to raze
This Tower down, we had power enough to do it,
Or starve you, as you saw, and not to tender
My Person to your wrath, which I have done,
Knowing my heart as pure as infants sleep.
Leo. What think you, Sir?

Ag. No harm I am sure: I weep.
Euph. The gods are just, and mighty: but to give you
Further assurance, and to make your selves
Judges and witnesses of my innocence
Let me demand this question, On what night
Was this foul deed committed?
Ag. On the Eave before our Marriage meant.
Euph. *Leonidas*,
(Your rage being off, that still drowns memory)
Where was your self and I that very night,
And what our conference?
Leo. By the gods 'tis true:
Both in her Highness Chamber conferring
Even of this Match until an hour of day,
And then came I to call you: we are sham'd.
Ag. Utterly lost, and sham'd.
Euph. Neither be chear'd,
He that could find this out, can pardon it,
And know this Ring was sent me from the Queen,
How she came by it, yet is not enquir'd,
Deeper occurrents hang on't: and pray Heaven
That my suspitions prove as false as yours,
Which (for the World) till I have greater proof
I dare not utter what, nor whom they touch;
Only this build upon, with all my nerves
I'll labour with ye, till time waken truth.
Ag. There are our swords Sir, turn the points on us,
Leo. Punish rebellion, and revenge your wrong,
Euph. Sir, my revenge shall be to make your peace,
Neither was this rebellion, but rash love.

Enter Conon.

Co. How's this? unarm'd left, now found doubly arm'd?
A[n]d those that would have slain him at his feet?
Oh Truth, thou art a mighty Conqueress:
The Queen (my Lord) perplex'd in care of you,
That, cross to her command, hazard your self
In person, here is come into the Field,
And like a Leader, marches in the head
Of all her Troops, vows that she will demolish

Each stone of this proud Tower be you not safe:
She chafes like storms in Groves, now sighs, now weeps,
And both sometimes, like Rain and Wind commixt,
Abjures her Son for ever, less himself
Do fetch you off in person, that did give
Your self to save him of your own free will,
And swears he must not, nor is [f]it to live.
Euph. Oh she's a Mistriss for the gods.
Ag. And thou a godlike servant fit for her.
Leo. Wide *Greece*
May boast, because she cannot boast thy like.
Euph. Thus *Conon* tell her Highness.
Co. My joy flies.
Eup. Let's toward her march: stern Drum speak gentle peace.
Leo. We are prisoners, lead us, ne'r was known
A president like this: one unarm'd man
(Suspected) to captive with golden words
(Truth being his shield) so many arm'd with swords. [*Ex.*

Enter (*at one door*) Queen, Theanor, Crates, Conon, Lords, Soldiers, (*at another*) Euphanes (*with two swords*) Agenor, Leonidas, Soldiers: Euphanes *presents* Leonidas *on his knees to the* Queen: Agenor *bare-headed, makes shew of sorrow to the* Queen, *she stamps, and seems to be angry at the first.* Euphanes *perswades her,* [*layes*] *their swords at her feet, she* [*kisses him,*] *gives them their swords again, they kiss her hand and embrace, the* Soldiers *lift up* Euphanes, *and shout*: Theanor *and* Crates *discovered,* Conon *whispers with* Crates, Euphanes *with* Agenor, *and* Leonidas *observes it, who seem to promise something,* Euphanes *directs his Page somewhat.*

[*Exeunt all but* Theanor *and* Crates.

The. We are not lucky *Crates,* this great torrent
Bears all before him.
Cra. Such an age as this
Shall ne'r be seen again: virtue grows fat,
And villany pines; the Furies are asleep,
Mischief 'gainst goodness aim'd, is like a stone,
Unnaturally forc'd up an eminent hill

Whose weight falls on our heads and buries us,
We springe our selves, we sink in our own bogs.
The. What's to be done?
Cra. Repent and grow good.
The. Pish,
'Tis not the fashion (fool) till we grow old:
The peoples love to him now scares me more
Than my fond Mothers: both which, like two floods
Bearing *Euphanes* up; will o'rflow me,
And he is worthy, would he were in Heaven,
But that hereafter: *Crates* help me now,
And henceforth be at ease.
Cra. Your Will my Lord?
The. *Beliza* is to marry him forthwith,
I long to have the first touch of her too,
That will a little quiet me.
Cra. Fie Sir,
You'll be the Tyrant to Virginity;
To fall but once is manly, to persevere
Beastly, and desperate.
The. Cross me not, but do't:
Are not the means, the place, the instruments
The very same? I must expect you suddenly. [*Exit.*
Cra. I must obey you.
Who is in evil once a companion
Can hardly shake him off, but must run on.
Here I appointed *Conon* to attend
Him, and his sword: he promis'd to come single.

Enter Conon *and* Page.

To avoid prevention: he is a man on's word.
Co. You are well met *Crates.*
Cra. If we part so *Conon.*
Co. Come, we must do these mutual offices,
We must be our own Seconds, our own Surgeons,
And fairly fight, like men, not on advantage.
Cra. You have an honest bosom.
Co. Yours seems so.
Cra. Let's pair our swords: you are a just Gentleman.
Co. You might be so: now shake hands if you please,

Though't be the cudgel fashion, 'tis a friendly one.
Cra. So, stand off.
Page. That's my cue to beckon 'em. [*Exit.*
Co. *Crates*, to expostulate your wrongs to me
Were to doubt of 'em, or wish your excuse
In words, and so return like maiden Knights:
Yet freely thus much I profess, your spleen
And rugged carriage toward your honour'd Brother
Hath much more stirred me up, than min[e] own cause,
For I did ne'r affect these bloody men,
But hold 'em fitter be made publick Hangmen:
Or Butchers call'd, than valiant Gentlemen:
'Tis true stamp'd valour does upon just grounds,
Yet for whom justlier should I expose my life
Than him, unto whose virtue I owe all.
Cra. *Conon*, you think by this great deed of yours
To insinuate your self a lodging nearer
Unto my Brothers heart: such men as you
Live on their undertakings for their Lords,
And more disable them by answering for 'em
Than if they sate still, make 'em but their whores,
For which end Gallants now adays do fight:
But here we come not to upbraid; what men
Seem, the rash world will judge; but what they are
Heaven knows: and this—Horses, we are descry'd,
One stroke for fear of laughter.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, Page.

Co. Half a score.
Euph. Hold, hold: on your allegiance hold.
Ag. He that strikes next—
Leo. Falls like a Traitor on our swords.
Euph. Oh Heaven, my Brother bleeds: *Conon*, thou art
A villain, an unthankful man, and shalt
Pay me thy bloud for his, for his is mine:
Thou wert my friend, but he is still my Brother;
And though a friend sometimes be nearer said
In some gradation it can never be
Where that same Brother can be made a friend,
Which dearest *Crates* thus low I implore;

What in my poverty I would not seek,
Because I would not burthen you, now here
In all my height of bliss I beg of you,
Your friendship; my advancement, Sir, is yours;
I never held it strange, pray use it so:
We are but two, which Number Nature fram'd
In the most useful faculties of man,
To strengthen mutually and relieve each other:
Two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs and feet,
That where one faild, the other might supply;
And I, your other eye, ear, your arm and leg,
Tender my service, help and succor to ye.
Ag. Leo. A most divine example.
Euph. For dear Brother,
You have been blind, and lame, and deaf to me,
Now be no more so: in humility
I give ye the duty of a younger Brother,
Which take you as a Brother, not a Father,
And then you'll pay a duty back to me.
Cra. Till now I have not wept these thirty years.
Euph. Discording Brothers, are like mutual legs
Supplanting one another: he that seeks
Aid from a stranger and forsakes his Brother,
Does but like him that madly lops his arm,
And to his body joyns a wooden one:
Cuts off his natural leg, and trusts a Crutch,
Plucks out his eye to see with Spectacles.
Cra. Most dear *Euphanes*, in this crimson floud
Wash my unkindness out: you have o'rcome me,
Taught me humanity and brotherhood;
Full well knew Nature thou wert fitter far
To be a Ruler o'r me than a Brother,
Which henceforth be: *Jove* surely did descend
When thou wert gotten in some heavenly shape
And greet my Mother, as the poets tell
Of other Women.
Ag. Be this Holy-day.
Leo. And noted ever with the whitest stone.
Co. And pardon me my Lord, look you, I bleed
Faster than *Crates*; what I have done I did

To reconcile your loves, to both a friend,
Which my blood ciment, never to part or end.
Ag. Most worthy *Conon.*
Leo. Happy rise, this day
Contracts more good than a whole age hath done.
Euph. Royal *Agenor*, brave *Leonidas*,
You are main causes, and must share the fame.
Cra. Which in some part this hour shall requite
For I have aim'd my black shafts at white marks,
And now I'll put the clew into your hands
Shall guide ye most perspicuously to the depth
Of this dark Labyrinth, where so long ye were lost
Touching this old Rape, and a new intent.
Wherein your counsel, and your active wit
My dearest Brother will be necessary.
Euph. My Prophesie is come, prove my hopes true
Agenor shall have right, and you no wrong,
Time now will pluck her daughter from her Cave:
Let's hence to prevent rumour; my dear Brother,
Nature's divided streams the highest shelf
Will over-run at last, and flow to it self. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Crates, Euphanes, Neanthes, Sosicles, *Eraton.*

Euph. I Have won the Lady to it, and that good
Which is intended to her, your faith only
And secresie must make perfect; Think not Sir,
I speak as doubting it, for I dare hazard My soul upon the tryal.
Cra. You may safely,
But are *Agenor*, and *Leonidas* ready
To rush upon him in the Act, and seize him
In the height of his security?
Euph. At all parts as you could wish them.
Cra. Where's the Lady?
Euph. There
Where you appointed her to stay.
Cra. 'Tis wisely order'd.
Euph. Last, when you have him sure, compel him this way,

For as by accident here I'll bring the Queen
To meet you, 'twill strike greater terror to him,
To be tane unprovided of excuse,
And make more for our purposes. [*Exit.*

Cra. Come *Neanthes*, our Fames and all are at the stake.

Nea. 'Tis fit that since relying on your skill, we venture
So much upon one game, you play with cunning.

Enter Theanor.

Or we shall rise such losers as—

Sos. The Prince.

Cra. The plot is laid Sir, howsoe'r I seem'd
A little scrupulous, upon better judgement
I have effected it.

The. 'Tis the last service
Of this foul kind I will employ you in.

Cra. We hope so Sir.

The. And I will so reward it—

Nea. You are bound to that; in every Family
That does write lustful, your fine Bawd gains more
(For like your Broker, he takes fees on both sides)
Than all the Officers of the house.

Sos. For us then
To be a great mans Panders, and live poor,
That were a double fault.

Cra. Come, you lose time Sir,
We will be with you instantly: the deed done,
We have a Mask that you expect not.

The. Thou art ever careful: for *Joves Mercury*
I would not change thee. [*Exit.*

Era. There's an honour for you.

Nea. To be compar'd with the celestial Pimp,
Joves smock-sworn Squire, Don *Hermes.*

Cra. I'll deserve it,
And Gentlemen be assur'd, though what we do now
Will to the Prince *Theanor* look like Treason
And base disloyalty, yet the end shall prove,
When he's first taught to know himself, then you,
In what he judg'd us false, we were most true. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, Conon.

Euph. Only make haste (my Lords) in all things else
You are instructed: you may draw your swords
For shew if you think good, but on my life
You will find no resistance in his servants,
And he's himself unarm'd.
Ag. I would he were not,
My just rage should not then be lost.
Euph. Good Sir,
Have you a care no injury be done
Unto the person of the Prince: but *Conon*,
Have you an eye on both, it is your trust that I relye on.
Co. Which I will discharge, assure your self most faithfully.
Euph. For the Lady,
I know your best respect will not be wanting:
Then to avoid suspition and discovery,
I hold it requisite, that as soon as ever
The Queen hath seen her, she forsake the place,
And fit her self for that which is projected
For her good, and your honour.
Leo. If this prosper, Believe it you have made a purchase of
My service and my life.
Euph. Your love I aim at.
Leo. Here I shall find you?
Euph. With the Queen.
Co. Enough Sir.

Enter Page.

Page. The Queen enquires for you my Lord, I have met
A dozen Messengers in search of you.

Enter Queen, Ladies, Attendants.

Euph. I knew I should be sought for, as I wish'd
She's come her self in person.
Qu. Are you found Sir?
I wonder where you spend your hours, methinks

Since I so love your company, and profess
'Tis the best comfort this life yields me; mine
Should not be tedious to you.
Euph. Gracious Madam,
To have the happiness to see and hear you,
Which by your bounty is conferr'd upon me,
I hold so great a blessing, that my honours
And wealth compar'd to that, are but as Cyphers
To make that number greater: yet your pardon
For borrowing from my duty so much time
As the provision for my sudden Marriage
Exacted from me.
Qu. I perceive this Marriage
Will keep you often from me: but I'll bear it.
She's a good Lady, and a fair, *Euphanes*,
Yet by her leave I will share with her in you:
I am pleas'd that in the night she shall enjoy you
And that's sufficient for a Wife: the day-time
I will divorce you from her.
Leo. within. We will force you if you resist.
Qu. What noise is that?
The. within. Base Traytors.
Euph. It moves this way.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas *with* Theanor, [M]erione *like* Beliza, Conon, Crates, Neanthes, Sosicles, Eraton, Guard.

Qu. What e'r it be I'll meet it,
I was not born to fear: Who's that *Beliza*?
Euph. My worthiest, noblest Mistriss. [*Exit.*
Qu. Stay her, ha?
All of you look as you were rooted here,
And wanted motion: what new *Gorgons* head
Have you beheld, that you are all turn'd Statues?
This is prodigious: has none a tongue
To speak the cause?
Leo. Could every hair, great Queen
Upon my head yield an articulate sound,
And altogether speak, they could not yet
Express the villany we have discoverd,

And yet, when with a few unwilling words
I have deliver'd what must needs be known,
You'll say I am too eloquent, and wish
I had been born without a tongue.
Qu. Speak boldly,
For I, unmov'd with any loss, will hear.
Leo. Then know, we have found out the Ravisher
Of my poor Sister, and the place, and means
By which th'unfortunate, though fair *Beliza*
Hath met a second violence. (ruine.
Euph. This confirms what but before I doubted to my
My Lady ravish'd.
Qu. Point me out the villain;
That guilty wretched monster that hath done this,
[T]hat I may look on him, and in mine eye
He [read] his Sentence.
Leo. That I truly could
Name any other but the Prince, that heard,
You have it all.
Qu. Wonder not that I shake,
The miracle is greater that I live,
Having endur'd the thunder that thy words
Have thrown upon me: dar'st thou kneel, with hope
Of any favor, but a speedy death,
And that too in the dreadful'st shape that can
Appear to a dispair[i]ng leprous soul,
If thou hast any? no, libidinous beast,
Thy lust hath alter'd so thy former Being,
By Heaven I know thee not.
The. Although unworthy
Yet still I am your Son.
Qu. Thou lyest, lyest falsly,
My whole life never knew but one chaste bed,
Nor e'r desir'd warmth but from lawful fires,
Can I be then the Mother to a Goat,
Whose lust is more insatiate than the grave,
And like infectious air ingenders plagues,
To murder all that's chaste, or good in Woman?
The gods I from my youth have serv'd and fear'd,
Whose holy Temples thou hast made thy Brothels;

Could a Religious Mother then bring forth
So damn'd an Atheist? read but o'r my life,
My actions, manners, and made perfect in them
But look into the story of thy self
As thou art now, not as thou wert *Theanor*,
And reason will compel thee to confess,
Thou art a stranger to me.
Ag. Note but how heavy
The weight of guilt is: it so low hath sunk him
That he wants power to rise up in defence
Of [his] bad cause.
Qu. Perswade me not *Euphanes*,
This is no Prince, nor can claim part in me:
My Son was born a Free-man, this a Slave
To beastly passions, a Fugitive,
And run away from virtue: bring bonds for him.
By all the honour that I owe to Justice
He loses me for ever that seeks to save him:
Bind him I say, and 'ts like a wretch that knows
He stands condemn'd before he hears the Sentence,
With his base Agents, from my sight remove him,
And lodge them in the Dungeon: As a Queen
And Patroness to Justice I command it:
Thy tears are like unseasonable showrs,
And in my heart now steel'd can make no entrance:
Thou art cruel to thy self (Fool) 'tis not want
In me of soft compassion; when thou left'st
To be a Son, I ceas'd to be a Mother;
Away with them: The children I will leave
To keep my name, to all posterities,
Shall be the great examples of my Justice,
The government of my Countrey which shall witness
How well I rul'd my self: bid the wrong'd Ladies
Appear in Court to morrow, we will hear them;
And by one Act of our severity
For fear of punishment, or love to virtue,
Teach others to be honest: all will shun
To tempt her Laws, that would not spare her Son. [*Ex.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Onos, Uncle, *and* Tutor.

Unc. Nay Nephew.
Tut. Pupill, hear but reason.
On. No, I have none, and will hear none; oh my honor
My honor blasted in the bud, my youth,
My hopeful youth, and all my expectation
Ever to be a man, are lost for ever.
Unc. Why Nephew, we as well as you are dub'd
Knights of the Pantofle.
Tut. And are shouted at,
Kick'd, scorn'd, and laugh'd at by each Page and Groom,
Yet with erected heads we bear it.
Onos. Alas,
You have years, and strength to do it; but were you
(As I) a tender gristle, apt to bow,
You would like me, with Cloaks envelloped,
Walk thus, then stamp, then stare.
Unc. He will run mad
I hope, and then all's mine.
Tut. Why look you Pupil,
There are for the recovery of your honor
Degrees of Medicines; for a tweak by the Nose
A man's to travel but six months, then blow it
And all is well again: the Bastinado
Requires a longer time, a year or two,
And then 'tis buried: I grant you have been bafft'd,
'Tis but a journey of some thirty years
And it will be forgotten.
Onos. Think you so?
Tut. Assuredly.
Unc. He may make a shorter cut,
But hang or drown himself, and on my life
'Twill no more trouble him.
Onos. I could ne'r endure
Or Hemp or Water, they are dangerous tools
For youth to deal with: I will rather follow
My Tutors counsel.

Tut. Do so.
Onos. And put in
For my security, that I'll not return
In thirty years, my whole 'state to my Uncle.
Unc. That I like well of.
On. Still provided Uncle,
That at my coming home you will allow me
To be of age, that I may call to account
This Page that hath abus'd me.
U[n]c. 'Tis a match.
On. Then *Corinth*, thus the bashful *Lamprias*
Takes leave of thee: and for this little time
Of thirty years, will labour all he can,
Though he goes young forth, to come home a man. [*Ex.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Euphanes *and* Marshal.

Euph. Are your Prisoners ready?
Mar. When it shall please the Queen
To call them forth my Lord.
Euph. Pray you do me the favour
To tell me how they have born themselves this night
Of their imprisonment?
Mar. Gladly Sir; your Brother
With the other Courtiers willingly receiv'd
All courtesies I could offer; eat, and drank,
And were exceeding merry, so dissembling
Their guilt, or confident in their innocence,
That I much wondred at it. But the Prince,
That (as born highest) should have grac'd his fall
With greatest courage, is so sunk with sorrow,
That to a common judgement he would seem
To suffer like a Woman: but to me,
That from the experience I have had of many
Look further in him, I do find the deep
Consideration of what's past, more frights him
Than any other punishment.
Euph. That is indeed
True magnanimity: the other but

A desperate bastard valour.
Mar. I pressed to him,
And notwithstanding the Queens strict command,
(Having your Lordships promise to secure me)
Offer'd to free him from his bonds, which he
Refus'd, with such a sorrow, mixt with scorn
That it amaz'd me; yet I urg'd his Highness
To give one Reason for't: he briefly answer'd,
That he had sate in judgement on himself,
And found that he deserv'd them: that he was
A Ravisher, and so to suffer like one,
Which is the reason of my tears: he addeth,
For wer't not I again should break the Laws,
By scorning all their rigor can inflict,
I should dye smiling.
Euph. I forbear to wonder
That you were mov'd that saw this: I am struck
With the relation so. 'Tis very well;
See all things ready. I do wish I could
Send comfort to the Prince; be ready with him;
'Tis in the Queens breast only which for us { *Bar brought*
To search into were sauciness, to determine { *in.*
What she thinks fit.

Enter Leonidas *with* Merione (*in white*) Euphanes *with* Beliza (*in black*) Queen, Agenor, Conon, Marshal, *with* Thea[n]or, Crates, Sosicles, Eraton, Lords, Ladies, *Guard.*

Lord. Make way there for the Queen.
Quee. Read first the Law, and what our Ancestors
Have in this case provided to deter
Such like offenders: To you gentle Ladies
This only, Would I could as well give comfort,
As bid [you] be secure from fear or doubt
Of our displeasure: be as confident
As if your plea were 'gainst a common man,
To have all right from us; I will not grieve
For what's not worth my pitty: Read the Law.

Clerk reads.

Lycurgus *the nineteenth against Rapes: It is provided: and*

pu[b]lickly enacted and confirmed, That any man of what degree soever, offering violence to the chastity of a Virgin, shall (Ipso facto) *be lyable to her accusation, and according to the said Law be censur'd; Ever provided, that it shall [b]e in the choice of the said Virgin so abused, either to compell the Offender to marry her without a Dowry, if so she will be satisfied, or demanding his head for the offence, to have that accordingly performed.*

Qu. You hear this: what do you demand?
Mer. The benefit
The Law allows me.
Bel. For the injury
Done to mine Honor, I require his head.
Mer. I likewise have an eye upon mine Honor,
But knowing that his death cannot restore it
I ask him for my Husband.
Bel. I was ravish'd,
And will have justice.
Mer. I was ravish'd too,
I kneel for mercy.
Bel. I demand but what
The Law allows me.
Mer. That which I desire
Is by the same Law warranted.
Bel. The Rape
On me hath made a forfeit of his life,
Which in revenge of my disgrace I plead for.
Mer. The Rape on me gives me the priviledge
To be his Wife, and that is all I sue for.
Age. A doubtful case.
Leo. Such pretty Lawyers, yet
I never saw nor read of.
Euph. May the Queen
Favour your sweet plea, Madam.
Bel. Is that justice?
Shall one that is to suffer for a Rape
Be by a Rape defended? Look upon
The publick enemy of chastity,
This lustful Satyr, whose enrag'd desires

The ruine of one wretched Virgins honor
Would not suffice; and shall the wrack of two
Be his protection? May be I was ravish'd
For his lust only, thou for his defence;
O fine evasion! shall with such a slight
Your Justice be deluded? your Laws cheated?
And he that for one fact deserv'd to die,
For sinning often, find impunity?
But that I know thee I would swear thou wert
A false Impostor, and suborn'd to this;
And it may be thou art *Merione*:
For hadst thou suffer'd truly what I have done,
Thou wouldst like me complain, and call for vengeance,
And our wrongs being equal, I alone
Should not desire revenge: But be it so,
If thou prevail, even he will punish it,
And foolish mercy shew'd to him undo thee,
Consider, fool, before it be too late,
What joys thou canst expect from such a Husband,
To whom thy first, and what's more, forc'd embraces,
Which men say heighten pleasure, were distastful.

Mer. 'Twas in respect, that then they were unlawful,
Unbless'd by *Hymen*, and left stings behind them,
Which from the marriage-bed are ever banish'd.
Let this Court be then the image of *Joves* throne,
Upon which grace and mercy still attend,
To intercede between him and his Justice;
And since the Law allows as much to me
As she can challenge, let the milder sentence,
Which best becomes a Mother, and a Queen
Now overcome; nor let your wisdom suffer
In doing right to her, I in my wrong
Indure a second Ravishment.

Bel. You can free him
Only from that which does concern your self,
Not from the punishment that's due to me:
Your injuries you may forgive, not mine;
I plead mine own just wreak, which will right both,
Where that which you desire robs me of justice;
'Tis that which I appeal to.

Mer. Bloody Woman,
Dost thou desire his punishment? Let him live then;
For any man to marry where he likes not
Is still a lingring torment.
Bel. For one Rape
One death's sufficient, that way cannot catch me.
Mer. To you I fly then, to your mercy Madam,
Exempting not your Justice, be but equal;
And since in no regard I come behind her,
Let me not so be undervalu'd in
Your Highness favor, that the world take notice
You so preferr'd her, that in her behalf
You kill'd that Son, you would not save for me;
Mercy, O mercy Madam.
Bel. Great Queen, justice.
Age. With what a Masculine constancy the grave Lady hath heard them both!
Leo. Yet how unmov'd she sits
In that which most concerns her!
Con. Now she rises;
And having well weigh'd both their arguments,
Resolves to speak.
Euph. And yet again she pauses;
O *Conon*, such a resolution once
A *Roman* told me he had seen in *Cato*
Before he kill'd himself.
Qu. 'Tis now determin'd.
Merione, I could wish I were no Queen,
To give you satisfaction; no Mother
Beliza, to content you; and would part,
Even with my being, both might have their wishes;
But since that is impossible, in few words
I will deliver what I am resolved on:
The end for which all profitable Laws
Were made, looks two ways only, the reward
Of innocent good men, and the punishment
Of bad Delinquents: Ours, concerning Rapes,
Provided that same latter [clause] of Marriage
For him that had fall'n once, not then foreseeing
Mankind could prove so monstrous, to tread twice

A path so horrid. The great Law-giver
Draco, That for his strange severity
Was said to write his stern Decrees in blood,
Made none for Parricides, presuming that
No man could be so wicked; Such might be
Lycurgus answer (did he live) for this.
But since I find that in my [Sonne], which was not
Doubted in any else, I will add to it;
He cannot marry both, but for both dying,
Both have their full revenge: You see *Beliza*
You have your wish; with you *Merione*
I'll spend a tear or two, so Heaven forgive thee.
The. Upon my knees I do approve your judgement,
And beg that you would put it into act
With all speed possible; only that I may,
Having already made peace with my self,
Part so with all the world: Princely *Agenor*
I ask your pardon; yours my Lord *Euphanes*;
And *Crates* with the rest too, I forgive you;
Do you the like for me: Yours, gracio[u]s Mother,
I dare not ask, and yet if that my death
Be like a Son of yours, though my life was not,
Perhaps you may vouchsafe it: Lastly, that
Both these whom I have wrong'd, may wish my ashes
No heavy burden, e'r I suffer death,
For the restoring of *Meriones* honor,
Let me be married to her, and then dye
For you *Beliza*.
Qu. Thou hast made in this
Part of amends to me, and to the world,
Thy suit is granted, call a *Flamyn* forth
To do this holy work; with him a Headsman.

Enter Flamyn *and Executioner.*

Raise up thy weeping eyes *Meriones*,
With this hand I confirm thy Marriage,
Wishing that now the gods would shew some miracle,
That this might not divorce it.
Cra. To that purpose
I am their Minister, stand not amaz'd,

To all your comforts I will do this wonder,
Your Majesty (with your pardon I must speak it)
Allow'd once heretofore of such a Contract,
Which you repenting afterwards, revok'd it,
Being fully bent to match her with *Agenor*,
The griev'd Prince knowing this, and yet not daring
To cross what you determin'd, by an oath
Bound me and these his followers to do something
That he might once enjoy her, we swore to it,
And easily perswaded, being assur'd
She was his Wife before the face of Heaven,
Although some ceremonious forms were wanting,
Committed the first Rape, and brought her to him,
Which broke the Marriage; but when we perceiv'd
He purpos'd to abuse our ready service
In the same kind: upon the chaste *Beliza*,
Holding our selves less ty'd to him than goodness;
I made discovery of it to my Brother,
Who can relate the rest.

Euph. It is most true.

Qu. I would it were:

Euph. In every circumstance
It is upon my soul: For this known to me,
I wan *Merione* in my Ladies habit,
To be again (but willingly) surpriz'd,
But with *Agenor*, and her noble Brother,
With my approv'd friend *Conon*, with such speed
She was pursu'd, that the lewd act scarce ended,
The Prince (assur'd he had enjoy'd *Beliza*,
For all the time *Meriones* face was cover'd)
Was apprehended and brought to your presence,
But not till now discover'd, in respect
I hop'd the imminent danger of the Prince,
To which his loose unquenched heats had brought him,
Being pursu'd unto the latest tryal
Would work in him compunction, which it has done;
And these two Ladies in their feign'd contentions,
To your delight I hope have serv'd as Maskers
To their own Nuptials.

Qu. My choice was worthy

When first I look'd on thee, as thou hast order'd
All shall be done, and not the meanest that
Plaid in this unexpected Comedy,
But shall pertake our bounty: And my Lord,
That with the rest you may seem satisfi'd,
If you dare venture on a Queen, not yet
So far in debt to years, but that she may
Bring you a lusty Boy, I offer up
My self and Kingdom, during my life to you.
Ag. It is a blessing which I durst not hope for,
But with all joy receive.
All. We all applaud it.
Qu. Then on unto the Temple, where the rights
Of Marriage ended, we'll find new delights. [*Exeunt.*

Here endeth the Queen of Corinth.

BONDUCA,

A

TRAGEDY.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Caratach, *General of the* Britains, *Cosin to* Bonduca.
Nenius, *A great Soldier, a* Britain *Commander.*
Hengo, *A brave boy, Nephew to* Caratach.
Suetonius, *General to the* Roman *Army in* Britain.
Penius, *A brave* Roman *Commander, but stubborn to the General.*
Junius, *A* Roman *Captain, in love with* Bonduca's *Daughter.*
Petilus, *A merry Captain, but somewhat wanton.*

Demetrius, Decius, *Two* Roman *Commanders.*
Regulus, Drusus, Macer, Curius, *Four* Roman *Officers.*
Judas, *A Corporal, a merry hungry knave.*
Herald.
Druides.
Soldiers.

WOMEN.

Bonduca, *Queen of the* Iceni, *a brave* Virago, *by* Prosutagus.
Her two Daughters.

The Scene Britain.

The Principal Actors were

Richard Burbadge,
Henry Condel,
William Eglestone,
Nich. Toolie,
William Ostler,
John Lowin,
John Underwood,
Richard Robinson.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, Hengo, Nennius, Soldiers.

Bon. THe hardy *Romans*? O ye gods of *Britain*,
The rust of Arms, the blushing shame of soldiers;
Are these the men that conquer by inheritance!
The Fortune-makers? these the *Julians*.

Enter Caratach.

That with the Sun measure the end of Nature,
Making the World but one *Rome* and one *Cæsar*?
Shame, how they flee! *Cæsars* soft soul dwells in 'em;
Their Mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nurst 'em,
Their Bodies sweat with sweet Oils, Loves allurements,
Not lustie Arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These *Roman* Girls? Is *Britain* grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, *Nennius* scatter'd 'em,
And through their big-bon'd *Germans*, on whose Pikes
The honour of their actions sit in triumph,
Made Themes for Songs to shame 'em, and a Woman,
A Woman beat 'em, *Nennius*; a weak Woman,
A Woman beat these *Romans*.

Car. So it seems.
A man would shame to talk so.

Bon. Who's that?

Car. I.

Bon. Cosin, do you grieve at my fortunes?

Car. No, *Bonduca*,
If I grieve, 'tis at the bearing of your fortunes;
You put too much wind to your sail: Discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And nurs'd together, make a Conqueror:
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth.
That *Rome* has fled before us twice, and routed;
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, Lady,
And not our tongues. A truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing:
For then it leaves to be a virtue, Lady;
And we that have been Victors, beat our selves,

When we insult upon our honors subject.
Bon. My valiant Cosin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honor bid us do,
And what the gods allow us?
Car. No, *Bonduca*,
So what we say exceed not what we do.
Ye call the *Romans* fearful, fleeing *Romans*,
And *Roman* Girls, the lees of tainted pleasures:
Does this become a doer? are they such?
Bon. They are no more.
Car. Where is your Conquest then?
Why are your Altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers,
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire?
The holy *Druides* composing Songs
Of everlasting life to Victory?
Why are these triumphs, Lady? for a *May*-game?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched *Romans*?
Is it no more? shut up your Temples, *Britains*,
And let the Husbandman redeem his heifers;
Put out our holy fires; no Timbrel ring;
Let's home, and sleep; for such great overthrows;
A Candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A Glow-worms tail too full of flame. O *Nennius*,
Thou hadst a noble Uncle knew a *Roman*,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes.
Bon. By —— I think
Ye doat upon these *Romans*, *Caratach.*
Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly given,
I love an enemy, I was born a Soldier;
And he that in the head on's Troop defies me,
Bending my manly Body with his sword,
I make a Mistriss. Yellow-tressed *Hymen*
Ne'r ty'd a longing Virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me:
And are not all these *Romans*? Ten struck Battels
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all *Roman*:
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
When many a frozen storm sung thorow my Curasse,
And made it doubtful whether that or I

Were the more stubborn metall, have I wrought thorow,
And all to try these *Romans.* Ten times a night
I have swom the Rivers, when the Stars of *Rome*
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruines on my shoulders,
Charging my batter'd sides with troops of Agues;
And still to try these *Romans*, whom I found
(And if I lye, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought
(Which was not fear nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanced as forward as the *Britains*,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours.
I, and as subtil, Lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And follow'd, will be impudence, *Bonduca*,
And grow to no belief, to taint these *Romans.*
Have not I seen the *Britains*—

Bond. What?

Car. Disheartned,
Run, run, *Bonduca*, not the quick rack swifter;
The Virgin from the hated Ravisher
Not half so fearful; not a flight drawn home.
A round stone from a sling, a Lovers wish
E'r made that haste that they have. By ——
I have seen these *Britains*, that you magnifie,
Run as they would have out-run time and roaring
Basely for mercy, roaring: the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'r the fields of Corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.

Bon. O ye Powers,
What scandals do I suffer!

Car. Yes, *Bonduca*,
I have seen thee run too, and thee, *Nennius*;
Yea, run apace, both; then when *Penyus*
The *Roman* Girl, cut thorow your armed Carts,
And drive 'em headlong on ye down the hill:
Then when he hunted ye like *Britain*-Foxes,
More by the scent than sight: then did I see
These valiant and approved men of *Britain*,

Like boading Owls, creep into tods of Ivie,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.
Nen. And what did you then, *Caratach*?
Car. I fled too,
But not [so] fast; your Jewel had been lost then,
Young *Hengo* there; he trasht me, *Nennius*:
For when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
And in the head of all the *Romans* fury
Took him, and, with my tough Belt, to my back
I buckled him: behind him, my sure Shield;
And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of *Britain*,
I lye not, *Nennius*. Neither had ye heard
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the Son of Virtue, *Penyus*
Seeing me steer thorow all these storms of danger,
My Helm still in my hand, my Sword my prow,
Turn'd to my foe my face, he cry'd out nobly,
Go *Britain*, bear thy Lions whelp off safely;
Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee: grow strong,
And let me meet thee once again in Arms;
Then if thou stand'st, thou art mine. I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.
Bon. O Cousin,
From what a flight of honour hast thou checkt me!
What wouldst thou make me, *Caratach*?
Car. See, Lady,
The noble use of others in our losses:
Does this afflict ye? Had the *Romans* cry'd this,
And as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,
Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as the earth was ours, to shew us
Nothing but sea could stop our flights; despis'd us,
And held it equal, whether banqueting
Or beating of the *Britains* were more business,
It would have gall'd ye.
Bon. Let me think we conquer'd.
Car. Do; but so think, as we may be conquer'd:
And where we have found virtue, though in those
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.

There's not a blow we gave since *Julius* landed,
That was of strength and worth, but like records,
They file to after-ages. Our Registers,
The *Romans*, are for noble deeds of honour;
And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings?
Bon. No more, I see my self: thou hast made me, Cousin,
More than my fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,
And wound me up so high, I swell'd with glory:
Thy temperance has cur'd that Tympany,
And given me health again, nay, more discretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love these *Romans*.
Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, Lady.
Bon. Your reason?
Nen. Is not peace the end of Arms?
Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest:
Had we a difference with some petty Isle,
Or with our neighbors (Lady) for our Land-marks,
The taking in of some rebellious Lord,
Or making a head against Commotions,
After a day of Blood, Peace might be argued:
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The Liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worship, and next those, our Honors,
And with those swords that know no end of Battel:
Those men beside themselves allow no neighbor;
Those minds that where the day is, claim inheritance,
And where the Sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,
And where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to *Rome*, and here i' th' bowels on us;
It must not be; no, as they are our foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em,
Let's use the peace of Honor, that's fair dealing,
But in our ends, our swords. That hardy *Romane*
That hopes to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
And be alli'd in ashes.
Bon. *Caratach*,
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
And *Hengo* to thy charge I here deliver:
The *Romans* shall have worthy Wars.

Car. They shall.
And, little Sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
And when I see ye able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tye ye to a sword.
Heng. And what then Uncle?
Car. Then ye must kill, Sir, the next valiant *Romane* that calls ye knave.
Hen. And must I kill but one?
Car. An hundred, boy, I hope.
Hen. I hope five hundred.
Car. That's a noble boy. Come, worthy Lady,
Let's to our several charges, and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Junius *and* Petillius, *two* Roman *Captains.*

Pet. What ail'st thou, man? dost thou want meat?
Jun. No.
Pet. Clothes?
Jun. Neither. For heavens love, leave me.
Pet. Drink?
Jun. Ye tire me.
Pet. Come, 'tis drink; I know 'tis drink.
Jun. Tis no drink.
Pet. I say 'tis drink: for what affliction
Can light so heavy on a Soldier,
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
Thou shalt have drink.
Jun. Prethee *Petillius*—
Pet. And by mine honor, much drink, valiant drink:
Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,
Like a true friend, into thy wants: 'tis drink;
And when I leave thee to a desolation,
Especially of that dry nature, hang me.
Jun. Why do you [do] this to me?
Pet. For I see,
Although your modesty would fain conceal it,
Which sits as sweetly on a Soldier,

As an old side-saddle.
Jun. What do you see?
Pet. I see as far as day, that thou want'st drink.
Did I not find thee gaping like an Oyster
For a new tide? thy very thoughts lie bare
Like a low ebb? thy Soul that rid in Sack,
Lies moor'd for want of liquor? Do but see
Into thy self; for by —— I do:
For all thy body's chapt and crackt like timber
For want of moisture, what is't thou wantst there, *Junius*,
And if it be not drink?
Jun. You have too much on't.
Pet. It may be a whore too; say it be; come, meecher,
Thou shalt have both, a pretty valiant fellow,
Die for a little lap and lechery?
No, it shall ne'r be said in our Countrey,
Thou dy'dst o' th' Chin-cough. Hear, thou noble *Roman*,
The Son of her that loves a Soldier,
Hear what I promised for thee; thus I said,
Lady, I take thy Son to my companion,
Lady, I love thy son, thy Son loves War,
The war loves danger, danger drink, drink discipline,
Which is society and lechery;
These two beget Commanders: fear not, Lady,
Thy Son shall lead.
Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, *Petillius*,
That so ridiculous and loose a mirth
Can master your affections.
Petil. Any mirth,
And any way, of any subject, *Junius*,
Is better than unmanly mustiness:
What harm's in drink, in a good wholsome wench?
I do beseech ye, Sir, what error? yet
It cannot out of my head handsomely,
But thou wouldst fain be drunk: come, no more fooling,
The General has new wine, new come over.
Jun. He must have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will *none*, *I thank ye.*
Pet. *None I thank ye?*
A short and touchie answer. *None I thank ye:*

Ye do not scorn it, do ye?
Jun. Gods defend, Sir;
I owe him still more honor.
Pet. *None, I thank ye:*
No company, no drink, no wench, *I thank ye.*
Ye shall be worse intreated, Sir.
Jun. *Petillius,*
As thou art honest, leave me.
Pet. *None, I thank ye;*
A modest and a decent resolution,
And well put on. Yes, I will leave ye, *Junius,*
And leave ye to the boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute ye, by your new sirname
Of *Junius None I thank ye.* I would starve now,
Hang, drown, despair, deserve the *forks*, lie open
To all the dangerous passes of a wench,
Bound to believe her tears, and wed her aches,
E'r I would own thy follies. I have found ye,
Your lays, and out-leaps *Junius*, haunts, and lodges:
I have view'd ye, and I have found ye by my skill
To be a fool o' th' first head, *Junius,*
And I will hunt ye: ye are in love, I know it:
Ye are an ass, and all the Camp shall know it.
A peevish idle boy; your Dame shall know it;
[A wronger of my care; your self shall know it.]

Enter Corporal Judas, *and four Soldiers.*

Jud. A Bean? a Princely diet, a full Banquet,
To what we compass.
1 *Sold.* Fight like Hogs for Acorns?
2 *Sold.* Venture our lives for Pig-nuts?
Pet. What ail these Rascals?
3 *Sold.* If this hold, we are starv'd.
Jud. For my part, friends,
Which is but twenty Beans a day, a hard world
For Officers, and men of action;
And those so clipt by master Mouse, and rotten:
For understand 'em *French* Beans, where the fruits
Are ripen'd like the people in old tubs.
For mine own part, I say, I am starv'd already.

Not worth another Bean, consum'd to nothing,
Nothing but flesh and bones left, miserable:
Now if this mustie provender can prick me
To honourable matters of atchievment, Gentlemen,
Why there's the point.
4 *Sold.* I'll fight no more.
Petill. You'll hang then,
A sovereign help for hunger. Ye eating Rascals,
Whose gods are Beef and Brewis, whose brave angers
Do execution upon these, and Chibbals:
Ye dogs heads i'th' porridge-pot; you fight no more?
Does *Rome* depend upon your resolution
For eating mouldy Pie-crust?
3. *Sold.* Would we had it.
Jud. I may do service, Captain.
Petill. In a fish-market.
You, Corporal Curry-Comb, what will your fighting
Profit the Common-wealth? do you hope to triumph,
Or dare your vamping valour, goodman Cobler,
Clap a new [soal] to th' Kingdom? s'death, ye dog-whelps
You, fight, or not fight.
Jud. Captain.
Petill. Out, ye flesh-flies,
Nothing but noise and nastiness.
Jud. Give us meat,
Whereby we may do.
Petill. Whereby hangs your valour?
Jud. Good bits afford good blows.
Petill. A good position:
How long is't since thou eat'st last, wipe thy mouth,
And then tell truth.
Jud. I have not eat to th' purpose— (Garlick?
Petill. To th' purpose? what's that? half a Cow and
Ye Rogues, my company eat Turf, and talk not;
Timber they can digest, and fight upon't; (slaves?
Old matts, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your shooes
Dare ye cry out for hunger, and those extant?
Suck your Sword-hilts, ye slaves, if ye be valiant,
Honor will make 'em march-pain: *to the purpose?*
A grievous penance. Dost thou see that Gentleman,

That melancholly Monsieur?
Jun. Pray ye, *Petillius.*
Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.
2 *Sold.* 'Has drunk the more then.
3 *Sold.* And that's all one.
Petill. Nor drunk nor slept these two months.
Jud. Captain, we do beseech yo[u] as poor Soldiers,
Men that have seen good days, whose mortal stomachs
May sometime feel afflictions.
Jun. This, *Petillius*,
Is not so nobly done.
Petill. 'Tis common profit;
Urge him to th' point, he'll find you out a food
That needs no teeth nor stomach; a strange furmity
Will feed ye up as fat as hens i' th' foreheads,
And make ye fight like *Fichocks*, to him.
Jud. Captain.
Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut?
Petill. See what metal
It makes in him: two meals more of this melancholly,
And there lies *Caratach.*
Jud. We do beseech ye.
2 *Sold.* Humbly beseech your valour.
Jun. Am I only
Become your sport *Petillius*?
Jud. But to render
In way of general good, in preservation.
Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye slaves.
4 *Sold.* Or rather pity.
3 *Sold.* Your warlike remedy against the maw-worms.
Jud. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.
Petill. Out with your Table-books.
Jun. Is this true friendship?
And must my killing-griefs make others *May*-games?
Stand from my swords point, slaves, your poor starv'd spirits
Can make me no oblations; else, O love,
Thou proudly blind destruction, I would send thee
Whole *Hecatom*[*b*]s of hearts, to bleed my sorrows.
Jud. Alas, he lives by love, Sir. [*Exit* Junius.
Pet. So he does, Sir,

And cannot you do so too? All my Company
Are now in love, ne'r think of meat, nor talk
Of what Provant is: *Aymees*, and *Hearty hey-hoes*,
Are Sallets fit for Soldiers. Live by meat;
By larding up your bodies? 'tis lewd, and lazie,
And shews ye meerly mortal, dull, and drives ye
To fight like Camels, with baskets at your noses.
Get ye in love; ye can whore well enough,
That all the world knows: fast ye into Famine,
Yet ye can crawl like Crabs to wenches, handsomely,
Fall but in love now, as ye see example,
And follow it but with all your thoughts, *probatum*,
There's so much charge sav'd, and your hunger's ended.
Away, I hear the General: get ye in love all, { *Drum afar*
Up to the ears in love, that I may hear { *off.*
No more of these rude murmurings; and discreetly
Carry your stomachs, or I prophesie
A pickel'd Rope will choak ye. Jog, and talk not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Swetonius, Demetrius, Decius, Drum, Colours.

Swet. *Demetrius*, is the messenger dispatch'd
To *Penyus*, to command him to bring up
The *Volans* Regiment?
Dem. He's there by this time. (*Mona* [?]
Swet. And are the Horse well view'd we brought from
Dec. The Troops are full, and lusty.
Swet. Good *Petillius*,
Look to those eating Rogues, that bawl for victuals,
And stop their throats a day or two: provision
Waits but the wind to reach us.
Pet. Sir, already
I have been tampring with their stomachs, which I find
As deaf as Adders to delays: your clemency
Hath made their murmurs, mutinies, nay, rebellions:
Now, and they want but Mustard, they'r in uproars
No oil but Candy, *Lusitanian* Figs
And Wine from *Lesbos* now can satisfie 'em:
The *British* waters are grown dull and muddy,
The fruit disgustful: *Orontes* must be sought for,
And Apples from the happy Isles: the truth is,

They are more curious now in having nothing,
Than if the sea and land turn'd up their treasures:
This lost the Colonies, and gave *Bonduca*
(With shame we must record it) time and strength
To look into our Fortunes; great discretion
To follow offered Victory; and last, full pride
To brave us to our teeth, and scorn our ruines.
Swet. Nay, chide not, good *Petillius*, I confess
My will to conquer *Mona*, and long stay
To execute that Will, let in these losses:
All shall be right again, and as a Pine
Rent from *Oeta* by a sweeping tempest,
Joynted again, and made a Mast, defies
Those angry winds that split him: so will I,
Piec'd to my never-fai[l]ing strength and fortune,
Steer thorow these swelling dangers; plow their prides up,
And bear like thunder through their loudest tempests:
They keep the field still.
Dem. Confident and full.
Pet. In such a number, one would swear they grew,
The hills are wooded with their partizans.
And all the valleys overgrown with darts,
As moors are with rank rushes: no ground left us
To charge upon, no room to strike: say fortune
And our endeavours bring us in to 'em,
They are so infinite, so ever-springing.
We shall be kill'd with killing; of desperate Women,
That neither fear, or shame e'r found, the devil
Has rank'd amongst 'em multitudes: say the men fail,
They'll poison us with their petticoats: say they fail,
They have priests enough to pray us into nothing.
Sw[e]t. These are imaginations, dreams of nothing,
The man that doubts or fears.
Dec. I am free of both.
Dem. The self-same I.
Petill. And I as free as any;
As careless of my flesh, of that we call life,
So I may lose it nobly; as indifferent
As if it were my diet. Yet, noble General,
It was a wisdom learn'd from you; I learn'd it,

And worthy of a Soldiers care, most worthy,
To weigh with most deliberate circumstance
The ends of accidents, above their offers;
How to go on and get, to save a *Roman*,
Whose one life is more worth in way of doing,
Than millions of these painted wasps; how viewing
To find advantage out; how; how, found, to follow it
With counsel and discretion, lest meer fortune
Should claim the victory.
Sw[e]t. 'Tis true, *Petillius*,
And worthily remembred: the rule's certain,
Their uses no less excellent: but where time
Cuts off occasio[n]s, danger, time and all
Tend to a present peril, 'tis required
Our Swords and Manhoods be best counsellors,
Our expeditions, presidents. To win, is nothing,
Where reason, time and counsel are our Camp-masters:
But there to bear the field, then to be conquerors,
Where pale destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
I[n] wants, and mutinies, our selves but handfuls,
And to our selves, our own fears, needs a new way,
A sudden and a desperate execution:
Here, how to save, is loss; to be wise, dangerous;
Only a present well-united strength,
And minds made up for all attempts, dispatch it:
Disputing and delay here, cools the courage;
Necessity gives time for doubts; things infinite,
According to the spirit they are preach'd to,
Rewards like them; and names for after-ages,
Must steel the Soldier; his own shame help to arm him;
And having forc'd his spirit, e'r he cools,
Fling him upon his enemies; sudden and swift,
Like Tigers amongst Foxes, we must fight for't:
Fury must be our Fortune; shame we have lost,
Spurs ever in our sides to prick us forward:
There is no other wisdom nor discretion
Due to this day of ruine, but destruction;
The Soldiers order first, and then his anger.
Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all.
Swet. Then no doubt

The day must needs be ours. That the proud Woman
Is infinite in number, better likes me,
Than if we dealt with squadrons: half her Army
Shall choak themselves, their own swords dig their graves.
I'll tell ye all my fears, one single valour,
The virtues of the valiant *Caratach*
More doubts me than all *Britain*: he's a Soldier
So forg'd out, and so temper'd for great fortunes,
So much man thrust into him, so old in dangers,
So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere name
Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,
To make him *Roman*. But no more. *Petillius*,
How stands your charge?
Petill. Ready for all employments,
To be commanded too, Sir.
Swet. 'Tis well govern'd;
To morrow we'll draw out, and view the Cohorts:
I' th' mean time, all apply their offices.
Where's *Junius*?
Petill. In's Cabin,
Sick o' th' mumps, Sir.
Swet. How?
Petill. In love, indeed in love, most lamentably loving,
To the tune of Queen *Dido*.
Dec. Alas poor Gentleman.
Swet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With what Lady?
I'll be a spokesman for him.
Petill. You'll scant speed, Sir.
Swet. Who is't?
Petill. The devil's dam, *Bonduca*'s daughter,
Her youngest, crackt i' th' ring.
Swet. I am sorry for him:
But sure his own discretion will reclaim him,
He must deserve our anger else. Good Captains,
Apply your selves in all the pleasing forms
Ye can, unto the Soldiers; fire their spirits,
And set 'em fit to run this action;
Mine own provision shall be shar'd amongst 'em,
Till more come in: tell 'em, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em.

Pen. I must come?
Ma. So the General commands, Sir.
Pen. I must bring up my Regiment?
Ma. Believe, Sir,
I bring no lye.
Pen. But did he say, I must come?
Ma. So delivered.
Pen. How long is't, *Regulus*, since I comman
In *Britain* here?
Reg. About five years, great *Penyus.*
Pen. The General some five months. Are all r
So poor, and lost, my services so barren,
That I'm remembred in no nobler language
But Must come up?
Ma. I do beseech ye, Sir,
Weigh but the times estate.
Pen. Yes, good Lieutenant,
I do, and his that sways it. Must come up;
Am I turn'd bare Centurion? Must, and shall,
Vit Embasses to court my honor?
Ma. Sir—
Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my men
Against an hundred thousand barbarous slaves
That have marcht name by name with *Romes* best
Serve 'em up some other meat; I'll bring no food
To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolfs.
My Regiment's mine own. I must, my language

Pen. The Battel's lost.
Cur. So soon?
Pen. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won:
The *Britains* must be Victors. Who e'r saw
A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcasses,
Let him behold the silly *Roman* host,
Girded with millions of fierce *B[r]itains* Swains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame;
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.
Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous end,
When both our names and lives are sacrific'd
For *Romes* increase?
Pen. Yes, *Curius*; but mark this too;
What glory is there, or what lasting Fame
Can be to *Rome* or us? what full example,
When one is smother'd with a multitude,
And crouded in amongst a nameless press?
Honor got out of Flint, and on their heads
Whose virtues, like the Sun, exhal'd all valours,
Must not be lost in mists and fogs of people,
Noteless, and out of name, but rude and naked:
Nor can *Rome* task us with impossibilities,
Or bid us fight against a flood: we serve her,
That she may proudly say she has good soldiers,
Not slaves to choak all hazards. Who but fools,
That make no difference betwixt certain dying,
And dying well, would fling their Fames and Fortunes
Into this *Britain*-gulf, this quick-sand ruine,
That sinking, swallows us, What noble hand
Can find a subject fit for blood there? or what sword
Room for his execution? What air to cool us,
But poison'd with their blasting breaths and curses,
Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
And are with labouring sweat, and breathless pain,
Kill'd like to slaves, and cannot kill again?
Dru. Penyus, mark antient Wars, and know that then
Captains weigh'd an hundred thousand men.
Pen. Drusius, mark antient wisdom, and you'll find then,

Durst they advance?

Reg. I keep mine own obedience.

Dru. 'Tis like the general cause, their love o
Relieving of their wants.

Pen. Without my knowledge?
Am I no more? my place but at their pleasures?
Come, who did this?

Dru. By —— Sir, I am ignorant.

Drum softly within; then ent with Drum and Colours.

Pen. What am I grown a shadow? Harke, th
I will know, and will be my self. Stand, disobed
He that advances one foot higher, dies for't.
Run thorow the Regiment upon your duties,
And charge 'em on command: beat back again,
By —— I'll tith'em all else.

Reg. We'll do our best. [*Exeunt* Drusius *ana*

Pen. Back; cease your bawling Drums there,
'll beat the Tubs about your brains else. Back:
)o I speak with less fear than Thunder to ye?
Must I stand to besee[c]h ye? home, home: ha?
)o ye stare upon me? Are those minds I moulde
Those honest valiant tempers I was proud
To be a fellow to, those great discretions
Made your names fear'd and honor'd, turn'd to wil
) gods, to disobedience? Command, farewel:
nd be ye witness with me, all things sacred,

3 *Sold.* Dear honour'd Captain.
Pen. Too too dear lov'd Soldiers,
Which made ye weary of me: and Heaven yet knows,
Though in your mutinies, I dare not hate you;
Take your own Wills; 't is fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule your selves: I wrong ye,
In wishing ye to save your lives and credits,
To keep your necks whole from the Ax hangs o'r ye:
Alas, I much dishonour'd ye: go, seek the *Britains*,
And say ye come to glut their sacrifices;
But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all parts, good, and govern'd,
Is only left of my Command, for story;
What now ye are, for pitie. Fare ye well.

Enter Drusius *and* Regulus.

Dru. Oh turn again, great *Penyus*; see the Soldier
In all points apt for duty.
Reg. See his sorrow
For his disobedience, which he says was haste,
And haste (he thought) to please you with. See Captain,
The toughness of his courage turn'd to water;
See how his manly heart melts.
Pen. Go, beat homeward,
There learn to eat your little with obedience,
And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.
Ma. My answer, Sir.
Pen. Tell the Great General
My Companies are no fagots to fill breaches;
My self no man that must, or shall, can carry:
Bid him be wise; and where he is, he's safe then;
And when he finds out possibilities,
He may command me. Commend me to the Captains.
Ma. All this I shall deliver.
Pen. Farewel, *Macer*. [*Exit* Penyus.
Cur. Pray gods this breed no mischief.
Reg. It must needs,
If stout *Suetonius* win; for then his anger,
Besides the Soldiers loss of due, and honor,
Will break together on him.

ray for our fortunes, Gentlemen, If we fall,
This one farewel serves for a Funeral.
The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our h
We dare, alas, but cannot fight our parts.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Junius, Petillius *and a* Herald *observing* J

Petill. Let him go on: stay, now he talks.
Jun. Why?
Why should I love mine enemie? what is beauty
Of what strange violence, that like the plague,
t works upon our spirits? blind they feign him,
am sure, I find it so.
Petill. A Dog shall lead ye.
Jun. His fond affections blinder.
Petill. Hold ye there still.
Jun. It takes away my sleep.
Petill. Alas, poor chicken.
Jun. My company, content; almost my fashic
Petill. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow
Jun. 'Tis sure the plague, for no man dare come
Vithout an Antidote: 'tis far worse; Hell.
Petill. Thou art damn'd without redemption th
Jun. The way to't
rew'd with fair Western smiles, and *April* blushes
d by the brightest constellations; eyes.

That when we have enjoy'd our ends, we lose 'em,
And all our appetites are but as dreams
We laugh at in our ages.
Petill. Sweet Philosopher! (gods,
Jun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing? Mercy
Why am I thus ridiculous?
Petill. Motley on thee,
Thou art an arrant Ass.
Jun. Can red and white,
An Eye, a Nose, a Cheek.
Petill. But one cheek, *Junius*?
An half-fac'd Mistriss?
Jun. With a little trim,
That wanton fools call Fashion, thus abuse me?
Take me beyond my reason? Why should not I
Doat on my horse well trapt, my sword well hatch'd?
They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yet 'twere excusable, my youth would bear it;
But to love there, and that no time can give me,
Mine honor dare not ask: she has been ravish'd
My nature must not know; she hates our Nation.
Thus to dispose my spirit!
Petill. Stay a little,
He will declaim again.
Jun. I will not love; I am a man, have reason,
And I will use it: I'll no more tormenting,
Nor whining for a wench, there are a thousand.
Petill. Hold thee there boy.
Jun. A thousand will intreat me.
Petill. Ten thousand, *Junius.*
Jun. I am young and lusty,
And to my fashion valiant; can please nightly. (thee
Petill. I'll swear thy back's *probatum*, for I have known
Leap at sixteen like a strong Stallion.
Jun. I will be man again.
Petill. Now mark the working,
The devil and the spirit tug for't: twenty pound
Upon the devils head.
Jun. I must be wretched.

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But I will fright thy devil: Stay, he sing

Song, by Junius, *and* Petillius, *after hi*

Jun. Must I be thus abus'd?
Petill. Yes marry must ye.
Let's follow him close: oh, there he is, n

Herald reads. *It is the Generals command, t*
old and unable, retire within the Trenches
liberty, to leave the Field: Fools, Boys, an
come near the Regiments, for fear of their in
those Cowards they call Lovers.

Jun. Ha?
Petill. Read on.

Herald. *If any common Soldier love an en*
and made a slave: If any Captain, cast, u
flung out o' th' Army, and made unable ev
the name of a Soldier.

Jun. The —— consume ye all, Rogues.
Petill. Let this work:
H'as something now to chew upon: he's go
Come, shake no more.
Her. Well, Sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for *Europe*;
I would have given my life for a bent two-
If I e'r read to Lovers whilst I live again.

Dem. 'Tis doing:
Your Company stands fair; but pray ye, where's *Junius*?
Half his command are wanting, with some forty
That *Decius* leads.
Petill. Hunting for Victuals:
Upon my life free-booting Rogues, their stomachs
Are like a widows lust, ne'r satisfied.
Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the enemy
Master of all the Countrey.
Petill. Resolute hungers
Know neither fears nor faiths, they tread on ladders,
Ropes, Gallows, and overdoe all dangers.
Dem. They may be hang'd though.
Petill. There's their joyful supper,
And no doubt they are at it.
Dem. But for heavens sake,
How does young *Junius*?
Petill. Drawing on, poor Gentleman.
Dem. What, to his end?
Petill. To th' end of all flesh: woman.
Dem. This Love has made him a stout Soldier.
Petill. O, a great one,
Fit to command young Goslings: but what news?
Dem. I think the messengers come back from *Penyus*
By this time, let's go know.
Petill. What will you say now
If he deny to come, and take exceptions
At some half syllable, or sound deliver'd
With an ill accent, or some stile left out?
Dem. I cannot think he dare.
Petill. He dare speak treason,
Dare say, what no man dares believe, dares do—
But that's a[l]l one: I'll lay you my black armor
To twenty crowns, he comes not.
Dem. Done.
Petill. You'll pay.
Dem. I will.
Petill. Then keep thine old use *Penyus*,
Be stubborn and vain glorious, and I thank thee.
Come let's go pray for six hours: most of us

I fear will trouble heaven no more: two good blows
Struck home at two Commanders of the *Britains*,
And my part's done.
Dem. I do not think of dying.
Petill. 'Tis possible we may live. But *Demetrius*,
With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes, and noses,
Let Carpenters and Copper-smiths consider.
If I can keep my heart whole, and my wind-pipe,
That I may drink yet like a Soldier— (Armour.
Dem. Come, let's [have] better thoughts; mine's on your
Petill. Mine's in your purse, Sir; Let's go try the wager.
[*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Judas *and his four companions* (halters about their necks) Bonduca, *her Daughters*, Nennius *following.*

Bon. Come, hang 'em presently.
Nen. What made your Rogueships
Harrying for victuals here? Are we your friends;
Or do you come for Spies? tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hang'd now? do not ye long for't?
Jud. What say ye? shall we hang in this vain? Hang (we must
And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily,
As pull an arse like dogs to't.
1 *Sold.* Any way,
So it be handsome.
3 *Sold.* I had as lief 'twere toothsome too: but all agree,
And I'll not out Boys.
4 *Sold.* Let's hang pleasantly.
Jud. Then pleasantly be it: Captain, the truth is,
We had as lief hang with meat in our mouths,
As ask your pardon empty.
Bon. These are brave hungers.
What say you to a leg of Beef now, sirrah?
Jud. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.
Bon. Torment 'em wenches: I must back; then hang 'em.
Jud. We humbly thank your Grace.
1 *Daugh.* The Rogues laugh at us.

2 *Daugh.* Sirrah, What think you of a wench now?
Jud. A wench, Lady?
I do beseech your Ladyship, retire.
I'll tell ye presently, ye see the time's short;
One crash; even to the setling of my conscience.
Nen. Why, is't no more but up, boys?
Jud. Yes, ride too Captain
Will you but see my seat?
1 *Daugh.* Ye shall be set, Sir,
Upon a jade shall shake ye.
Jud. Sheets, good Madam,
Will do it ten times better.
1 *Daugh.* Whips, good Soldier.
Which ye shall taste before ye hang, to mortifie ye;
'Tis pity ye should die thus desperate.
2 *Daugh.* These are the merry *Romans* the brave madcaps.
'Tis ten to one we'll cool your resolutions.
Bring out the whips.
Jud. Would your good Ladyships
Would exercise 'em too.
4 *Sold.* Surely Ladies,
We'll shew you a strange patience.
Nen. Hang 'em Rascals,
They'll talk thus on the wheel. [*Enter* Caratach.
Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are these fellows? what's the crime committed,
That they wear necklaces?
Nen. They are *Roman* Rogues,
Taken a Forraging.
Car. Is that all, *Nennius*?
Jud. Would I were fairly hang'd; this is the devil,
The kill-cow, *Caratach*,
Car. And you would hang 'em.
Nen. Are they not enemies?
1 *Sol.* My breech makes buttons.
1 *Daugh.* Are they not our tormentors?
Car. Tormentors? Flea-traps.
Pluck off your halters, fellows.
Nen. Take heed, *Caratach*,
Taint not your wisdom.

Car. Wisdom, *Nennius*?
Why, who shall fight against us, make our honors,
And give a glorious day into our hands,
If we dispatch our foes thus? what's their offence?
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger,
A piece of greazie bacon, or a pudding?
Do these deserve the gallows, they are hungry,
Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starv'd:
Art thou not hungry?
Jud. Monstrous hungry.
Car. He looks like hungers self: get 'em some victuals,
And Wine to cheer their hearts, quick: Hang up poor pilchers?
2 *Sold.* This is the bravest Captain—
Nen. *Caratach*,
I'll leave you to your Will.
Car. I'll answer all, Sir.
2 *Daugh.* Let's up and view his entertainment of ['em].
I am glad they are shifted any way, their tongues else
Would still have murdred us.
1 *Daugh.* Let's up and see it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hengo.

Car. Sit down poor knaves: why where's this Wine and (Victuals?
Who waits there?
Swet. within. Sir, 'tis coming.
Hen. Who are these Uncle?
Car. They are *R[o]mans*, boy.
Hen. Are these they
That vex mine Aunt so? can these fight? they look
Like empty scabbards, all, no mettle in 'em,
Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards;
Why, I dare fight with these.
Car. That's my good chicken. And how do ye?
How do you feel your stomachs?
Jud. Wondrous apt, Sir,
As shall appear when time calls.
Car. That's well, down with't,
A little grace will serve your turns: eat softly,
You'll choak ye knaves else: give 'em Wine.

Jud. Not yet, Sir,
We're even a little busie.
Hen. Can that fellow
Do any thing but eat? thou fellow.
Jud. Away boy,
Away, this is no boys play.
Hen. By ——, Uncle,
If his valour lie in's teeth, he's the most valiant.
Car. I am glad to hear ye talk, Sir,
Hen. Good Uncle tell me,
What's the price of a couple of cramm'd *Romans*?
Car. Some twenty *Britains* boy; these are good Soldiers,
Hen. Do not the cowards eat hard too?
Car. No more, boy.
Come, I'll sit with you too; sit down by me, boy.
Jud. Pray bring your dish then.
Car. Hearty knaves: More meat there.
1 *Sol.* That's a good hearing.
Car. Stay now and pledge me.
Jud. This little piece, Sir.
Car. By —— square eaters,
More meat I say: upon my conscience
The poor Rogues have not eat this month: how terribly
They charge upon their victuals: dare ye fight thus?
Jud. Believe it, Sir, like devils.
Car. Well said famine,
Here's to thy General.
Jud. Most excellent Captain, I will now pledg thee.
Car. And to morrow night say to him,
His Head is mine.
Jud. I can assure ye Captain,
He will not give it for this washing.
Car. Well said. [*Daughters above.*
1 *Daugh.* Here's a strange entertainment: how the thieves drink.
2 *Da*[*u*]*gh.* Danger is dry, they look'd for colder liquor.
Car. Fill 'em more wine, give 'em full bowls; which of you
In recompence of this good, dare but give me (all now
A sound knock in the battel?
Jud. Delicate Captain,

To do thee a sufficient recompence,
I'll knock thy brains out.
Car. Do it. (brains out.
Hen. Thou dar'st as well be damn'd: thou knock his
Thou skin of man? Uncle, I will not hear this.
Jud. Tie up your whelp.
Hen. Thou kill m[y] Uncle?
Would I had but a sword for thy sake, thou dry'd dog.
Car. What a mettle
This little vermin carries.
Heng. Kill mine Uncle?
Car. He shall not, child.
Hen. He cannot: he's a Rogue,
An only eating Rogue: Kill my sweet Uncle?
Oh that I were a man.
Jud. By this Wine,
Which I will drink to Captain *Junius*,
Who loves the Queens most excellent Majesties little daughter
Most sweetly, and most fearfully I will do it,
Heng. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.
Car. No more, Boy.
I'll pledge thy Captain: To ye all good fellows.
2 *Daugh.* In love with me? that love shall cost your lives all:
Come Sister, and advise me; I have here
A way to make an easie conquest of 'em,
If fortune favour me.
Car. Let's see ye sweat
To morrow, blood and spirit, Boys, this Wine
Turn'd to stern valour.
1 *Sold.* Hark ye *Judas*,
If he should hang us after all this.
Jud. Let him:
I'll hang like a Gentleman and a *Roman.*
Car. Take away there,
They have enough.
Jud. Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good cheer, and if we meet to morrow,
One of us pays for't.
Car. Get 'em guides, their Wine
Has over-master'd 'em.

Enter second Daughter, and a Servant.

2 *Daugh.* That hungry fellow
With the red beard there, give it him, and this,
To see it well delivered.
Car. Farewel knaves;
Speak nobly of us, keep your words to morrow.

Enter a Guide.

And do something worthy your meat. Go, guide 'em,
And see 'em fairly onward.
Jud. Meaning me, Sir?
Serv. The same.
The youngest daughter to the Queen intreats ye
To give this privately to Captain *Junius*,
This for your pains.
Jud. I rest her humble servant,
Commend me to thy Lady. Keep your Files, boys.
Serv. I must instruct ye farther.
Jud. Keep your Files there.
Order, sweet friends: faces about now.
Guide. Here Sir,
Here lies your way.
Jud. 'Bless the Founders, I say
Fairly, good soldiers, fairly march now: close, boys. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Swetonius, Petillius, Demetrıs, Decius, Macer.

Swet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe: not come, because commanded;
Was it not thus?
Ma. It was, Sir.
Pet. What now think ye?
Swet. *Must come*, so hainous to him, so distasteful?
Pet. Give me my money.
Dem. I confess 'tis due, Sir,
And presently I'll pay it.
Swet. His obedience.
So blind at his years and experience.

It cannot find where to be tendred?
Ma. Sir,
The Regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,
The Captains at all points steel'd up: their preparations
Full of resolve, and confidence; Youth and fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,
Guilded their *Phalanx*: when the angry *Penyus*
Stept like a stormy cloud 'twixt them and hopes.
Swet. And stopt their resolutions?
Ma. True: his reason
To them was ods, and ods so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.
Swet. Well *Penyus*,
I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think: thou hast lopt a limb off from me,
And let it be thy glory, thou wast stubborn,
Thy wisdom, that thou leftst thy General naked:
Yet e'r the Sun set, I shall make thee see,
All valour dwels not in thee; all command
In one experience. Thou wilt too late repent this,
And wis[h], I must come up, had been thy blessing.
Petill. Let's force him.
Swet. No, by no means; he's a torrent
We cannot easily stemme.
Petill. I think, a Traitor.
Swet. No ill words: let his own shame first revile him.
That Wine I have, see it (*Demetrius*)
Distributed amongst the soldiers,
To make 'em high and lusty: when that's done,
Petillius, give the word through, that the Eagles
May presently advance: no man discover,
Upon his life, the enemies full strength,
But make it of no value: *Decius*,
Are your starv'd people yet come home?
Dec. I hope so.
Swet. Keep 'em in more obedience: This is no time
To chide, I could be angry else, and say more to ye:
But come, let's o[r]der all: whose sword is sharpest,
And valour equal to his sword this day,
Shall be my Saint.

Petill. We shall be holy all then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Judas *and his company.*

Jud. Captain, Captain, I have brought 'em off again;
The drunkennest slaves.
Dec. —— Confound your Rogueships;
I'll call the General, and have ye hang'd all.
Jud. Pray who will you command then?
Dec. For you, sirrah,
That are the ring-leader to these devises,
Whose maw is never cramm'd, I'll have an engine.
Jud. A wench, sweet Captain.
Dec. Sweet *Judas*, even the *Forks.*
Where ye shall have two *Lictors* with two whips
Hammer your hide.
Jud. Captain, good words, fair words,
Sweet words, good Captain; if you like not us,
Farewell, we have imployment.
Dec. Where hast thou been?
Jud. There where you dare not be with all your valour.
Dec. Where's that?
Jud. With the best good fellow living.
1 *Sold.* The king of all good fellows.
Dec. Who's that?
Jud. Caratach.
Shake now, and say, We have done something worthy,
Mark me; with *Caratach*: By this —— *Caratach*:
Do you as much now and you dare: sweet *Caratach.*
Ye talk of a good fellow, of true drinking;
Well, go thy waies old *Caratach*: besides the drink Captain,
The bravest running Banquet of black puddings,
Pieces of glorious beef.
Dec. How scap'd ye hanging?
Jud. Hanging's a dog's death, we are Gentlemen,
And I say still, old *Caratach.*
Dec. Belike then,
You are turn'd Rebels all.
Jud. We are *Roman* boys all,
And boys of mettle: I must do that Captain,
This day, this very day.

Dec. Away, ye Rascal.
Jud. Fair words, I say again.
Dec. What must you do, Sir?
Jud. I must do that my heart-strings yern to do:
But my word's past.
Dec. What is it?
Jud. Why, kill *Caratach.*
That's all he ask'd us for our entertainment.
Dec. More than you'll pay.
Jud. Would I had sold my self
Unto the skin I had not promis'd it:
For such another *Caratach*—
Dec. Come Fool,
Have ye done your Countrey service?
Jud. I have brought that
To Captain *Junius.*
Dec. How?
Jud. I think will do all:
I cannot tell, I think so.
Dec. How? to *Junius*?
I'll more enquire of this: You'll fight now?
Jud. Promise:
Take heed of promise, Captain.
Dec. Away, and rank then.
Jud. But harke ye Captain, there is Wine distributing,
I would fain know what share I have.
Dec. Be gone,
Ye have too much.
Jud. Captain, no Wine, no fighting.
There's one call'd *Caratach* that has Wine.
Dec. Well, Sir,
If you'll be rul'd now, and do well.
Jud. Do excellent.
Dec. Ye shall have Wine, or any thing: go file;
I'll see ye have your share: drag out your dormise,
And stow 'em somewhere, where they may sleep handsomly,
They'l hear a hunt's up shortly.
Jud. Now I love thee:
But no more *Forks* nor Whips.
Dec. Deserve 'em not then:

Up with your men, I'll meet ye presently;
And get 'em sober quickly.
Jud. Arm, arm, Bullies;
All's right again and straight; and which is more,
More Wine, more Wine: Awake ye men of *Memphis*,
Be sober and discreet, we have much to do boys. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare there for the sacrifice, the Queen comes.
[*Musick.*

Enter in solemnity the Druids *singing, the second Daughter strewing Flowers: then* Bonduca, Nennius, *and others.*

Bond. Ye powerful gods of *Britain*, hear our prayers;
Hear us you great Revengers, and this day
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours,
Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every brest; the vengeance due to those
Make infinite and endless: on our pikes
This day pale terror sit, horrors and ruines
Upon our executions; claps of thunder
Hang on our armed carts, and 'fore our Troops
Despair and death; shame beyond these attend 'em.
Rise from the dust, ye relicks of the dead,
Whose noble deeds our holy *Druids* sing,
Oh rise, ye valiant bones, let not base earth
Oppress your honors, whilst the pride of *Rome*
Treads on your Stocks, and wipes out all your stories.
Nen. Thou great *Tiranes*, whom our sacred Priests,
Armed with dreadful thunder, plac'd on high
Above the rest of the immortal gods,
Send thy consuming fires, and deadly bolts,
And shoot 'em home, stick in each *Roman* heart
A fear fit for confusion; blast their spirits,
Dwell in 'em to destruction; thorow their *Phalanx*
Strike, as thou [str]ik'st a proud tree; shake their Bodies,
Make their strengths totter, and their topless fortunes
Unroot and reel to ruine.

1 *Daugh.* O thou god,
Thou feared god, if ever to thy justice
Insulting wrongs, and ravishments of Women,
Women deriv'd from thee, their shames, the sufferings
Of those that daily fill'd thy Sacrifice
With Virgin incense, have access, now hear me,
Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these *Romans*,
Despisers of thy power, of us defacers,
Revenge thy self, take to thy killing anger,
To make thy great work full, thy justice spoken,
An utter rooting from this blessed Isle
Of what *Rom*[*e*] is or has been.
Bon. Give more incense,
The gods are deaf and drowsie; no happy flame
Rises to raise our thoughts: Pour on.
2 *Daugh.* See heaven.
And all you pow'rs that guide us, see, and shame
We kneel so long for pity over your Altars;
Since 'tis no light oblation that you look for,
No incense offering, will I hang mine eyes;
And as I wear these stones with hourly weeping,
So will I melt your pow'rs into compassion.
This tear for *Prosutagus* my brave Father,
Ye gods, now think on *Rome*; this for my Mother,
And all her miseries; yet see, and save us;
But now ye must be open-ey'd. See; heaven,
Oh see thy show'rs stoln from thee; our dishonours,
[*A smoak from the Altar.*
Oh Sister, our dishonors: can ye be gods,
And these sins smother'd?
Bon. The fire takes.
Car. It does so,
But no flame rises. Cease your fearful prayers,
Your whinings, and your tame petitions;
The gods love courage arm'd with confidence,
And prayers fit to pull them down: weak tears
And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,
They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em:
Divine *Andate*, thou who hold'st the reins
Of furious Battels, and disordred War,

And proudly roll'st thy swarty chariot wheels
Over the heaps of wounds and carcasses,
Sailing through seas of blood; thou sure-steel'd sternness,
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blowes o'both sides, wounds that fear or flight
Can claim no share in; steel us both with angers,
And warlike executions fit thy viewing;
Let *Rome* put on her best strength, and thy *Britain*,
Thy little *Britain*, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring;
And then look on, thou red ey'd god: who does best,
Reward with honor; who despair makes flie,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy:
Grant this, divine *Andate*, 'tis but justice;
And my first blow thus on thy holy Altar [*A flame arises.*
I sacrifice unto thee.

Bon. It flames out. [*Musick.*

Car. Now sing ye *Druides*. [*Song.*

Bon. 'Tis out again.

Car. H'as given us leave to fight yet; we ask no more,
The rest hangs in our resolutions:
Tempt her no more.

Bon. I would know farther Cosen.

Car. Her hidden meaning dwels in our endeavors;
Our valors are our best gods. Cheer the Soldier,
And let him eat.

Mes. He's at it, Sir.

Car. Away then;
When he has done, let's march. Come, fear not Lady,
This day the *Roman* gains no more ground here,
But what his body lies in.

Bond. Now I am confident. [*Exeunt Recorders.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Junius, Curius, Decius.

Dec. We dare not hazard it: beside our lives,
It forfeits all our understandings.

Jun. Gentlemen,
Can ye forsake me in so just a service,

A service for the Common-wealth, for honor?
Read but the Letter; you may love too.
Dec. Read it:
If there be any safety in the circumstance,
Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail ye.
Read it good *Curius.*
Cur. Willingly.
Jun. Now mark it.
Cur. reads. Health to thy heart, my honoured *Junius,*
And all thy love requited: I am thine,
Thine everlastingly, thy love has won me,
And let it breed no doubt; our new acquaintance
Compels this, 'tis the gods decree to bless us.
The times are dangerous to meet; yet fail not,
By all the love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
Without distrust of danger, to come to me,
For I have purpos'd a delivery
Both of my self and fortune this blest day
Into thy hands, if thou thinkst good: to shew thee
How infinite my Love is, even my Mother
Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard;
For I beheld your danger like a Lover,
A just affecter of thy faith: Thy goodness,
I know, will use us nobly, and our Marriage
If not redeem, yet lessen *Romes* Ambition.
I 'm weary of these miseries: Use my Mother,
(if you intend to take her) with all honour,
And let this disobedience to my parents
Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, *Junius,*
Spirits resolv'd to fetch me off, the noblest,
Forty will serve the turn; just at the joyning
Of both the battels, we will be weakly guarded;
And for a guide, within this hour shall reach thee
A faithful friend of mine: the gods, my *Junius,*
Keep thee, and me to serve thee: young *Bonvica.*
Cur. This letter carries much belief, and most objections
Answer'd, we must have doubted.
Dec. Is that fellow
Come to ye for a guide yet?
Jun. Yes.

Dec. And examin'd?
Jun. Far more then that; he has felt tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this truth.
Dec. Strange.
Cur. If she mean what she writes, as't may be probable,
'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.
Jun. I'll pawn my soul she means truth.
Dec. Think an hour more,
Then if your confidence grow stronger on ye,
We'll set in with ye.
Jun. Nobly done; I thank ye;
Ye know the time.
Cur. We will be either ready
To give ye present counsell, or joyn with ye.

Enter Swetonius, Petillius, *and* Demetrius, Macer.

Jun. No more as ye are Gentlemen. The general.
Swet. Draw out apace, the enemy waits for us;
Are ye all ready?
Jun. All our Troops attend, Sir.
Swet. I am glad to hear you say so, *Junius.*
I hope ye are dispossest.
Jun. I hope so too, Sir.
Swet. Continue so. And Gentlemen, to you now;
To bid you fight is needless, ye are *Romans,*
The name will fight it self; To tell ye who
You go to fight against, his power, and nature,
But loss of time: [ye] know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so. To tell ye farther,
His Body shows more dreadful than it has done,
To him that fears, less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more honor on your actions,
Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories
Tye never dying time, and fortune constant.
Go on in full assurance, draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice;
The gods of *Rome* fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitch'd on the topless Apenine, and blows
To all the under world: all Nations,
The seas, and unfrequented deserts, where the snow dwels,

Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones. With your virtues,
Go on, I say, valiant and wise, rule heaven,
And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but blow
Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
Cannot deserve that name; and like a myst,
A lazie fog, before your burning valors
You'll find him fly to nothing, This is all,
We have swords, and are the sons of antient *Romans*,
Heirs to their endless valors, fight and conquer.
De. Dem. 'Tis done.
Petill. That man that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he dye fameless and forgot.
Swet. Sufficient,
Up to your Troops, and let your drums beat thunder,
March close, and sudden like a tempest: all executions
[*March.*
Done without sparkling of the Body: keep your phalanx
Sure lin'd, and piec'd together; your pikes forward,
And so march like a moving Fort: ere this day run,
We shall have ground to add to *Rome*, well won. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Caratach *and* Nennius.

Nen. The *Roman* is advanc'd from yound' hills brow,
We may behold him, *Caratach.* [*A March.*
[*Drums within at one place afar off.*
Car. Let's thither,
I see the dust flie. Now I see the body,
Observe 'em, *Nennius*, by —— a handsome Body,
And of a few, strongly and wisely joynted:
Swetonius is a Souldier.
Nen. As I take it,
That's he that gallops by the Regiments,
Viewing their preparations.
Car. Very likely,
He shews no less than General: see how bravely

The Body moves, and in the head how proudly
The Captains stick like plumes: he comes apace on;
Good *Nennius* go, and bid my stout Lieutenant
Bring on the first square Body to oppose 'em,
And as he charges, open to inclose 'em:
The Queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the Vantguard.
We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by't;
Hast thee good *Nennius*, I'll follow instantly. [*Exit Nennius.*
How close they march, as if they grew together! [*March.*
No place but lin'd alike: sure from oppression;
They will not change this figure: we must charge 'em,
And charge 'em home at both ends, Van and Rere,
[*Drums in another place afar off.*
They never totter else. I hear our Musick,
And must attend it: Hold good sword, but this day,
And bite hard where I hound thee, and hereafter
I'll make a relique of thee, for young Souldiers
To come like Pilgrimes to, and kiss for Conquests. [*Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Junius, Curius, *and* Decius.

Jun. Now is the time, the fellow stays.
Dec. What think ye?
Cur. I think 'tis true.
Jun. Alas, if 'twere a question,
If any doubt or hazzard fell into't,
Do ye think mine own discretion so self-blind,
My care of you so naked, to run headlong?
Dec. Let's take *Petillius* with us.
Jun. By no means:
He's never wise but to himself, nor courteous,
But where the end'[s] his own: we are strong enough,
If not to[o] many. Behind yonder hill
The fellow tells me she attends, weak guarded,
Her Mother and her Sister.
Car. I would venture.
Jun. We shall not strike five blows for't, weigh the good,
The general good may come.

Dec. Away, I'll with ye,
But with what doubt?
Jun. Fear not, my soul for all. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarms, Drums and Trumpets in several places afar off, as at a main Battell.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Drusus *and* Penyus *above.*

Dru. Here ye may see 'em all, Sir; from this hill
The Country shews off levell.
Pen. Gods defend me,
What multitudes they are, what infinites!
The *Roman* power shews like a little Star
Hedg'd with a double hollo. Now the knell rings,
[*Loud shouts.*
Heark how they shout to th'battel; how the air
Totters and reels, and rends apieces, *Drusus*,
With the huge vollied clamours.
Dru. Now they charge.
Oh gods, of all sides, fearfully.
Pen. Little *Rome*,
Stand but this growing *Hydra* one short hour,
And thou hast out-done *Hercules*.
Dru. The dust hides 'em,
We cannot see what follows.
Pen. They are gone,
Gone, swallow'd, *Drusus*, this eternal Sun
Shall never see 'em march more.
Dru. O turn this way,
And see a modell of the field, some forty,
Against four hundred.
Pen. Well fought, bravely follow'd;
O nobly charg'd again, charg'd home too: *Drusus*,
They seem to carry it: now they charge all, [*Loud.*
Close, close, I say; they follow it: ye gods,
Can there be more in men? more daring spirits?
Still they make good their fortunes. Now they are gone too,
For ever gone: see *Drusus* at their backs
A fearful Ambush rises. Farewell valours,

Excellent valours: O *Rome*, where's thy wisdome?
Dru. They are gone indeed, Sir.
Pen. Look out toward the Army,
I am heavy with these slaughters.
Dru. 'Tis the same still,
Covered with dust and fury.

Enter the two Daughters, with Junius, Curius, Decius, *and* Souldiers.

2. *Daugh.* Bring 'em in,
Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.
1. *Daugh.* Valiant *Romans*,
Ye are welcome to your Loves.
2. *Daugh.* Your death, fools.
Dec. We deserve 'em,
And women do your worst.
1. *Daugh.* Ye need not beg it.
2. *Daugh.* Which is kind *Junius*?
Serv. This.
2. *Daugh.* Are you my sweet heart?
It looks ill on't: how long is't, pretty soul,
Since you and I first lov'd? Had we not reason
To doat extreamly upon one another?
How does my Love? this is not he: my chicken
Could prate finely, sing a love-song.
Jun. Monster.
2. *Daugh.* Oh, now it courts.
Jun. Arm'd with more malice
Then he that got thee has the divell.
2. *Daugh.* Good.
Proceed, sweet chick.
Jun. I hate thee, that's my last.
2. *Daug.* Nay, and ye love me, forward: No? Come (sister,
Let's prick our answers on our arrows points,
And make 'em laugh a little. Ye damn'd Leachers,
Ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught ye?
Are ye i'th'noose? Since ye are such loving creatures,
We'ell be your *Cupids*: Do ye see these arrows?
We'll send them to your wanton livers, goats.
1. *Dau.* O how I'll trample on your hearts, ye villains,

Ambitious salt-itch slaves: *Romes* master sins,
The mountain Rams topt your hot mothers.
2. *Daugh.* Dogs,
To whose brave founders a salt whore gave suck;
Theeves, honors hangmen, do ye grin? perdition
Take me for ever, if in my [fell] anger, [*Enter* Caratach.
I do not out-do all example.
Car. Where,
Where are these Ladies? ye keep noble quarter,
Your Mother thinks ye dead or taken; upon which,
She will not move her Battel. Sure these faces
I have beheld and known, they are *Roman* Leaders,
How came they here?
2. *Daugh.* A trick Sir, that we us'd,
A certain policy conducted 'em
Unto our snare: we have done ye no small service;
These us'd as we intend, we are for th'battel,
Car. As you intend? taken by treachery?
1. *Daugh.* Is't not allow'd?
Car. Those that should gild our Conquest,
Make up a Battel worthy of our winning,
Catch'd up by craft?
2. *Daugh.* By any means that's lawfu[l].
Car. A womans wisdom in our triumphs? out,
Out ye sluts, ye follies; from our swords
Filch our revenges basely? arm again, Gentlemen:
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.
2. *Daugh.* By —— Uncle,
We will have vengeance for our rapes.
Car. By ——
You should have kept your legs close then: dispatch there.
1. *Daug.* I will not off thus.
Car. He that stirs to execute,
Or she, though it be your selves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine anger: one great day given us,
Not to be snatch'd out of our hands but basely;
And we must shame the gods from whence we have it,
With setting snares for Soldiers? I'll run away first,
Be hooted at, and children call me coward,
Before I set up scales for Victories:

Give 'em their swords.
2. *Daugh.* O gods.
Car. Bear off the women
Unto their Mother.
2. *Dau.* One shot, gentle Uncle.
Car. One cut her fiddle-string: Bear 'em off I say.
1. *Dau.* The —— take this fortune.
Car. Learn to spin,
And curse your knotted hemp: go Gentlemen,
[*Exeunt Daughters.*
Safely go off, up to your Troops: be wiser,
There thank me like tall Soldiers: I shall seek ye. [*Exit Caratach.*
Cur. A noble worth.
Dec. Well *Junius.*
Jun. Pray ye no more.
Cur. He blushes, do not load him.
Dec. Where's your love now? [*Drums loud again.*
Jun. Puffe, there it flies: Come, let's redeem our follies.
[*Exeunt Junius, Curius, Decius.*
Dru. Awake, Sir; yet the *Roman* Bodie's who[l]e,
I see 'em clear again.
Pen. Whole? 'tis not possible:
Drusus they must be lost.
Dru. By —— they are whole, Sir,
And in brave doing; see, they wheel about
To gain more ground.
Pen. But see there, *Drusus*, see,
See that huge Battel moving from the mountains,
Their gilt coats shine like Dragons scales, their march
Like a rough tumbling storm; see them, and view 'em,
And then see *Rome* no more: say they fail; look,
Look where the armed carts stand; a new Army:
Look how they hang like falling rocks, as murdring
Death rides in triumph *Drusus*: fell destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.
Move me again when they charge, when the mountain
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their Ax'trees
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em,
Till then I'll dream what *Rome* was.

Enter Swetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, Macer.

Swet. O bravely fought; honor till now nere show'd
Her golden fa[c]e i'th'field. Like Lions, Gentlemen,
Y'have held your heads up this day: Where's young *Junius*,
Curius and *Decius*?
Petill. Gone to heaven, I think, Sir. (do ye?
Sw. Their worths go with 'em: breathe a while: How
Pet. Well; some few scurvy wounds, my heart's whole yet.
Dem. Would they would give us more ground.
Swet. Give? we'll have it.
Petill. Have it? and hold it too, despight the devill.

Enter Junius, Decius, Curius.

Jun. Lead up to th'head, and line: sure the Qs. Battell
Begins to charge like wild-fire: where's the General?
Swet. Oh, they are living yet. Come my brave soldiers,
Come, let me powr *Romes* blessing on ye; Live,
Live, and lead Armies all: ye bleed hard.
Jun. Best:
We shall appear the sterner to the foe.
Dec. More wounds, more honor.
Petill. Lose no time.
Swet. Away then,
And stand this shock, ye have stood the world.
Petill. Wee'll grow to't.
Is not this better than lowsie loving?
Jun. I am my self, *Petillius*.
Petill. 'Tis I love thee. [*Exeunt* Romans.

Enter Bonduca, Caratach, Daughters, Nennius.

Car. Charge 'em i'th'flanks: O ye have plaid the fool,
The fool extreamly, the mad fool.
Bon. Why Cosin?
Car. The woman fool. Why did you give the word
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people
In gross before the Enemy? we pay for't,
Our own swords cut our throats: why? —— on't;
Why do you offer to command? the divell,
The divell, and his dam too, who bid you
Meddle in mens affairs? [*Exeunt Queen, &c.*

Bond. I'll help all.
Car. Home,
Home and spin woman, spin, go spin, ye trifle.
Open before there, or all's ruine. How, [*Showts within.*
Now comes the Tempest; on our selves, by ——
[*Victoria within.*
O woman, scurvie woman, beastly woman. [*Exeunt.*
Dru. *Victoria*, *Victoria.*
Pen. How's that, *Drusus*? (Sir,
Dru. They win, they win, they win; oh look, look, look,
For heavens sake look, the *Britains* fly, the *Britains* fly. *Victoria.*

Enter Swetonius, Soldiers, *and* Captains.

Swet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft; excellent Soldiers,
Close, my brave fellows, honorable *Romans*:
Oh cool thy mettle *Junius*, they are ours,
The world cannot redeem 'em: stern *Petillius*,
Govern the conquest nobly: soft, good Soldiers. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, *and* Britains.

Bond. Shame, whither flie ye, ye unlucky *Britains*?
Will ye creep into your mothers wombs again? Back cowards.
Hares, fearful Hares, Doves in your angers; leave me?
Leave your Queen desolate? her hapless children.

Enter Caratach *and* Hengo.

To *Roman* rape again and fury?
Car. Flye, ye buzzards,
Ye have wings enough, ye fear: get thee gone, woman,
[*Loud shout within.*
Shame tread upon thy heels; all's lost, all's lost, heark,
Heark how the *Romans* ring our knels. [*Ext. Bond., &c.*
Hen. Good Uncle,
Let me go too.
Car. No boy, th[y] fortune's mine,
I must not leave thee; get behind me; shake not,

Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius.

I'll breech ye, if ye do boy: Come, brave *Romans*,
All is not lost yet.

Jun. Now I'll thank thee, *Caratach.* [*Fight. Drums.*
Car. Thou art a Soldier: strike home, home, have at ye.
Pen. His blows fall like huge sledges on an anvil.
Dec. I am weary.
Pet. So am I.
Car. Send more swords to me.
Jun. Let's sit and rest. [*Sit down.*
Dru. What think ye now?
Pen. O *Drusus*,
I have lost mine honor, lost my name,
Lost all that was my light: these are true *Romans*,
And I a *Britain* coward, a base Coward;
Guide me where nothing is but desolation,
That I may never more behold the face
Of Man, or Mankind know me: O blind Fortune,
Hast thou abus'd me thus?
Dru. Good Sir, be comforted;
It was your wisdom rul'd ye; pray ye go home,
Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
Shall be but foil unto it. [*Retreat.*
Pen. Fool, fool, Coward. [*Exit* Penyus *and* Drusus.

Enter Swetonius, Demetrius, *Soldiers, Drum and Colours.*

Swet. Draw in, draw in: well have you fought, and worthy
Romes noble recompence; look to your wounds,
The ground is cold and hurtful: the proud Queen
Has got a Fort, and there she and her Daughters
Defie us once again. To morrow morning
Wee'll seek her out, and make her know, our Fortunes
Stop at no stubborn walls: Come, sons of honor,
True virtues heirs; thus hatch'd with *Britain* blood,
Let's march to rest, and set in gules like Suns.
Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neighbours. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius *singing.*

Petill. *Smooth was his cheek,*
Dec. *And his chin it was sleek,*

Jun. *With whoop, he has done wooing.*
Dem. Junius *was this Captains name,*
A lad for a lasses viewing,
Pet. *Full black his eye, and plump his thigh,*
Dec. *Made up for loves pursuing*:
Dem. *Smooth was his cheeck,*
Petill. *And his chin it was sleek,*
Jun. *With whoop, he has done wooing.*
Petill. O my vex'd thief, art thou come home again?
Are thy brains perfect?
Jun. Sound as bels.
Petill. Thy back-worm
Quiet, and cast his sting, boy?
Jun. Dead, *Petillius,*
Dead to all folly, and now my anger only.
Pet. Why, that's well said: hang *Cupid* and his quiver,
A drunken brawling Boy; thy honour'd saint
Be thy ten shillings, *Junius*, there's the money,
And there's the ware; square dealing: this but sweats thee
Like a Mesh nag, and makes thee look pin buttock'd;
The other runs thee whining up and down
Like a pig in a storm, fills thy brains full of madness,
And shews thee like a long *Lent*, thy brave body
Turn'd to a tail of green-fish without butter.
Dec. When thou lov'st next, love a good cup of Wine,
A Mistress for a King, she leaps to kiss thee,
Her red and white's her own; she makes good blood,
Takes none away; what she heats sleep can help,
Without a groping Surgeon.
Jun. I am counsell'd,
And henceforth, when I doat again,—
Dem. Take heed,
Ye had almost paid for't.
Petill. Love no more great Ladies,
Thou canst not step amiss then; there's no delight in 'em;
All's in the whistling of their snacht up silks;
They're only made for handsome view, not handling;
Their bodies of so weak and wash a temper,
A rough pac'd bed will shake 'em all to pieces;
A tough hen pulls their teeth out, tyres their souls;

Plenæ rimarum sunt, they are full of rynnet,
And take the skin off where they are tasted; shun 'em,
They live in cullisses like rotten cocks
Stew'd to a tenderness, that holds no tack:
Give me a thing I may crush.
Jun. Thou speak'st truly:
The Wars shall be my Mistriss now.
Petil. Well chosen,
For she's a bownsing lass, she'll kiss thee at night, boy,
And break thy pate i'th'morning.
Jun. Yesterday
I found those favors infinite.
Dem. Wench good enough,
But that she talks too loud.
Pet. She talks to th'purpose,
Which never Woman did yet: she'll hold grapling,
And he that layes on best, is her best servant:
All other loves are meer catching of dotrels,
Stretching of legs out only, and trim laziness. [*Enter*
Here comes the General. *Swet. Curius, & Macer.*
Swet. I am glad [I] have found ye:
Are those come in yet that pursu'd bold *Caratach*?
Pet. Not yet Sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.
Swet. Then haste *Petillius*, haste to *Penyus*,
I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace
Has pull'd upon himself, will be his ruine:
I fear his soldiers fury too; haste presently,
I would not lose him for all *Britain*. Give him, *Petillius*.
Petill. That that shall choak him.
Swet. All the noble counsell,
His fault forgiven too, his place, his honor,
Petill. For me, I think, as handsome.
Swet. All the comfort.
And tell the Soldier, 'twas on our command
He drew not to the Battell.
Petill. I conceive Sir,
And will do that shall cure all.
Swet. Bring him with ye
Before the Queens Fort, and his Forces with him,

There you shall find us following of our Conquest:
Make haste.
Petil. The best I may. [*Exit.*
Swet. And noble Gentlemen,
Up to your Companies: we'll presently
Upon the Queens pursuit: there's nothing done
Till she be seiz'd; without her nothing won. [*Exeunt.*
[*Short flourish.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Caratach *and* Hengo.

Car. How does my Boy?
Hen. I would do well, my heart's well;
I do not fear.
Car. My good Boy.
Hen. I know, Uncle,
We must all dye; my little brother dy'd,
I saw him dye, and he dy'd smiling: sure,
There's no great pain in't Uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither must we go when we are dead?
Car. Strange questions!
Why, to the blessed'st place Boy: ever sweetness
And happiness dwells there.
Hen. Will you come to me?
Car. Yes, my sweet boy.
Hen. Mine Aunt too, and my Cosins?
Car. All, my good child.
Hen. No *Romans*, Uncle?
Car. No Boy.
Heng. I should be loath to meet them there.
Car. No ill men,
That live by violence, and strong oppression,
Come thither: 'tis for those the gods love, good men.
Heng. Why, then I care not when I go; for surely
I am perswaded they love me: I never
Blasphem'd 'em, Uncle, nor transgrest my parents;
I always said my Prayers.
Car. Thou shalt go then,
Indeed thou shalt.

Heng. When they please.
Car. That's my good boy.
Art thou not weary, *Hengo*?
Heng. Weary, Uncle?
I have heard you say you have march'd all day in Armour.
Car. I have, boy.
Heng. Am not I your Kinsman?
Car. Yes.
Heng. And am not I as fully allyed unto you
In those brave things, as blood?
Car. Thou art too tender.
Heng. To go upon my legs? they were made to bear me.
I can play twenty mile a day, I see no reason
But to preserve my Countrey and my self,
I should march forty.
Car. What, wouldst thou be
Living to wear a mans strength?
Heng. Why a *Caratach*,
A *Roman*-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven [*Drum.*
To whip these proud theeves from our Kingdom. Heark,
Heark, Uncle, heark, I hear a Drum.

Enter Judas *and his people to the door.*

Jud. Beat softly,
Softly, I say; they are here: who dare charge?
1. *Sold.* He
That dares be knockt o'th' head: I'll not come near him.
Jud. Retire again, and watch then. How he stares!
H'as eyes would kill a dragon: mark the boy well;
If we could take or kill him. A —— on ye,
How fierce ye look! see how he broods the boy;
The devil dwels in's scabbard. Back, I say,
Apace, apace, h'as found us. [*They retire.*
Car. Do ye hunt us?
Heng. Uncle, good Uncle see, the thin starv'd Rascal,
The eating *Roman*, see where he thrids the thickets:
Kill him, dear Uncle, kill him; one good blow
To knock his brains into his breech; strike's head off,
That I may piss in's face.
Car. Do ye make us Foxes?

Here, hold my charging staff, and keep the place boy.
I'am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.
Stand, stand, ye Rogues, ye Squirrels. [*Exit.*
Heng. Now he pays 'em:
O that I had a mans strength.

Enter Judas, *&c.*

Jud. Here's the boy;
Mine own, I thank my Fortune.
Heng. Uncle, uncle;
Famine is faln upon me, uncle.
Jud. Come, Sir,
Yield willingly, your Uncle's out of hearing,
I'll ticle your young tail else.
Heng. I defie thee,
Thou mock-made man of mat: charge home, sirha:
Hang thee, base slave, thou shak'st.
Jud. Upon my conscience
The boy will beat me: how it looks, how bravely,
How confident the worm is: a scabb'd boy
To handle me thus? yield or I cut thy head off.
Heng. Thou dar'st not cut my finger: here't is, touch it.
Jud. The boy speaks sword and buckler, Prethee yield,
Come, here's an apple, yield. (boy:
Heng. By —— he fears me.
I'll give you sharper language: When, ye coward,
When come ye up?
Jud. If he should beat me—
Heng. When, Sir?
I long to kill thee; come, thou can'st not scape me.
I have twenty ways to charge thee; twenty deaths
Attend my bloody staff.
Jud. Sure't is the devil,
A dwarf, devil in a doublet.
Heng. I have kill'd a Captain, sirha, a brave Captain,
And when I have done, I have kickt him thus. Look here,
See how I charge this staff.
Jud. Most certain
This boy will cut my throat yet.

Enter two Soldiers running.

1. *Sold.* Flee, flee, he kills us.
2. *Sould.* He comes, he comes.
Jud. The devil take the hindmost. (Rogues.
Heng. Run, run, ye Rogues, ye precious Rogues, ye rank
A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes: that's he, boys.
What a brave cry they make!

Enter Caratach *with a head.*

Car. How does my chicken?
Heng. 'Faith, uncle, grown a Soldier, a great Soldier;
For by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon't,
I have outbrav'd hunger.
Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy.
Here, here's a *Roman*'s head for thee.
Heng. Good provision.
Before I starve, my sweet-fac'd Gentleman,
I'll trie your favour.
Car. A right compleat Soldier.
Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of strength
(The Countrey's full of Scouts) to rest a while in,
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my Countrey, fruits, and water,
Must be your food a while, boy.
Heng. Any thing:
I can eat moss, I can live on anger,
To vex these *Romans*. Let's be wary, Uncle.
Car. I warrant thee; come chearfully.
Heng. And boldly.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Penyus, Drusus, *and* Regulus.

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve ye.
Pen. Pray ye forsake me;
Look not upon me, as ye love your Honors;
I am so cold a coward, my infection
Will choke your virtues like a damp else.
Dru. Dear Captain.

Reg. Most honour'd Sir.
Pen. Most hated, most abhor'd;
Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.
O my dear credit, my dear credit.
Reg. Sure
His mind is dangerous.
Dru. The good gods cure it.
Pen. My honour got thorow fire, thorow stubborn breaches
Thorow Batte[l]s that have been as hard to win as heaven,
Thorow death himself, in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, Gentlemen,
And now I am left to scornfu[l] tales and laughters,
To hootings at, pointing with fingers, That's he,
That's the brave Gentleman forsook the battel,
The most wise *Penyus*, the disputing coward.
O my good sword, break from my side, and kill me;
Cut out the coward from my heart.
Reg. Ye are none.
Pen. He lyes that says so: by —— he lyes, lyes basely,
Baser than I have done. Come, soldiers, seek me,
I have robb'd ye of your virtues: Justice, seek me,
I have broke my fair obedience, lost: shame take me,
Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of me;
Shame, endless shame: and pray do you forsake me.
Dru. What shall we do?
Pen. Good Gentlemen forsake me:
You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray do it,
And do not fear; for as I am a coward
I will not hurt my self: when that mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help. I dare not.

Enter Petillius.

Petill. Good morrow, Gentlemen; where's the Tribune?
Reg. There.
Dru. Whence come ye, good *Petillius*?
Petill. From the General.
Dru. With what, for heavens sake?
Petill. With good counsel, *Drusus*,
And love, to comfort him.
Dru. Good *Regulus*

Step to the Soldier, and allay his anger;
For he is wild as winter.

[*Exeunt* Drusius *and* Regulus.

Petill. O, are ye there? have at ye. Sure he's dead,
It cannot be he dare out-live this fortune:
He must die, 'tis most necessary; men expect it;
And thought of life in him, goes beyond coward.
Forsake the field so basely? fie upon't:
So poorly to betray his worth; so coldly
To cut all credit from the soldier? sure
If this man mean to live, as I should think it
Beyond belief, he must retire where never
The name of *Rome*, the voice of Arms, or Honour
Was known or heard of yet: he's certain dead,
Or strongly means it; he's no Soldier else,
No *Roman* in him; all he has done, but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. Now he rises.
How does Lord *Penyus*?

Pen. As ye see.

Petill. I am glad on't;
Continue so still. The Lord General,
The valiant General, great *Swetonius*—

Pen. No more of me is spoken; my name's perish'd.

Petill. He that commanded fortune and the day
By his own valour and discretion,
When, as some say, *Penyus* refused to come,
But I believe 'em not, sent me to see ye.

Pen. Ye are welcome; and pray see me; see me well,
Ye shall not see me long.

Petill. I hope so, *Penyus*;
The gods defend, Sir.

Pen. See me, and understand me: This is he
Left to fill up your triumph; he that basely
Whistled his honour off to th'wind; that coldly
Shrunk in his politick head, when *Rome* like reapers
Sweat blood, and spirit, for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off: that fool,
That having gold and copper offer'd him,
Refus'd the wealth, and took the wast: that soldier
That being courted by loud fame and fortune,

Labour in one hand, that propounds us gods,
And in the other, glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt, and be damned.
Petill. It was an errour.
Pen. A foul one, and a black one.
Petill. Yet the blackest
May be washt white again.
Pen. Never.
Petill. Your leave, Sir,
And I beseech ye note me; for I love ye,
And bring [along] all comfort: Are we gods,
Alli'd to no infirmities? are our natures
More than mens natures? when we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?
Is there no medicine called Sweet mercy?
Pen. None, *Petillius*;
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should; I have sinn'd beyond it.
Petill. Forgiveness meets with all faults.
Pen. 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven:
'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion
To be so stupid, to arrive at pardon.
Petill. O but the General—
Pen. He's a brave Gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and I dare say
He would, as far as honor durst direct him,
Make even with my fault, but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power: examples that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies.
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
Must not be plaid withall; nor out of pitty
Make a General forget his duty:
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.
Petill. What would ye do?
Pen. Dye.
Petill. So would sullen children,
Women that want their wills, slaves, disobedient,
That fear the law, die. Fie, great Captain; you
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives

Under your Regiment, and let your passion
Betray your reason? I bring you all forgiveness,
The noblest kind commends, your place, your honour.
Pen. Prethee no more; 'tis foolish: didst not thou?
By —— thou didst, I over-heard thee, there,
There where thou standst now, deliver me for rascal,
Poor, dead, cold coward, miserable, wretched,
If I out-liv'd this ruine?
Petill. I?
Pen. And thou di[d]st it nobly,
Like a true man, a souldier: and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good *Petillius*; thus I thank thee.
Petill. Since ye are so justly made up, let me tell ye,
'Tis fit ye dye indeed.
Pen. O how thou lov'st me!
Petill. For say he had forgiven ye; say the peoples whispers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What must your own Command think, from whose Swords
Ye have taken off the edges, from whose valours
The due and recompence of Arms; nay, made it doubtful
Wh[e]ther they knew obedience? must not these kill ye?
Say they are won to pardon ye, by meer miracle
Brought to forgive ye; what old valiant Souldier,
What man that loves to fight, and fight for *Rome*,
Will ever follow you more? dare ye know these ventures?
If so, I bring ye comfort; dare ye take it?
Pen. No, no, *Petillius*, no.
Petill. If your mind serve ye.
Ye may live still; but how? yet pardon me,
You may outwear all too, but when? and certain
There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will take't upon conditions.
Pen. No, by no means: I am only thinking now, Sir,
(For I am resolved to go) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.
Petill. Ye shall not; y'are a Gentleman I honor,
I would else flatter ye, and force ye live,
Which is far baser. Hanging? 'tis a dogs death,
An end for slaves.
Pen. The fitter for my baseness.

Petill. Besides, the man that's hang'd, preaches his end,
And sits a sign for all the world to gape at.
Pen. That's true: I'll take a fitter poison.
Petill. No,
'Tis equal ill; the death of rats and women,
Lovers, and lazie boys, that fear correction,
Die like a man.
Pen. Why my sword then.
Petill. I, If your Sword be sharp, Sir,
There's nothing under heaven that's like your Sword;
Your Sword's a death indeed.
Pen. It shall be sharp, Sir.
Petill. Why *Mithridates* was an arrant asse
To dye by poison, if all *Bosphorus*
Could lend him Swords: your Sword must do the deed:
'Tis shame to dye choak'd, fame to dye and bleed.
Pen. Thou hast confirmed me: and, my good *Petillius*,
Tell me no more I may live.
Petill. 'Twas my Commission;
But now I see ye in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.
Pen. Fare-well, Captain:
Be a good man, and fight well: be obedient:
Command thy self, and then thy men. Why shakest thou?
Petill. I do not Sir.
Pen. I would thou hadst, *Petillius*:
I would find something to forsake the world with
Worthy the man that dies: a kind of earth-quake
Through all stern valors but mine own.
Petill. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.
Pen. Keep it still,
As thou lov'st virtue, keep it.
Petill. And brave Captain,
The gr[ea]t and honoured *Penyus.*
Pen. That again:
O how it heightens me! again, *Petillius.*
Petill. Most excellent Commander.
Pen. Those were mine,
Mine, only mine.

Petill. They are still.
Pen. Then to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at ye, heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I am yours: The work's done,
[*Kills himself.*
That neither fire nor age, nor melting envy
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words
To the great General: kiss his hands and say,
My soul I give to heaven, my fault to justice
Which I have done upon my self: my virtue,
If ever there was any in Poor *Penyus*,
Made more, and happier, light on him. I faint.
And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.
I dye: lye lightly on my ashes, gentle earth.
Petill. And on my sin. Farewell, great *Peny*[*u*]*s*,
[*Noise within.*
The souldier is in fury. Now I am glad
'Tis done before he comes. This way, for me,
The way of toile; for thee, the way of honor. [*Exit.*

Enter Drusus *and* Regulus *with Souldiers.*

Sould. Kill him, kill him, kill him.
Dru. What will ye do?
Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers.
Sould. Kill him, kill him, kill him.
Dru. Kill us first; we command too.
Reg. Valiant Soldiers,
Consider but whose life ye seek. O *Drusus*,
Bid him be gone, he dies else. Shall *Rome* say
(Ye most approved Souldiers) her dear children
Devoured the fathers of the fights? shall rage
And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter,
To slaughter of their own, to civil ruine?
Dru. O let 'em in: all's done, all's ended, *Regulus*,
Penyus has found his last eclipse. Come, Souldiers,
Come, and behold your miseries: come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody angers,
And here bestow your darts. O only *Romane*,
O father of the Wars.
Reg. Why stand ye stupid?

Where be your killing furies? whose sword now
Shall first be sheath'd in *Penyus*? do ye weep?
Howl out, ye wretches, ye have cause; howl ever.
Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose valor
Preserve ye to the glory of your Countrey?
Who shall march out before ye, coy'd and courted
By all the Mistrisses of War, care, counsel,
Quick-ey'd experience, and victory twin'd to him?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your names, and keep your honors living,
When children faill, and time that takes all with him,
Build houses for ye to oblivion?

Dru. O ye poor desperate fools: no more now, souldiers;
Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust rot 'em;
And humble your stern valors to soft prayers;
For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues;
The sun that warm'd your bloods is set for ever:
I'll kiss thy honor'd cheek. Farewell, great *Penyus*,
Thou thunder-bolt, farewell. Take up the body:
To morrow morning to the Camp convey it.
There to receive due Ceremonies. That eye
That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.
[*Exeunt with a dead march.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Swetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius, *and* Souldiers: Bonduca, *two Daughters, and* Nennius, *above. Drum and Colours.*

Swet. Bring up the Catapults and shake the wall,
We will not be [out-brav'd] thus.

Nen. Shake the earth,
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your Rams,
And with their armed heads, make the Fort totter;
Ye do but rock us into death. [*Exit Nennius.*

Jun. See, Sir,
See the *Icenian* Queen in all her glory
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes.

Dec. Yeild, Queen.

Bond. I am unacquainted with that language, *Roman.*
Swet. Yield honour'd Lady, and expect our mercy,
[*Exit Decius.*
We love thy nobleness.
Bond. I thank ye, ye say well;
But mercy and love are sins in *Rome* and hell.
Swet. Ye cannot scape our strength; ye must yield, Lady,
Ye must adore and fear the power of *Rome.*
[*B*]*ond.* If *Rome* be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her?
She's vitious; and your partial selves confess,
Aspires the height of all impiety:
Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatched houses where the *Britains* dwell
In careless mirth, where the blest houshold gods
See nought but chast and simple purity.
'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line.
But sacred thoughts in holy bosoms stor'd,
Make people noble, and the place ador'd.
Swet. Beat the wall deeper.
Bond. Beat it to the center,
We will not sink one thought.
Swet. I'll make ye.
Bond. No.
2. *Dau.* O mother, these are fearful hours: speak gently.

Enter Petillius.

To these fierce men, they will afford ye pitty.
Bond. Pitty? thou fearful girl; 'tis for those wretches
That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less?
Wast not thou born a Princess? Can my blood,
And thy brave fathers spirit, suffer in thee
So base a separation from thy self,
As mercy from these Tyrants? Thou lov'st lust sure,
And long'st to prostitute thy youth and beauty
To common slaves for bread. Say they had mercy;
The divel a relenting conscience:
The lives of Kings rest in their Diadems,
Which to their bodies lively souls do give,

And ceasing to be Kings, they cease to live.
Show such another fear, and ——
I'll fling thee to their fury.
Swet. He is dead then?
Petill. I think so certainly; yet all my means, Sir,
Even to the hazzard of my life—
Swet. No more:
We must not seem to mourn here.

Enter Decius.

Dec. There's a breach made,
Is it your will we charge, Sir?
Swet. Once more mercy,
Mercy to all that yield.
Bond. I scorn to answer:
Speak to him girl; and hear thy Sister.
1. *Dau.* General,
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me
Directly in my face, my womans face.
Whose only beauty is the hate it bears ye;
See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,
Into my soul, and see what there inhabits;
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,
Poor fortunes fools, we were not born for triumphs,
To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves
With hoots and acclamations.
Petill. Brave behaviour.
1. *Dau.* The children of as great as *Rome*, as noble,
Our names before her, and our deeds her envy;
Must we guild ore your Conquest, make your State,
That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?
No, no, ye *Romans*, we have ways to scape ye,
To make ye poor again, indeed our prisoners,
And stick our triumphs full.
Petill. 's death, I shall love her.
1. *Dau.* To torture ye with suffering, like our slaves;
To make ye curse our patience, wish the world
Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem

The end of all ambitions.
Bond. Do ye wonder?
We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune,
In spight of all your Eagles wings: we'll work
A pitch above ye; and from our height we'll stoop
As fearless of your bloody soars; and fortunate,
As if we prey'd on heartless doves.
Swet. Strange stiffness.
Decius, go charge the breach. [*Exit Decius.*
Bond. Charge it home, *Roman*,
We shall deceive thee else. Where's *Nennius*?

Enter Nennius.

Nen. They have made a mighty breach.
Bond. Stick in thy body,
And make it good but half an hour.
Nen. I'll do it.
1. *Dau.* And then be sure to dye.
Nen. It shall go hard else.
Bond. Fare well with all my heart; we shall meet yonder,
Where few of these must come.
Nen. Gods take thee, Lady. [*Exit Nennius.*
Bond. Bring up the swords, and poison.

Enter one with Swords, and a great Cup.

2. *Dau.* O my fortune!
Bond. How, how, ye whore?
2. *Dau.* Good mother, nothing to offend ye.
Bond. Here, wench:
Behold us, *Romans*.
Swet. Mercy yet.
Bond. No talking:
Puff, there goes all your pitty. Come, short prayers,
And let's dispach the business: you begin,
Shrink not; I'll see ye do't.
2. *Dau.* O gentle mother,
O *Romans*, O my heart; I dare not.
Swet. Woman, woman,
Unnatural woman.
2. *Dau.* O perswade her, *Romans*:

Alass, I am young, and would live. Noble mother,
Can ye kill that ye gave life? are my years
Fit for destruction?
Swet. Yield, and be a Queen still,
A mother and a friend.
Bond. Ye talk: come, hold it,
And put it home.
1. *Dau.* Fie, sister, fie,
What would you live to be?
Bond. A whore still.
2 *Dau.* Mercy.
Swet. Hear her, thou wretched woman.
2 *Dau.* Mercy, mother:
O whither will you send me? I was once
Your darling, your delight.
Bond. O gods,
Fear in my family? do it, and nobly.
2 *Dau.* O do not frown then.
1 *Daugh.* Do it, worthy Sister:
'Tis nothing, 'tis a pleasure; we'll go with ye.
2 *Daugh.* O if I knew but whither.
1 *Daugh.* To the blessed,
Where we shall meet our Father.
Swet. Woman.
Bond. Talk not.
1 *Daugh.* Where nothing but true joy is. (close to thee.
Bond. That's a good wench, mine own sweet girl; put it
2 *Daugh.* Oh comfort me still for heavens sake.
1 *Daugh.* Where eternal
Our youths are, and our beauties; where no Wars come,
Nor lustful slaves to ravish us.
2 *Daugh.* That steels me:
A long farewel to this world.
Bond. Good: I'll help thee.
1 *Daugh.* The next is mine.
Shew me a *Roman* Lady in all [y]our stories,
Dare do this for her honor: they are cowards,
Eat coals like compell'd Cats: your great Saint *Lucrece*
Dy'd not for honor; *Tarquin* topt her well,
And mad she could not hold him, bled.

Petil. By ——
[I] am in love: I would give an hundred pound now
But to lie with this womans behaviour. Oh the devil.
1 *Daugh.* Ye shall see me example, All your *Rome*,
If I were proud and lov'd ambition;
If I were lustful, all your ways of pleasure;
If I were greedy, all the wealth ye conquer—
Bond. Make haste.
1 *Daugh.* I will. Could not intice to live
But two short hours this frailty: would ye learn
How to die bravely *Romans*, to fling off
This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever?
Live as we have done, well, and fear the gods,
Hunt Honor, and not Nations with your swords,
Keep your minds humble, your devotions high;
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die. [*Dies.*
B[*o*]*nd.* I come, wench; to ye all Fates hangmen; you
That ease the aged destinies, and cut
The threds of Kingdoms, as they draw 'em: here,
Here's the draft would ask no less than *Cæsar*
To pledge it for the glories sake.
Cur. Great Lady.
Swet. Make up your own conditions.
Bond. So we will.
Swet. Stay.
Dem. Stay.
Swet. Be any thing.
Bond. A Saint, *Swetonius*,
When thou shalt fear, and die like a slave. Ye fools,
Ye should have ti'd up death first, when ye conquer'd,
Ye sweat for us in vain else: see him here,
He's ours still, and our friend; laughs at your pities;
And we command him with as easie reins
As do our enemies. I feel the poison.
Poor vanquish'd *Romans*, with what matchless tortures
Could I now rack ye! But I pittie ye,
Desiring to die quiet: nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my victory,
That I will give ye counsel e'r I die.
If you will keep your Laws and Empire whole,

Place in your *Romans* flesh, a *Britain* soul. [*Dies.*

Enter Decius.

Swet. Desperate and strange.
Dec. 'Tis won, Sir, and the *Britains*
All put to th' sword.
Swet. Give her fair Funeral;
She was truly noble, and a Queen.
Pet. —— Take it,
A Love-mange grown upon me? what, a spirit?
Jun. I am glad of this, I have found ye.
Petil. In my belly,
Oh how it tumbles!
Jun. Ye good gods, I thank ye. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Caratach *upon a rock, and* Hengo *by him, sleeping.*

Car. Thus we afflicted *Britains* climb for safeties,
And to avoid our dangers, seek destructions;
Thus we awake to sorrows. O thou Woman,
Thou agent for adversities, what curses
This day belong to thy improvidence!
To *Britanie* by thy means, what sad millions
Of Widows weeping eyes! The strong mans valour
Thou hast betraid to fury; the childs fortune
To fear and want of friends: whose pieties
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows
A house of rest by his blest Ancestors:
The Virgins thou hast rob'd of all their wishes,
Blasted their blowing hopes, turn'd their songs,
Their mirthful marriage-son[g]s to funerals,
The Land thou hast left a wilderness of wretches.
The boy begins to stir: thy safety made,
Would my soul were in Heaven.
Heng. O noble Uncle,
Look out: I dream'd we were betrai'd.
[*A soft dead march within.*
Car. No harm, boy;

'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies:
Thou shalt have meat anon.
Heng. A little, Uncle,
And I shall hold out bravely. What are those?
Look, Uncle, look, those multitudes that march there?
They come upon us stealing by.
Car. I see 'em;
And prethee be not fearful.
Heng. Now ye hate me,
Would I were dead.
Car. Thou know'st I love thee dearly.
Heng. Did I e'r shrink yet, Uncle? were I a man now;
I should be angry with ye.

Enter Drusus, Regulus, *and* Soldiers, *with* Penyus's Herse, *Drums and Colours.*

Car. My sweet chicken,
See, they have reach'd us, and as it seems they bear
Some soldiers body, by their solemn gestures,
And sad solemnities; it well appears too
To be of eminence. Most worthy Soldiers,
Let me intreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble Body that is which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,
As if ye meant to wooe the World and Nature
To be in love with death? Most honorable
Excellent *Romans*, by your antient valours,
As ye love Fame, resolve me.
Sold. 'Tis the Body
Of the great Captain *Penyus*, by himself
Made cold and spiritless.
Car. O stay, ye *Romans*,
By the Religion which you owe those gods
That lead ye on to Victories, by those glories
Which made even pride a virtue in ye.
Dru. Stay:
What's thy Will, *Caratach*?
Car. Set down the body,
The body of the noblest of all *Romans*,
As ye expect an offering at your Graves

From your friends sorrows, set it down awhile.
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle;
A noble enemy that loves a Soldier;
And lend a tear to virtue, even your foes,
Your wild foes, as you call'd us, are yet stor'd
With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,
Though sometime stubborn, yet when virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a Virgins prayers,
Oh set it down.
Dru. Set down the body, so[l]diers.
Car. Thou hallowed relique, thou rich Diamond
Cut with thine own dust; thou for whose wide fame
The world appears too narrow, mans all thoughts,
Had they all tongues, too silent; thus I bow
To thy most honour'd ashes: though an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worths: sleep peaceably;
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some Lawrel fix his seat, there grow, and flourish,
And make thy grave an everlasting triumph.
Farewell all glorious Wars, now thou art gone,
And honest Arms adieu: all noble battels
Maintain'd in thirst of honour, not of bloud,
Farewell for ever.
Heng. Was this *Roman*, Uncle,
So good a man?
Car. Thou never knew'st thy Father.
Heng. He dy'd before I was born.
Car. This worthy *Roman*
Was such another piece of endless honor,
Such a brave soul dwelt in him: their proportions
And faces were not much unlik, boy, excellent nature,
See how it works into his eyes, mine own boy.
Heng. The multitudes of these men, and their fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet: one mans goodness—
Car. O now thou pleasest me: weep still, my child,
As if thou saw'st me dead; with such a flux
Or flood of sorrow: still thou pleasest me.
And worthy soldiers, pray receive these pledges,
These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so much
To place 'em on his Hearse. Now if ye please,

Bear off the noble burden; raise his pile
High as *Olympus*, make heaven to wonder
To see a star upon earth out-shining theirs.
And ever loved, ever living be
Thy honoured and most sacred memory.
Dru. Thou hast done honestly, good *Caratach*,
And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous *Romans*
Shall sing thy soul to heaven. Now march on, soldiers.
[*Exeunt. A dead march.*
Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.
Heng. Are they all gone?
I could have wept this hour yet.
Car. Come, take cheer,
And raise thy spirit, child: if but this day
Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming
I'll fashion our escape.
Heng. Pray fear not me;
Indeed I am very hearty.
Car. Be so still;
His mischiefs lessen, that controuls his ill. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Petillius.

Pet. What do I ail, i'th' name of heaven I did but see her,
And see her die: she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks: she was a woman,
A thing I never car'd for: but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly; Oh the devil,
I have the bots, by —— she scorn'd us strangely,
All we could do, or durst do; threatned us
With such a noble anger, and so governed
With such a fiery spirit ——; the plain bots;
A —— upon the bots, the love-bots: hang me,
Hang me even out o'th' way, directly hang me.
Oh penny pipers, and most painful penners
Of bountiful new Ballads, what a subject,
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,
Is crept upon ye!

Enter Junius.

Jun. Here he is; have at him. [*Sings.*
She set the sword unto her Breast.
great pity it was to see,
That three drops of her Life-warm bloud,
run trickling down her knee.
Art thou there, bonny boy? and i'faith how dost thou?
Petil. Well, gramercie, how dost thou? h'as found me,
Sented me out: the shame the devil ow'd me.
H'as kept his day with. And what news, *Junius*?
Jun. *It was an old tale ten thousand times told,*
Of a young Lady was turn'd into mold,
Her life it was lovely, her death it was bold.
Pet. A cruel rogue, now h'as [drawn pursue on] me,
He hunts me like a devil. No more singing;
Thou hast got a cold: come, let's go drink some Sack, boy.
Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Pet. Why dost thou laugh?
What Mares nest hast thou found?
Jun. Ha, ha, ha.
I cannot laugh alone: *Decius*, *Demetrius*,
Curius, oh my sides, Ha, ha, ha,
The strangest jest.
Petil. Prethee no more.
Jun. The admirablest fooling.
Pet. Thou art the prettiest fellow.
Jun. Sirs.
Pet. Why *Junius*;
Prethee away, sweet *Junius*.
Jun. Let me sing then.
Pet. Whoa, here's a stir now: sing a song o' six pence,
By —— (if) prethee; —— on't: *Junius*.
Jun. I must either sing; or laugh.
Pet. And what's your reason?
Jun. What's that to you?
Pet. And I must whistle.
Jun. Do so.
Oh, I hear 'em coming.
Pet. I have a little business.

nor jeer, nor gybe: none of your dolefu
Nor your sweet conversation, you will fin
I may be anger'd.

Jun. By no means, *Petillius*;
Anger a man that never knew passion?
'Tis most impossible: a noble Captain,
A wise [and] generous Gentleman?

Pet. *Tom Puppie.*
Leave this way to abuse me: I have foun
But for your mothers sake I will forgive y
Your subtil understanding may discover
(As you think) some trim toy to make you
Some straw to tickle ye; but do not trust
Y' are a young man, and may do well: b
Carry your self discreetly.

Enter Decius, Demetrius, Curi

Jun. Yes forsooth.

Dem. How does the brave *Petillius*?

Jun. Monstrous merry:
We two were talking what a kind of thing
I was when I was in love; what a strange
For little Boys and Girls to wonder at;
How like a fool I lookt.

Dec. So they do all,
Like great dull slavering fo-

Jun. Surely his wise self would hang his beastly self,
His understanding-self so mawl his ass-self—
Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the follies,
The poverties, and baseness that belongs to't,
Ha's read upon the reformations long.
Petill. He has so.
Jun. 'Tis true, and he must do't:
Nor is it fit indeed any such coward—
Petill. You'll leave prating.
Jun. Should dare come near the Regiments, especially
Those curious puppies (for believe there are such)
That only love behaviours: those are dog-whelps,
Dwindle away, because a Woman dies well;
Commit with passions only: fornicate
With the free spirit merely: you, *Petillius*,
For you have long observ'd the World.
Petill. Dost thou hear?
I'll beat thee damnably within these three hours:
Go pray; may be I'll kill thee. Farewel Jack-daws. [*Exit.*
Dec. What a strange thing he's grown!
Jun. I am glad he is so;
And stranger he shall be before I leave him.
Cur. Is't possible her mere death—
Jun. I observ'd him,
And found him taken, infinitely taken
With her bravery, I have follow'd him,
And seen him kiss his sword since, court his scabbard,
Call dying, dainty deer; her brave mind, Mistriss;
Casting a thousand ways, to give those forms,
That he might lie with 'em, and get old Armors:
He had got me o' th'hip once: it shall go hard, friends,
But he shall find his own coin.

Enter Macer.

Dec. How now *Macer*?
Is Judas yet come in? *Enter* Judas.
Mac. Yes, and has lost
Most of his men too. Here he is.
Car. What news?
Jud. I have lodg'd him; rouze him he that dares.

Dem. Where, *Judas*?
Jud. On a steep rock i'th' woods, the boy too with him,
And there he swears he will keep his *Christmas* Gentlemen,
But he will come away with full conditions,
Bravely, and like a *Britain*: he paid part of us.
Yet I think we fought bravely: for mine own part,
I was four several times at half sword with him,
Twice stood his partizan: but the plain truth is,
He's a meer devil, and no man; i'th' end he swing'd us,
And swing'd us soundly too, he fights by Witchcraft:
Yet for all that I see him lodg'd.
Jun. Take more men,
And scout him round. *Macer*, march you along.
What victuals has he?
Jud. Not a piece of Bisket,
Not so much as will stop a tooth; nor Water,
More than they make themselves: they lie
Just like a brace of Bear-whelps, close, and crafty,
Sucking their fingers for their food.
Dec. Cut off then
All hope of that way: take sufficie[n]t forces.
Jun. But use no foul play, on your lives: that man
That does him mischief by deceit, I'll kill him.
Macer. He shall have fair play, he deserves it.
Jud. Hark ye.
What should I do there then? you are brave Captains,
Most valiant men; go up your selves; use virtue,
See what will come on't: pray the Gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye have felt him too: there ye shall find him,
His sword by his side, plums of a pound weight by him
Will make your chops ake: you'll find it a more labour
To win him living, than climbing of a Crows-nest.
Dec. Away, and compass him; we shall come up
I am sure within these two hours. Watch him close.
Macer. He shall flee thorow the air, if he escape us.
[*A sad noise within.*
Jun. What's this loud lamentation?
Mac. The dead body
Of the great *Penyus* is new come to the Camp, Sir.

Dem. Dead!
Macer. By himself, they say.
Jun. I fear'd that fortune.
Cur. Peace guide him up to heaven.
Jun. Away good *Macer.* [*Exeunt* Macer *and* Judas.

Enter Swetonius, Drusus, Regulus, Petillius.

Swet. If thou be'st guilty,
Some sullen plague thou hat'st most light upon thee:
The Regiment return on *Junius*,
He well deserves it.
Petill. So.
Swet. Draw out three Companies,
Yours *Decius*, *Junius*, and thou *Petillius*,
And make up instantly to *Caratach*,
He's in the Wood before ye; we shall follow
After due ceremony done to the dead,
The noble dead: Come: let's go burn the Body.
[*Exeunt* all but *Petillius.*
Petill. The Regiment given from me; disgrac'd openly;
In love too with a trifle to abuse me?
A merry world, a fine world: serv'd seven years
To be an ass o'both sides, sweet *Petillius*,
You have brought your hogs to a fine market; you are wise, Sir,
Your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,
An understanding Gentleman; your projects
Cast with assurance ever: wouldst not thou now
Be bang'd about the pate, *Petillius*
Answer to that sweet soldier; surely, surely,
I think ye would; pull'd by the nose, kick'd; hang thee,
Thou art the arrant'st Rascal: trust thy wisdom
With any thing of weight; the wind with feathers.
Out ye blind puppie; you command? you govern?
Dig for a groat a day, or serve a Swine-herd;
Too noble for thy nature too. I must up;
But what I shall do there, let time discover. [*Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Macer *and* Judas, *with meat and a bottle.*

Mac. Hang it o' th' side o' th' rock, as though the *Britains*
Stole hither to relieve him; who first ventures
To fetch it off, is ours. I cannot see him.
Jud. He lies close in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger: ha? no, 'tis not he.
Macer. 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs.
Jud. —— Shake 'em,
I am sure they shake me soundly. There.
Macer. 'Tis nothing.
Jud. Make no noise if he stir, a deadly tempest
Of huge stones fall upon us: 'tis done: away close. [*Exit.*

Enter Caratach.

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly child, 'tis all thou feedst on.
No gentle *Britain* near; no valiant charity
To bring thee food? poor knave, thou art sick extreme sick,
Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodness
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the woods
Are double lin'd with soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble scape: I'll sit down by thee,
And when thou wak'st, either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life i'th' purchase, Good gods comfort thee.

Enter Junius, Decius, Petillius, Guide.

Guide. Ye are not far off now, Sir.
Jun. Draw the Companies
The closest way thorow the woods; we'll keep on this way.
Guide. I will Sir: half a furlong more you'll come
Within the sight o'th' Rock; keep on the left side,
You'll be discover'd else: I'll lodge your Companies
In the wild Vines beyond ye.
Dec. Do ye mark him?
Jun. Yes, and am sorry for him.
Petill. *Junius*,
Pray let me speak two words with you.
Jun. Walk afore,

I'll overtake ye straight.
Dec. I will. [*Exit.*
Jun. Now, Captain.
Petill. You have oft told me, you have lov'd me, *Junius.*
Jun. Most sure I told you truth then.
Petill. And that love
Should not deny me any honest thing.
Jun. It shall not.
Petill. Dare ye swear it?
I have forgot all passages between us
That have been ill, forgiven too, forgot you.
Jun. What would this man have? By —— I do, Sir,
So it be fit to grant ye.
Pet[i]ll. 'Tis most honest.
Jun. Why, then I'll do it.
Petill. Kill me.
Jun. How?
Petill. Pray kill me.
Jun. Kill ye?
Pet. I, kill me quickly, suddenly,
Now kill me.
Jun. On what reason? ye amaze me.
Pet. If ye do love me, kill me, ask me not why:
I would be killed, and by you.
Jun. Mercy on me,
What ails this man? *Petillius.*
Petill. Pray ye dispatch me,
Ye are not safe whilst I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extreamly, even to mischief, *Junius,*
An enemy to all good men: fear not, 'tis justice;
I shall kill you else.
Jun. Tell me but the cause,
And I will do it.
Petill. I am disgrac'd, my service
Slighted, and unrewarded by the General,
My hopes left wild and naked; besides these,
I am grown ridiculous, an ass, a folly
I dare not trust my self with: prethee kill me.
Jun. All these may be redeem'd as easily
As you would heal your finger.

Petill. Nay—
Jun. Stay, I'll do it,
You shall not need your anger: But first, *Petillius*,
You shall unarm your self; I dare not trust
A man so bent to mischief.
Petill. There's my sword;
And do it handsomely.
Jun. Yes, I will kill ye,
Believe that certain: but first I'll lay before ye
The most extreme fool ye have plaid in this,
The honor purpos'd for ye, the great honor
The General intended ye.
Petill. How?
Jun. And then I'll kill ye,
Because ye shall die miserable. Know Sir,
The Regiment was given me, but till time
Call'd ye to do some worthy deed, might stop
The peoples ill thoughts of ye, for Lord *Penyus*,
I mean his death. How soon this time's come to ye,
And hasted by *Swetonius*? Go, says he,
Junius and *Decius*, and go thou *Petillius*;
Distinctly, thou *Petillius*, and draw up,
To take stout *Caratach*; there's the deed purpos'd,
A deed to take off all faults, of all natures:
And thou *Petillius*; Mark it, there's the honor,
And that done, all made even.
Petill. Stay.
Jun. No, I'll kill ye.
He knew thee absolute, and full in soldier,
Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out
According to the boldness of thy spirit,
A Subject, such a Subject.
Petill. Harke ye *Junius*,
I will live now.
Jun. By no means. Wooed thy worth,
Held thee by the chin up, as thou sunk'st, and shew'd thee
How Honor held her arms out: Come, make ready,
Since ye will die an ass.
Petill. Thou wilt not kill me?
Jun. By —— but I will, Sir: I'll have no man dangerous

Live to destroy me afterward. Besides, you have gotten
Honor enough, let young men rise now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the General, (which is
One main cause ye shall die) howe'r he carry it,
Such a strong doting on ye, that I fear,
You shall command in chief: how are we paid then?
Come, if you will pray, dispatch it.
Petill. Is there no way?
Jun. Not any way to live.
Petill. I will do any thing,
Redeem my self at any price: good *Junius*,
Let me but die upon the Rock, but offer
My life up like a Soldier.
Jun. You will seek then
To out-doe every man.
Petill. Believe it *Junius*,
You shall goe stroke by stroke with me.
Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble, and a soldier,
For ever these mad fancies.
Petill. Dare ye trust me?
By all that's good and honest.
Jun. There's your sword then,
And now come on a new man: Virtue guide thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caratach, *and* Hengo *on the Rock.*

Car. Courage my Boy, I have found meat: look *Hengo*,
Look where some blessed *Britain*, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink: cheer up Boy,
Do not forsake me now.
Hengo. O Uncle. Uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long: yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life: Uncle, I am heart-whole,
And would live.
Car. Thou shalt, long I hope.
Hen. But my head, Uncle:
Methinks the Rock goes round.

Enter Macer *and* Judas.

Ma. Mark 'em well, *Judas.*

Jud. Peace, as you love your life.
Hen. Do not you hear
The noise of Bels?
Car. Of Bels Boy? 'tis thy fancie,
Alas, thy bodies full of wind.
Hen. Methinks, Sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of State: nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet Uncle, you will kill me sooner.
Car. Oh my poor chicken.
Hen. Fie, faint-hearted Uncle:
Come, tie me in your Belt, and let me down.
Car. I'll go my self Boy.
Hengo. No, as ye love me, Uncle;
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I desire: pray tie me.
Car. I will, and all my care hang o'r thee: come child,
My valiant child.
Hen. Let me down apace, Uncle,
And ye shall see how like a Daw I'll whip it
From all their policies: for 'tis most certain
A *Roman* train: and ye must hold me sure too,
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it Uncle,
We'll be as merry—
Car. Go i'th' name of heaven, Boy.
Hen. Quick, quick, Uncle, I have it. Oh.
[Judas *shoots* Hengo.
Car. What ail'st thou?
Hen. O my best Uncle, I am slain.
Car. I see ye, and heaven direct my hand: destruction
[Caratach *kills* Judas *with a stone from the rock.*
Go with thy coward soul. How dost thou Boy?
Oh villain, pocky villain.
Hen. Oh Uncle, Uncle,
Oh how it pricks me: am I preserv'd for this?
Extremely pricks me.
Car. Coward, rascal Coward,
Dogs eat thy flesh.
Hen. Oh I bleed hard: I faint too, out upon't,
How sick I am! the lean Rogue, Uncle.

Car. Look Boy,
I have laid him sure enough.
Hen. Have ye knockt his brains out?
Car. I warrant thee for stirring more: cheer up, child.
Hen. Hold my sides hard, stop, stop, oh wretched fortune,
Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, Uncle.
Car. Heaven look upon this noble child.
Hen. I once hop'd
I should have liv'd to have met these bloody *Romans*
At my swords point, to have reveng'd my Father,
To have beaten 'em: oh hold me hard. But Uncle—
Car. Thou shalt live still I hope Boy. Shall I draw it?
Hen. Ye draw away my soul then, I would live
A little longer; spare me heavens, but only
To thank you for your tender love. Good Uncle,
Good noble Uncle weep not.
Car. Oh my chicken,
My dear Boy, what shall I lose?
Hen. Why, a child,
That must have died however: had this scap'd me,
Feaver or famine—I was born to die. Sir.
Car. But thus unblown, my boy?
Hen. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods: Sure I shall know ye
When ye come, Uncle.
Car. Yes, Boy.
Hen. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.
Car. Most certain, child.
Hen. I grow cold,
Mine eyes are going.
Car. Lift 'em up.
Hen. Pray for me;
And noble Uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little Nephew. Mercy.
Car. Mercy.
You blessed Angels take him.
Hen. Kiss me: so.
Farewel, farewel. [*Dies.*

Car. Farewel the hopes of *Britain*,
Thou Royal graft, Farewel for ever. Time and Death,
Ye have done your worst. Fortune now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy vail, and view thy triumph: Look
Look what thou hast brought this Land to. Oh fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruines show, how sweetly
Even death embraces thee! The peace of heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls be with thee.

Enter Petillius *and* Junius *on the rock.*

Hah? dare ye *Romans*? ye shall win me bravely.
Thou art mine. [*Fight.*
Jun. Not yet, Sir.
Car. Breath ye, ye poor *Romans*,
And come up all, with all your antient valors,
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send 'em—

Enter Swetonius, *and all the* Roman *Captains.*

Swet. Yield thee bold *Caratach*; by all ——
As I am Soldier, as I envie thee,
I'll use thee like thy self, the valiant *Britain.*
Pet. Brave soldier yield; thou stock of Arms and Honor,
Thou filler of the World with Fame and Glory.
Jun. Most worthy man, we'll wooe thee, be thy prisoners.
Swet. Excellent *Britain*, do me but that Honor,
That more to me than Conquests, that true happiness,
To be my friend.
Car. Oh *Romans*, see what here is:
Had this Boy liv'd—
Swet. For Fames sake, for thy Swords sake,
As thou desirest to build thy virtues greater:
By all that's excellent in man, and honest—
Car. I do believe: Ye have had me a brave foe;
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness,
Give this Boy honourable earth to lie in.
Swet. He shall have fitting Funeral.
Car. I yield then.
Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.
Petill. Thus we conduct then to the arms of Peace
The wonder of the World.

Swet. Thus I embrace thee, [*Flourish.*
And let it be no flattery that I tell thee,
Thou art the only Soldier.
Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your usage.
I am for *Rome.*
Swet. Ye must.
Car. Then *Rome* shall know
The man that makes her spring of glory grow.
Swet. *Petillius*, you have shown much worth this day,
redeem'd much error,
Ye have my love again, preserve it, *Junius*,
With you I make him equal in the Regiment.
Jun. The elder and the nobler: I'll give place, Sir.
Swet. Ye shew a friends soul.

March on, and through the Camp in every tongue.
The Virtues of great *Caratach* be sung. [*Exeunt.*

The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

To the Readers of this COMEDY.

Gentlemen, the World is so nice in these our times, that for Apparel, there is no fashion, For Musick, which is a rare Art, (though now slighted) No Instrument; For Diet, none but the *French* Kickshoes that are delicate; and for Plaies, no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching some particular persons, or else it is contemned before it is throughly understood. This is all that I have to say, That the Author had no intent to wrong any one in this *Comedy*, but as a merry passage, here and there interlaced it with delight, which he hopes will please all, and be hurtful to none.

The PROLOGUE.

Where the Bee can suck no Honey, she leaves her sting behind; and where the Bear cannot find Origanum *to heal his grief, he blasteth all other leaves with his breath. We fear it is like to fare so with us; that seeing you cannot draw from our labours sweet content, you leave behind you a sower mis-like, and with open reproach blame our good meaning, because you cannot reap the wonted mirth. Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness; and to breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud laughing: knowing it (to the wise) to be a great pleasure, to hear Counsel mixed with Wit, as to the foolish to have sport mingled with rudeness. They were banished the Theater of* Athens, *and from* Rome *hissed, that brought Parasites on t[h]e Stage with apish actions, or Fools with uncivil habits, or Courtezans with immodest words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unseemly speeches, to make your ears glow, as we hope you will be free from unkind reports, or mistaking the Authors intention (who never aimed at any one particular in this Play,) to make our cheeks blush. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own censure, to like, or dislike.* Vale.

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE

The Actors Names.

The Prologue.
Then a Citizen.
The Citizens wife, and *Ralph* her man, sitting below amidst the Spectators.
A rich Merchant.
Jasper his Apprentice.
Master *Humphrey*, a friend to the Merchant.
Luce, the Merchants Daughter.
Mistress *Merry-thought*, *Jaspers* Mother.
Michael, a second Son of Mistriss *Merry-thought*.
Old M. *Merry-thought*.
A Squire.
A Dwarfe.
A Tapster.
A Boy that Danceth and Singeth.
An Host.
A Barber.
Two Knights.
A Captain.
A Sergeant.
Soldiers.

Enter Prologue.

FRom all that's near the Court, from all that's great
Within the compass of the City-walls
We now have brought our Scene.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Hold your peace good-man boy.

Pro. What do you mean Sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: These seven years there hath been Plays at this House, I have observed it, you have still girds at Citizens; and now you call your Play *The London Merchant*. Down with your Title, Boy, down with your Title.

Pro. Are you a member of the noble City?

Cit. I am.

Pro. And a Free-man?

Cit. Yea, and a Grocer.

Pro. So Grocer, then by your swe[e]t favour, we intend no abuse to the City.

Cit. No sir,
Yes sir,
If you were not resolv'd to play the Jacks,
What need you study for new subjects,

Purposely to abuse your betters?
Why could not you be contented,
As well as others,
With the Legend of *Whittington*,
Or the life and death of Sir *Thomas Gresham*?
With the building of the *Royal Exchange*?
Or the storie of Queen *Elenor*,
With the rearing of *London bridge* upon Woollsacks?
Pro. You seem to be an understanding man:
What would you have us do sir?
Cit. Why?
Present something notably
In honor of the Commons of the City.
Pro. Why,
What do you say, to the life and death of fat *Drake*,
Or the repairing of Fleet Privies?
Cit. I do not like that,
But I will have a Citizen,
And he shall be of my own Trade.
Pro. Oh,
You should have told us your mind
A month since,
Our Play is ready to begin now.
Cit. 'Tis all one for that,
I will have a Grocer,
And he shall do admirable things.
Pro. What will you have him do?
Cit. Marry I will have him—
Wife. Husband, Husband.
Wife below, Ralph below.
Ralph. Peace, Mistriss.
Wife. Hold thy peace *Ralph*,
I know what I do,
I warrant ye.
Husband, Husband.
Cit. What say'st thou Conie?
Wife. Let him kill a Lion with a Pestle Husband,
Let him kill a Lion with a Pestle.
Cit. So he shall,
I'll have him kill a Lion with a pestle.

Wife. Husband,
Shall I come up Husband?
Cit. I Cony.
Ralph, help your Mistriss this way:
Pray Gentlemen make her a little room,
I pray you sir
Lend me your hand to help up my Wife:
I thank you sir.
So.
Wife. By your leave Gentlemen all,
I'm something troublesome,
I'm a stranger here,
I was ne'r at one of these Plays, [a]s they say, before;
But I should have seen *Jane Shore* once,
And my Husband
Hath promised me any time this Twelvemonth,
To carrie me to the *Bold Beauchams*,
But in truth he did not;
I pray you bear with me.
Cit. Boy,
Let my Wife and I have a couple of stools,
And then begin,
And let the Grocer do rare things.
Pro. But sir,
We have never a Boy to play him,
Every one hath a part already.
Wife. Husband, Husband,
For gods sake let *Ralph* play him,
Beshrew me if I do not think
He will go beyond them all.
Cit. Well remembred wife,
Come up *Ralph*,
I'll tell you Gentlemen,
Let them but lend him a suit of reparrel,
and necessaries,
And by gad,
If any of them all blow wind in the tail on him,
I'll be hang'd.
Wife. I pray you youth,
Let him have a suit of reparrel,

I'll be sworn Gentlemen,
My Husband tells you true,
He will act you sometimes at our house,
That all the neighbors cry out on him:
He will fetch you up a couraging part so in the Garret,
That we are all as fear'd I warrant you,
That we quake again:
We'll fear our children with him,
If they be never so unruly,
Do but cry,
Ralph comes, *Ralph comes* to them,
And they'll be as quiet as Lambs.
Hold up thy head *Ralph*,
Shew the Gentlemen what thou canst do,
Speak a huffing part,
I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.
Cit. Do *Ralph*, do.
Ralph. By heaven
(Methinks) it were an easie leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the Sea,
Where never fathome line toucht any ground,
And pluck up drowned honor
From the lake of Hell.
Cit. How say you Gentlemen,
Is it not as I told you?
Wife. Nay Gentlemen,
He hath plaid before, my husband says, *Musidorus*
Before the Wardens of our company.
Cit. I, and he should have plaid *Jeronimo*
With a shoo-maker for a wager.
Pro. He shall have a suit of apparel,
If he will go in.
Cit. In *Ralph*, in *Ralph*,
And set out the Grocer[y] in their kind,
If thou lov'st me.
Wife. I warrant our *Ralph* will look finely,
When he's drest.
Pro. But what will you have it call'd?
Cit. *The Grocers Honor.*

Pro. Methinks *The Knight of the b*[*u*]*rning Pestle* were better.
Wife. I'll be sworn Husband.
That's as good a name as can be.
Cit. Let it be so, begin, begin;
My Wife and I will sit down.
Pro. I pray you do.
Cit. What stately Musick have you?
You have Shawnes.
Pro. Shawns? no.
Cit. No?
I'm a thief if my mind did not give me so.
Ralph plaies a stately part,
And he must needs have Shawns:
I'll be at the charge of them my self,
Rather than we'll be without them.
Pro. So you are like to be.
Cit. Why and so I will be,
There's two shillings,
Let's have the Waits of *Southwark*,
They are as rare fellows as any are in *England*;
And that will fetch them all o'r the water, with a vengeance,
As if they were mad.
Pro. You shall have them:
Will you sit down then?
Cit. I, come Wife.
Wife. Sit you merry all Gentlemen,
I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.
Pro. From all that's near the Court,
From all that's great
Within the compass of the City walls,
We now have brought our Scæne:
Flie far from hence
All private taxes, immodest phrases,
What e'r may but shew like vicious:
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleas'd with honest things.
Thus much for that we do:
But for *Ralphs* part
You must answer for your self.
Cit. Take you no care for *Ralph*,

He'll discharge himself I warrant you.
Wife. I'faith Gentlemen,
I'll give [my] word for *Ralph.*

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Merchant and Jasper *his Man.*

Merch. Sirrah, I'll make you know you are my Prentice,
And whom my charitable love redeem'd
Even from the fall of fortune; gave thee heat
And growth, to be what now thou art, new cast thee,
Adding the trust of all I have at home,
In forreign Staples, or upon the Sea
To thy direction, ti'de the good opinions
Both of [my]self and friends to thy endeavors,
So fair were thy beginnings: but with these
As I remember you had never charge,
To love your Masters Daughter, and even then,
When I had found a wealthy Husband for her,
I take it, Sir, you had not: but however,
I'll break the neck of that Commission,
And make you know you are but a Merchants Factor.
Jasp. Sir,
I do liberally confess I am yours,
Bound both by love and duty to your service;
In which my labor hath been all my profit;
I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honest gains upon my back,
Nor have I given a pension to my bloud,
Or lavishly in play consum'd your stock.
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence, proclaim are strangers
To all my temperate actions: for your Daughter,
If there be any love to my deservings,
Born by her virtuous self, I cannot stop it:
Nor am I able to refrain her wishes.
She's private to her self, and best of knowledge,
Whom she'll make so happy as to sigh for.

Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her,
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,
One that hath little left of *Nature* in him.
Mer. 'Tis very well, Sir, I can tell your wisdom
How all this shall be cur'd.
Jasp. Your care becomes you.
Merc. And thus it shall be, Sir, I here discharge you,
My house, and service, take your liberty,
And when I want a Son I'll send for you. [*Exit.*
Jasp. These be the fair rewards of them that love,
Oh you that live in freedom never prove
The travel of a mind led by desire.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Why how now friend, struck with my Fathers (thunder?
Jasp. Struck, and struck dead, unless the remedy
Be full of speed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your father's.
Luce. But mine.
Jasp. But yours, and only yours I am,
That's all I have to keep me from the statute:
You dare be constant still?
Luce. O fear me not.
In this I dare be better than a woman.
Nor shall his anger, nor his offers move me,
Were they both equal to a Princes power.
Jasp. You know my Rival?
Luce. Yes, and love him dearly,
Even as I love an ague, or foul weather,
I prethee *Jasper* fear him not.
Jasp. Oh no,
I do not mean to do him so much kindness,
But to our own desires you know the plot
We both agreed on.
Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.
Jasp. I desire no more,
Farewel, and keep my heart, 'tis yours.
Luce. I take it,

He must do miracles,
Makes me forsake it. [*Exeunt.*

Cit. Fie upon 'em little infidels,
What a matter's here now?
Well, I'll be hang'd for a half-penny,
If there be not some abomination knavery in this Play,
Well, let 'em look to't,
Ralph must come,
And if there be any tricks a brewing—

Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too Husband, a gods name,
Ralph will find all out I warrant you,
And they were older than they are.
I pray my pretty youth, is *Ralph* ready?

Boy. He will be presently.

Wife. Now I pray you make my commendations unto him,
And withal, carry him this stick of Licoras,
Tell him his Mistriss sent it him,
And bid him bite apiece,
'Twill open his pipes the better, say.

Enter Merchant, *and Master* Humphrey.

Mer. Come, Sir, she's yours, upon my faith she's yours,
You have my hand, for other idle letts
Between your hopes and her, thus, with a wind,
They are scattered, and no more: my wanton Prentice,
That like a bladder blew himself with love,
I have lett out, and sent him to discover
New masters yet unknown.

Humph. I thank you Sir,
Indeed I thank you, Sir, and e'r I stir,
It shall be known however you do deem,
I am of gentle blood and gentle seem.

Mer. Oh Sir, I know it certain.

Hum. Sir, my friend,
Although as Writers say, all things have end,
And that we call a Pudding, hath his two,
Oh let it not seem strange I pray to you,
If in this bloudy simile, I put
My love, more endless, than frail things or gut.

Wife. Husband,

I prethee sweet lamb tell me one thing,
But tell me truly:
Stay youths I beseech you,
Till I question my Husband.
Cit. What is it Mouse?
Wife. Sirrah,
Didst thou ever see a prettier child?
How it behaves it self, I warrant ye:
And speaks and looks, and pearts up the head?
I pray you brother with your favour,
Were you never none of Mr. *Moncasters* Scholars?
Cit. Chickin,
I prethee heartily contain thy self,
The childer are pretty childer,
But when *Ralph* comes, Lamb.
Wife. I when *Ralph* comes, Conie,
Well my youth you may proceed.
M[e]r. Well Sir, you know my love, and rest, I hope
Assur'd of my consent; get but my daughters,
And wed her when you please: you must be bold,
And clap in close unto her, come, I know
You have language good enough to win a wench.
Wife. A whoresone tyrant,
Hath been an old stringer in his days,
I warrant him.
Hum. I take your gentle offer, and withal
Yield love again for love reciprocal.

Enter Luce.

M[e]r. What *Luce*, within there?
Luce. Call'd you Sir?
Mer. I did
Give entertainment to this Gentleman,
And see you be not froward: to her, Sir:
My presence will but be an eye-soar to you. [*Exit.*
Hum. Fair Mistriss *Luce*, how do you, are you well?
Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell,
How doth your little Sister, and your Brother?
And whether you love me or any other.
Luce. Sir, these are quickly answer'd.

Hum. So they are,
Where Women are not cruel: but how far
Is it now distant from the place we are in,
Unto that blessed place your Fathers Warren.
Luce. What makes you think of that, Sir?
Hum. Even that face,
For stealing Rabbets whilome in that place,
God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,
And there began.
Lu[*ce*]. Your game, Sir.
Hum. Let no game,
Or any thing that tendeth to the same,
Be evermore remembred, thou fair killer
For whom I sate me down and brake my Tiller.
Wife. There's a kind Gentleman, I warrant you, when will you do as much for me *George*?
Luce. Beshrew me Sir, I am sorry for your losses,
But as the proverb says, *I cannot cry*,
I would you had not seen me.
Hum. So would I.
Unless you had more maw to do me good.
Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion be withstood,
Send for a Constable and raise the Town.
Hum. Oh no, my valiant love will batter down
Millions of Constables, and put to flight,
Even that great Watch of Midsummer day at night.
Luce. Beshrew me, Sir, 'twere good I yielded then,
Weak Women cannot hope, where valiant men
Have no resistance.
Hum. Yield then, I am full
Of pity, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my pocket thus a pair of Gloves.
Look *Lucy*, look, the dogs tooth, nor the Doves
Are not so white as these; and sweet they be,
And whipt about with silk, as you may see:
If you desire the price, sute from your eye,
A beam to this place, and you shall espie
F. S. which is to say my sweetest Honey,
They cost me three and two pence, or no money.

Luce. Well Sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you;
What would you more?
Hum. Nothing.
Lu. Why then farewel.
Hum. Nor so, nor so, for Lady I must tell,
Before we part, for what we met together,
God grant me time, and patience, and fair weather.
Luce. Speak and declare your mind in terms so brief.
Hum. I shall; then first and foremost for relief
I call to you, if that you can afford it,
I care not at what price, for on my word, it
Shall be repaid again, although it cost me
More than I'll speak of now, for love hath tost me
In furious blanket like a Tennis-ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.
Luce. Alas good Gentleman, alas the day.
Hum. I thank you heartily, and as I say,
Thus do I still continue without rest,
I' th' morning like a man, at night a beast,
Roaring and bellowing mine own disquiet,
That much I fear, forsaking of my diet,
Will bring me presently to that quandary,
I shall bid all adieu.
Lu. Now by *S. Mary*
That were great pity.
Hum. So it were beshrew me,
Then ease me lusty *Luce*, and pity shew me.
Luce. Why Sir, you know my will is nothing worth
Without my Fathers grant, get his consent,
And then you may with assurance try me.
Hum. The Worshipful your Sire will not deny me,
For I have ask'd him, and he hath reply'd,
Sweet Master *Humphrey*, *Luce* shall be thy Bride.
Luce. Sweet Master *Humphrey* then I am content.
Hum. And so am I in truth.
Lu. Yet take me with you,
There is another clause must be annext,
And this it is I swore, and will perform it,
No man shall ever joy me as his wife,
But he that stole me hence: if you dare venture,

I am yours; you need not fear, my father loves you:
If not, farewel for ever.
Hum. Stay Nymph, stay,
I have a double Gelding coloured bay,
Sprung by his Father from *Barbarian* kind,
Another for my self, though somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty tree.
Luce. I am satisfied,
And so I give my hand, our course must lie
Through *Waltham* Forrest, where I have a friend
Will entertain us, so farewel Sir *Humphrey.* [*Exit* Luce.
And think upon your business.
Hum. Though I die,
I am resolv'd to venture life and lim,
For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim. [*Exit* Hum.
Wife. By my faith and troth *George*, and as I am virtuous, it is e'n the kindest young man that ever trode on shooe-leather: well, go thy waies, if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault 'ifaith.
Cit. I prethee Mouse be patient, a shall have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoak for't.
Wife. Thats my good lamb *George*, fie, this stinking Tobacco kills men, would there were none in *England*: now I pray Gentlemen, what good does this stinking Tobacco do you? nothing; I warrant you make chimneys a your faces: Oh Husband, Husband, now, now there's *Ralph*, there's *Ralph.*

Enter Ralph, *like a Groc[e]r in's shop, with two Prentices, reading* Palmerin *of* England.

Cit. Peace fool, let *Ralph* alone, hark you *Ralph*; do not strain your self too much at the first, peace, begin *Ralph.*
Ralph. Then *Palmerin* and *Trineus* snatching their Lances from their Dwarfs, and clasping their Helmets, gallopt amain after the Giant, and *Palmerin* having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, Stay traiterous thief, for thou maist not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest Lord in the World, and with these words gave him a blow on the Shoulder, that he struck him besides his Elephant; and *Trineus* coming to the Knight that had *Agricola* behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck broken in the fall, so that the Princess getting out of the throng, between joy and grief

said; All happy Knight, the mirror of all such as follow Arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me, I wonder why the Kings do not raise an Army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought against *Rocicler*, and destroy these Giants, they do much hurt to wandring Damsels, that go in quest of their Knights.

Wife. Faith Husband, and *Ralph* says true, for they say the King of *Portugal* cannot sit at his meat, but the Giants and the Ettins will come and snatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy tongue; on *Ralph.*

Ralph. And certainly those Knights are much to be commended, who neglecting their possessions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarfe through the Desarts, to relieve poor Ladies.

Wife. I by my faith are they *Ralph*, let 'em say what they will, they are indeed: our Knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

Ralph. There are no such courteous, and fair well-spoken Knights in this age, they will call one the Son of a whore, that *Palmerin* of *England*, would have called fair Sir; and one that *Rosicler* would have called Right beaut[eous] Damsel, they will call Damn'd bitch.

Wife. I'll be sworn will they *Ralph*, they have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy pipe of Tobacco.

Ralph. But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop with a flapet of Wood, and a blew Apron before him selling *Methridatam* and *Dragons water* to visited houses, that might pursue feats of Arms, and through his noble atchievements, procure such a famous History to be written [of his] Heroick prowesse.

Cit. Well said *Ralph*, some more of those words *Ralph.*

Wife. They go finely by my troth.

Ralph. Why should [not I] then pursue this course, both for the credit of my self and our company, for amongst all the worthy Books of Atchievements, I do not call to mind, that I yet read of a Grocer Errant, I will be the said Knight: Have you heard of any that hath wandred unfurnished of his Squire and Dwarfe? my elder Prentice *T[i]m* shall be my trusty Squire, and little *George* my Dwarfe, hence my blew Apron, yet in remembrance of my former Trade, upon my shield shall

be pourtraid a *Burning Pestle*, and I will be call'd the *Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Wife. Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old Trade, thou wert ever meek.

Ralph. Tim.

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved Squire, and *George* my Dwarfe, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name, but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, and that you never call any Female by the name of a Woman or Wench, but fair Lady, if she have her desires; if not, distressed Damsel; that you call all Forrests and Heaths, Desarts, and all Horses Palfries.

Wife. This is very fine: faith do the Gentlemen like *Ralph*, think you Husband?

Cit. I, I warrant thee, the Players would give all the shooes in their shop for him.

Ralph. My beloved Squire *Tim*, stand out, admit this were a Desart, and over it a Knight Errant pricking, and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my Master sent me to know whither you are riding?

Ralph. No, thus; fair Sir, the *Right courteous, and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, commanded me to enquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed Damsel, or otherwise.

Cit. Whorson blockhead cannot remember.

Wife. I'faith, and *Ralph* told him on't before: all the Gentlemen heard him, did he not Gentlemen, did not *Ralph* tell him on't?

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, here is a distressed Damsel, to have a halfepenny worth of Pepper.

Wife. That's a good boy, see, the little boy can hit it, by my troth it's a fine child.

Ralph. Relieve her with all courteous language, now shut up shop, no more my Prentice, but my trusty Squire and Dwarfe, I must bespeak my Shield, and arming Pestle.

Cit. Go thy ways *Ralph*, as I am a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife. Ralph, Ralph.

Ralph. What say you Mistriss?
Wife. I prethee come again quickly, sweet *Ralph.*
Ralph. By and by. [*Exit* Ralph.

Enter Jasper *and his Mother Mistriss* Merry-thought.

Mist. Mer. Give thee my blessing? no, I'll never give thee my blessing, I'll see thee hang'd first; it shall ne'r be said I gave thee my blessing: thou art thy Fathers own Son, of the [right] bloud of the *Merry-thoughts*; I may curse the time that e'r I knew thy Father, he hath spent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings and cries; *A merry heart lives long-a.* And thou art a wast-thrift, and art run away from thy Master, that lov'd thee well, and art come to me, and I have laid up a little for my younger Son *Michael*, and thou thinkst to bezle that, but thou shalt never be able to do it, Come hither *Michael*, come *Michael*, down on thy knees, thou shalt have my blessing.

Enter Michael.

Mich. I pray you Mother pray to God to bless me.
Mist. Mer. God bless thee: but *Jasper* shall never have my blessing, he shall be hang'd first, shall he not *Michael*? how saist thou?
Mich. Yes forsooth Mother and grace of God.
Mist. Mer. That's a good boy.
Wife. I'faith it's a fine spoken child.
Jasp. Mother, though you forget a Parents love,
I must preserve the duty of a child:
I ran not from my Master, nor return
To have your stock maintain my idleness.
Wife. Ungracious child I warrant him, harke how he chops Logick with his Mother: thou hadst best tell her she lies, do, tell her she lies.
Cit. If he were my son, I would hang him up by the heels, and flea him, and salt him, whorson halter-sack.
Jasp. My coming only is to beg your love,
Which I [must] ever though I never gain it,
And howsoever you esteem of me,
There is no drop of bloud hid in these veins,
But I remember well belongs to you,
That brought me forth; and would be glad for you

To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mist. Mer. I'faith I had sorrow enough for thee: (God knows) but I'll hamper thee well enough: get thee in thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother *Michael.*

Old *Mer.* within. *Nose, Nose, jolly red Nose, and who gave thee this jolly red Nose?*

Mist. Mer. Hark my Husband he's singing and hoiting,
And I'm fain to cark and care, and all little enough.
Husband, *Charles, Charles Merry-thought.*

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinamon and Cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red Nose.

Mist. Mer. If you would consider your estate, you would have little list to sing, I-wisse.

Old Mer. It should never be consider'd, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou do *Charles*, thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, and laughest?

Old Mer. And will doe.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it *Charles*?

Old Mer. How? why how have I done hitherto these forty years? I never came into my Dining-room, but at eleven and six a clock, I found excellent meat and drink a'th' Table: my Cloaths were never worn out, but next morning a Tailor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever! use makes perfectness, If all should fail, it is but a little straining my self extraordinary, and laugh my self to death.

Wife. It's a foolish old man this: is not he *George*?

Cit. Yes Cunny.

Wife. Give me a penny i' th' purse while I live *George.*

Cit. I by Lady Cunnie, hold thee there.

Mist. Mer. Well *Charles*, you promis'd to provide for *Jasper*, and I have laid up for *Michael*: I pray you pay *Jasper* his portion, he's come home, and he shall not consume *Michaels* stock: he saies his Master turn'd him away, but I promise you truly, I think he ran away.

Wife. No indeed *Mistriss Merry-thought*, though he be

a notable gallows, yet I'll assure you his Master did turn him away, even in this place, 'twas i'faith within this half hour, about his Daughter, my Husband was by.

Cit. Hang him rogue, he serv'd him well enough: love his Masters Daughter! by my troth Cunnie, if there were a thousand boys, thou wouldst spoil them all, with taking their parts; let his Mother alone with him.

Wife. I *George*, but yet truth is truth.

Old. Mer. Where is *Jasper*? he's welcome however, call him in, he shall have his portion, is he merry?

Enter Jasper *and* Michael.

Mist. Mer. I foul chive him, he is too merry. *Jasper. Michael.*

Old Mer. Welcome *Jasper*, though thou run'st away, welcome, God bless thee, 'tis thy mothers mind thou shouldst receive thy portion: thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learnt experience enough to govern it: thou art of sufficient years, hold thy hand: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there is ten shillings for thee, thrust thy self into the world with that, and take some setled course, if fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me, I have twenty shillings left, be a good Husband, that is, wear ordinary Cloaths, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink; be merry, and give to the poor, [and] believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still.
But Father?

Old Mer. No more words *Jasper*, get thee gone, thou hast my blessing, thy Fathers spirit upon thee. Farewel *Jasper*; but yet, or e'r you part (oh cruel) kiss me, kiss me sweeting, mine own dear jewel: So, now begone; no words. [*Exit*] Jasper.

Mist. Mer. So *Michael*, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes forsooth Mother, but I'll have my Father's blessing first.

Mist. Mer. No *Michael*, 'tis no matter for his blessing; thou hast my blessing, begone; I'll fetch my money and jewels,

and follow thee: I'll stay no longer with him I warrant thee; truly *Charles* I'll begon too.

[*Old Mer.* What you will not?]

Mist. Mer. Yes indeed will I.

Old Mer. Hay ho, farewel *Nan*, I'll never trust wench more again, if I can.

Mist. Mer. You shall not think (when all your own is gone) to spend that I have been scraping up for *Michael.*

Old Mer. Farewel good wife, I expect it not; all I have to do in this world, is to be merry: which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me: and if it be,

When Earth and Seas from me are reft,
The Skies aloft for me are left. [*Exeunt.*

[*Boy danceth, Musick.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Wife. I'll be sworn he's a merry old Gentleman for all that: Hark, hark Husband, hark, Fiddles, Fiddles; now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present death for these Fidlers to tune their Rebecks before the great *Turks* grace, is't not *George*? But look, look, here's a youth dances: now good youth do a turn o' th' toe; Sweet-heart, I'faith I'll have *Ralph* come, and do some of his Gambols; he'll ride the Wild Mare Gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him: I thank you kind youth, pray bid *Ralph* come.

Cit. Peace Connie. Sirrah, you scurvy boy, bid the Players send *Ralph*, or by gods —— and they do not, I'll tear some of their Periwigs beside their heads: this is all Riff-Raff.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Merchant *and* Humphrey.

Merch. And how faith? how goes it now Son *Humphrey*?

Hum. Right worshipful and my beloved friend
And Father dear, this matter's at an end.

Merch. 'Tis well, it should be so, I'm glad the Girl
Is found so tractable.

Hum. Nay, she must whirl

From hence, and you must wink: for so I say,
The story tells to morrow before day.

Wife. *George*, dost thou think in thy conscience now 'twill be a match? tell me but what thou think'st sweet Rogue, thou seest the poor Gentleman (dear heart) how it labours and throbs I warrant you, to be at rest: I'll go move the Father for't.

Cit. No, no, I prethee sit still Honey-suckle, thou'lt spoil all; if he deny him, I'll bring half a dozen good fellows my self, and in the shutting of an evening knock't up, and there's an end.

Wife. I'll buss thee for that I'faith boy; well *George*, well you have been a wag in your days I warrant you: but God forgive you, and I do with all my heart.

Mer. How was it Son? you told me that to morrow
Before day break, you must convey her hence.

Hum. I must, I must, and thus it is agreed,
Your Daughter rides upon a brown-bay Steed,
I on a Sorrel, which I bought of *Brian*,
The honest Host of the red roaring Lion
In *Waltham* situate: then if you may,
Consent in seemly sort, lest by delay,
The fatal Sisters come, and do the office,
And then you'll sing another Song.

Merch. Alas.
Why should you be thus full of grief to me,
That do as willing as your self agree
To any thing so it be good and fair?
Then steal her when you will, if such a pleasure
Content you both, I'll sleep and never see it,
To make your joys more full: but tell me why
You may not here perform your marriage?

Wife. Gods blessing o'thy soul, old man, i'faith thou art loth to part true hearts: I see a has her, *George*, and I'm as glad on't; well, go thy ways *Humphrey* for [a fair] spoken man, I believe thou hast not thy fellow within the walls of *London*, and I should say the Suburbs too, I should not lie: why dost not thou rejoyce with me *George*? (mine Host i'faith.

Cit. If I could but see *Ralph* again, I were as merry as [*Hum.*] The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare;

Help me oh *Muses* nine, your Daughter sware
A foolish oath, the more it was the pity:
Yet none but my self within this City
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance
Shall meet him, were he of the noble Science.
And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear?
Truly I cannot tell, unless it were
For her own ease: for sure sometimes an oath,
Being sworn thereafter, is like cordial broth.
And this it was, she swore never to marry,
But such a one whose mighty arm could carry
(As meaning me, for I am such a one)
Her bodily away through stick and stone,
Till both of us arrive at her request,
Some ten miles off in the wide *Waltham* Forrest.

Merch. If this be all, you shall not need to fear
Any denial in your love, proceed,
I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed.

Hum. Good night, twenty good nights, and twenty more,
And twenty more good nights, that makes threescore. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mistriss Merry-thought, *and her Son* Michael.

Mist. Mer. Come *Michael*, art thou not weary Boy?

Mich. No forsooth Mother not I.

Mist. Mer. Where be we now child?

Mich. Indeed forsooth Mother I cannot tell, unless we be at *Mile-end*, is not all the world *Mile-end*, Mother?

Mist. Mer. No *Michael*, not all the world boy; but I can assure thee *Michael*, *Mile-end* is a goodly matter, there has been a pitcht field my child, between the naughty *Spaniels*, and the *Englishmen*, and the *Spaniels* ran away *Michael*, and the *Englishmen* followed: my neighbor *Coxstone* was there boy, and kill'd them all with a birding-piece.

Mich. Mother forsooth.

Mist. Mer. What says my white boy?

Mich. Shall not my Father go with us too?

Mist. Mer. No *Michael*, let thy Father go snick up, he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again, while he lives: let him stay at home and sing for his supper boy; come child sit down, and I'll shew my boy fine knacks indeed,

look here *Michael*, here's a Ring, and here's a Bruch, and here's a Bracelet, and here's two Rings more, and here's Money, and Gold by th' eye my boy.

Mich. Shall I have all this Mother?

Mist. Mer. I *Michael* thou shalt have all *Michael.*

Cit. How lik'st thou this wench?

Wife. I cannot tell, I would have *Ralph*, *George*; I'll see no more else indeed-law, and I pray you let the youths understand so much by word of mouth, for I will tell you truly, I'm afraid o'my boy: come, come *George*, let's be merry and wise, the child's a fatherless child, and say they should put him into a strait pair of Gaskins, 'twere worse than knot-grass, he would never grow after it.

Enter Ralph, Squire, *and* Dwarfe.

Cit. Here's *Ralph*, here's *Ralph.*

Wife. How do you *Ralph*? you are welcome *Ralph*, as I may say, it'[s] a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid, we are thy friends, *Ralph*, the Gentlemen will praise thee *Ralph*, if thou plai'st thy part with audacity, begin *Ralph* a Gods name.

Ralph. My trusty Squire unlace my Helme, give me my hat, where are we, or what desart might this be?

Dw. Mirror of Knig[h]thood, this is, as I take it, the perilous *Waltham* Down; in whose bottom stands the inchanted Valley.

Mist. Mer. Oh *Michael*, we are betraid, we are betraid, here be Giants, flie boy, flie boy flie.

[*Exeunt* Mother *and* Michael.

Ralph. Lace on my Helme again: what noise is this?
A gentle Lady flying the embrace
Of some uncourteous Knight, I will relieve her.
Go Squire, and say, the Knight that wears this Pestle
In honour of all Ladies swears revenge
Upon that recreant Coward that pursues her,
Goe comfort her, and that same gentle Squire
That bears her company.

Squ. I go brave Knight.

Ralph. My trusty Dwarf and friend, reach me my shield,
And hold it while I swear, first by my Knighthood,

Then by the soul of *Amadis de Gaule*,
My famous Ancestor, then by my Sword,
The beauteous *Brionella* girt about me,
By this bright burning Pestle of mine honor,
The living Trophie, and by all respect
Due to distressed Damsels, here I vow
Never to end the quest of this fair Lady,
And that forsaken Squire, till by my valour
I gain their liberty.

Dw. Heaven bless the Knight
That thus relieves poor errant Gentlewomen. [*Exit.*

Wife. I marry *Ralph*, this has some savour in't, I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his Books after him. But *George*, I will not have him go away so soon, I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall; call *Ralph* again *George*, call *Ralph* again, I prethee sweetheart let him come fight before me, and let's ha some Drums, and Trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, and thou lov'st me *George*.

Cit. Peace a little bird, he shall kill them all, and they were twenty more on 'em then there are.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Now fortune, if thou be'st not only ill,
Shew me thy better face, and bring about
Thy desperate wheel, that I may climb at length
And stand, this is our place of meeting,
If love have any constancy. Oh age!
Where only wealthy men are counted happy:
How shall I please thee? how deserve thy smiles?
When I am only rich in misery?
My fathers blessing, and this little coin
Is my inheritance, a strong revenue,
From earth thou art, and to [the] earth I give thee,
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air [*Spies the Casket.*
Breeds me a fresher fortune: how, illusion!
What hath the Devil coyn'd himself before me?
'Tis mettle good, it rings well, I am waking,
And taking too I hope, now Gods dear blessing
Upon his heart that left it here, 'tis mine,
These pearls, I take it, were not left for Swine. [*Exit.*

Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty youth should embesil away the money, the poor Gentlewoman his mother will have a heavy heart for it, God knows.

Cit. And reason good, sweet heart.

Wif[*e*]. But let him go, I'll tell *Ralph* a tale in's ear, shall fetch him again with a wanion, I warrant him, if he be above ground; and besides *George*, here be a number of sufficient Gentlemen can witness, and my self, and your self, and the Musicians, if we be call'd in question, but here comes *Ralph*, *George*, thou shalt hear him speak, as he were an Emperal.

Enter Ralph *and* Dwarfe.

Ralph. Comes not Sir Squire again?
Dwarf. Right courteous Knight,
Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the Lady.

Enter Mistriss Mer. *and* Michael, *and* Squire.

For and the Squire of Damsels as I take it.

Rafe. Madam, if any service or devoir
Of a poor errant Knight may right your wrongs,
Command it, I am prest to give you succor,
For to that holy end I bear my Armour.

Mist. Mer. Alas, Sir, I am a poor Gentlewoman, and I have lost my money in this Forrest.

[*Ralph.*] *Desart*, you would say, Lady, and not lost
Whilst I have Sword and Launce, dry up your tears
Which ill befits the beauty of that face:
And tell the story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous fortune.

Mist. Mer. Out alas, I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound, e'n all the money I had laid up for this youth, upon the sight of your Mastership, you lookt so grim, and as I may say it, saving your presence, more like a Giant than a mortal man.

Ralph. I am as you are, Lady, so are they
All mortal, but why weeps this gentle Squire?

Mist. Mer. Has he not cause to weep do you think, when he has lost his inheritance?

Ralph. Young hope of valour, weep not, I am here
That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear

Upon his coward head, that dare[s] denie,
Distressed Squires, and Ladies equity.
I have but one horse, on which shall ride
This Lady fair behind me, and before
This courteous Squire, fortune will give us more
Upon our next adventure; fairly speed
Beside us Squire a[n]d Dwarfe to do us need. [*Exeunt.*

Cit. Did not I tell you *Nell* what your man would do? by the faith of my body wench, for clean action and good delivery, they may all cast their caps at him.

Wife. And so they may i'faith, for I dare speak it boldly, the twelve Companies of *London* cannot match him, timber for timber: well *George*, and he be not inveigled by some of these paltery Players, I ha much marvel: but *George* we ha done our parts, if the Boy have any grace to be thankful.

Cit. Yes, I warrant you duckling.

Enter Humphrey *and* Luce.

Hum. Good Mistriss *Luce*, how ever I in fault am,
For your lame horse; you're welcome unto *Waltham*.
But which way now to go, or what to say
I know not truly till it be broad day.

Luce. O fear not master *Humphrey*, I am guide
For this place good enough.

Hum. Then up and ride,
Or if it please you, walk for your repose,
Or sit, or if you will, go pluck a Rose:
Either of which shall be indifferent,
To your good friend and *Humphrey*, whose consent
Is so intangled ever to your will,
As the poor harmless horse is to the [M]ill.

Luce. Faith and you say the word, we'll e'n sit down,
And take a nap.

Hum. 'Tis better in the Town,
Where we may nap together: for believe me,
To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve me.

Luce. You're merry master *Humphrey*.

Hum. So I am,
And have been ever merry from my Dam.

Luce. Your Nurse had the less labour.

Hum. Faith it may be,
Unless it were by chance I did beray me.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. *Luce*, dear friend *Luce.*
Luce. Here *Jasper.*
Jasp. You are mine.
Hum. If it be so, my friend, you use me fine:
What do you think I am?
Jasp. An arrant Noddy.
Hum. A word of obloquie: now by gods body,
I'll tell thy Master, for I know thee well.
Jasp. Nay, and you be so forward for to tell,
Take that, and that, and tell him, Sir, I gave it:
And say I paid you well.
Hum. O Sir I have it,
And do confess the payment, pray be quiet.
Jasp. Go, get you to your night-cap and the diet,
To cure your beaten bones.
Luce. Alas, poor *Humphrey*,
Get thee some wholsome broth with Sage and Cumfrie:
A little oil of Roses and a Feather
To noint thy back withal.
Hum. When I came hither,
Would I had gone to *Paris* with *John Dorry.*
Luce. Farewel my pretty Nump, I am very sorry
I cannot bear thee company.
Hum. Farewel,
The Devils Dam was ne'r so bang'd in Hell. [*Exeunt.*
[*Manet* Humphrey.

Wife. This young *Jasper* will prove me another Things, a my conscience and he may be suffered; *George*, dost not see *George* how a swaggers, and flies at the very heads a fokes as he were a Dragon; well if I do not do his lesson for wronging the poor Gentleman, I am no true Woman, his friends that brought him up might have been better occupied, I wis, then have taught him these fegaries: he's e'n in the high-way to the Gallows, God bless him.

Cit. You're too bitter, Connie, the young man may do well enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither master *Humphrey*, has he hurt you? now beshrew his fingers for't, here Sweet-heart, here's some Green Ginger for thee, now beshrew my heart, but a has Pepper-nel in's head, as big as a Pullets egg: alas, sweet Lamb, how thy Temples beat; take the peace on him sweet heart, take the peace on him.

Enter a Boy.

Cit. No, no, you talk like a foolish woman, I'll ha *Ralph* fight with him, and swinge him up well-favour'dly: sirrah boy come hither, let *Ralph* come in and fight with *Jasper*,

Wife. I and beat him well, he's an unhappy boy.

Boy. Sir, you must pardon us, the plot of our Play lies contrary, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our Play.

Cit. Plot me no plots, I'll. ha *Ralph* come out, I'll make your house too hot for you else.

Boy. Why Sir, he shall, but if any thing fall out of order, the Gentlemen must pardon us.

Cit. Go your ways good-man boy, I'll hold him a penny he shall have his belly full of fighting now, ho here comes *Ralph*, no more.

Enter Ralph, *Mist.* Merry, Michael, Squire, *and* Dwarf.

Ralph. What Knight is that, Squire, ask him if he keep
The passage bound by love of Lady fair,
Or else but prickant.

Hum. Sir, I am no Knight,
But a poor Gentleman, that this same night,
Had stoln from me on yonder Green,
My lovely Wife, and suffered to be seen
Yet extant on my shoulder[s] such a greeting,
That whilst I live, I shall think of that meeting.

Wife. I *Ralph*, he beat him unmercifully, *Ralph*, and thou spar'st him *Ralph*, I would thou wert hang'd.

Cit. No more, wife, no more.

Ralph. Where is the Caitiff wretch hath done this deed,
Lady, your pardon, that I may proceed
Upon the quest of this injurious Knight.
And thou fair Squire repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great venture of the purse,

Enter Jasper *and* Luce.

And the rich Casket till some better leisure.
Hum. Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my treasure.
Ralph. Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,
An Errant Knight at Arms, to crave delivery
Of that fair Lady to her own Knights arms.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And so defie him.
Squire. From the Knight that bears
The Golden Pestle, I defie thee Knight.
Unless thou make fair restitution
Of that bright Lady.
Jasp. Tell the Knight that sent thee
He is an ass, and I will keep the wench,
And knock his Head-piece.
Ralph. [Knight thou] art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms.
Wife. Break's pate *Ralph*, break's pate *Ralph*, soundly.
Jasp. Come Knight, I am ready for you, now your Pestle.
[*Snatches away his Pestle.*
Shall try what temper, Sir, your Mortar's of:
With that he stood upright in his stirrops,
And gave the Knight of the Calve-skin such a knock,
That he forsook his horse, and down he fell,
And then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his Helmet.
Hum. Nay, and my noble Knight be down so soon,
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run.
[*Exit* Humphrey *and* Ralph.
Wife. Run *Ralph*, run *Ralph*, run for thy life boy, *Jasper* comes, *Jasper* comes.
Jasp. Come *Luce*, we must have other Arms for you, *Humphrey* and *Golden Pestle* both adieu. [*Exeunt.*
Wife. Sure the Devil, God bless us, is in this Springald, why *George*, didst ever see such a fire-drake, I am afraid my boy's miscarried; if he be, though he were Master *Merry-thoughts* Son a thousand times, if there be any Law in *England*, I'll make some of them smart for't.
Cit. No, no, I have found out the matter sweet-heart, *Jasper* is enchanted as sure as we are here, he is enchanted,

he could no more have stood in *Ralph*'s hands, than I can stand in my Lord *Mayor*'s: I'll have a Ring to discover all enchantments, and *Ralph* shall beat him yet: be no more vext, for it shall be so.

Enter Ralph, Squire, Dwarfe, *Mistriss* Merry-thought, *and* Michael.

Wife. Oh Husband, here's *Ralph* again, stay *Ralph*, let me speak with thee, how dost thou *Ralph*? art thou not shrewdly hurt? the foul great Lungies laid unmercifully on thee, there's some Sugar-candy for thee, proceed, thou shalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If *Ralph* had him at the Fencing-School, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the School, he should ne'r come in my shop more.

Mist. Mer. Truly master Knight of the *Burning Pestle*, I am weary.

Mich. Indeed-law Mother, and I am very hungry.

Ralph. Take comfort gentle Dame, and [you] fair Squire.
For in this Desart there must needs be plac'd
Many strong Castles, held by courteous Knights,
And till I bring you safe to one of those
I swear by this my Order ne'r to leave you.

Wife. Well said *Ralph*, *George*, *Ralph* was ever comfortable, was he not?

Cit. Yes Duck.

Wife. I shall ne'r forget him: when we had lost our child, you know it was straid almost alone, to *Puddle-wharfe*, and the Cryers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd it self but for a Sculler, *Ralph* was the most comfortablest to me: peace Mistriss, saies he, let it go, I'll get you another as good, did he not *George*? did he not say so?

Cit. Yes indeed did he Mouse.

Dwarfe. I would we had a mess of Pottage, and a pot of Drink, Squire, and were going to bed.

Squire. Why we are at *Waltham* Towns end, and that's the *Bell* Inne.

Dwarfe. Take courage valiant Knight, Damsel, and Squire,
I have discovered, not a stones cast off,
An antient Castle held by the old Knight

Of the most holy Order of the *Bell*,
Who gives to all Knights Errant entertain:
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd,
By the white hands of his own Lady dear.
He hath three Squires that welcome all his Guests:
The first, High Chamberlain, who will see
Our beds prepar'd, and bring us snowy sheets,
Where never Footman stretch'd his butter'd Hams.
The second height *Tapstro*, who will see
Our pots full filled, and no froth therein;
The third, a gentle Squire *Ostlero* height,
Who will our Palfries slick with wisps of straw,
And in the Maunger put them Oats enough,
And never grease their teeth with Candle-snuffe.

Wife. That same Dwarfe's a pretty boy, but the Squire's a grout-nold.

Ralph. Knock at the Gates my Squire, with stately Lance.

Enter Tapster.

Tap. Who's there, you're welcome Gentlemen, will you see a room?

Dwarfe. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the *Burning Pestle*, This is the Squire *Tapstro*.

Ralph. Fair Squire *Tapstro*, I a wandring Knight,
Height of the *Burning Pestle* in the quest
Of this fair Ladies Casket, and wrought purse,
Losing my self in this vast wilderness,
And to this Castle well by fortune brought,
Where hearing of the goodly entertain
Your Knight of holy Order of the *Bell*,
Gives to all Damsels, and all Errant Knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tapst. An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. *George*, I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it *Nell*?

Wife. Why *George*, shall *Ralph* beat no body again? prethee sweet-heart let him.

Cit. So he shall *Nell*, and if I joyn with him, we'll knock them all.

Enter Humphrey *and* Merchant.

Wife. O *George*, here's master *Humphrey* again now, that lost Mistriss *Luce*, and Mistriss *Luce*'s Father, master *Humphrey* will do some bodies arrant I warrant him.

Hum. Father, it's true in arms I ne'r shall clasp her,
For she is stoln away by your man *Jasper*.

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

Mer. Unhappy that I am to lose my child:
Now I begin to think on *Jasper*'s words,
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishness,
Why didst thou let her go, thou lov'st her not,
That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father forgive me, I shall tell you true,
Look on my shoulders they are black and blue,
Whilst too and fro fair *Luce* and I were winding,
He came and basted me with a hedge binding.

Mer. Get men and horses straight, we will be there
Within this hour; you know the place again?

Hum. I know the place where he my loins did swaddle,
I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle.

Mer. Mean time I'll go talk with *Jaspers* Father.
[*Exeunt.*

Wife. *George*, What wilt thou lay with me now, that Master *Humphrey* has not Mistriss *Luce* yet, speak *George* what wilt thou lay with me?

Cit. No *Nell*, I warrant thee, *Jasper* is at *Puckeridge* with her by this.

Wife. Nay *George*, you must consider Mistriss *Lucies* feet are tender, and besides, 'tis dark, and I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of *Waltham* Forrest with her yet.

Cit. Nay Cunny, what wilt thou lay with me that *Ralph* has her not yet.

Wife. I will not lay against *Ralph*, Honny, because I have not spoken with him: but look *George*, peace, here comes the merry old Gentleman again.

Enter old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came *Margarets* grimly Ghost,
And stood at *William*'s feet.

I have money, and meat, and drink before hand, till to morrow at noon, why should I be sad? methinks I have halfe a dozen jovial spirits within me, I am three merry men, and three merry men: To what end should any man be sad in this world? give me a man that when he goes to hanging cries troul the black boul to me: and a Woman that will sing a catch in her Travel. I have seen a man come by my door, with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a Hatband, carrying his head as if he lookt for pins in the street. I have lookt out of my window halfe a year after, and have spied that mans head upon *London Bridge*: 'tis vile, never trust a Tailor that does not sing at his work, his mind is of nothing but filching.

Wife. Mark this *George*, 'tis worth noting: *Godfrey* my Tailor, you know never sings, and he had fourteen yards to make this Gown; and I'll be sworn, Mistriss *Penistone* the Drapers Wife had one made with twelve.

Old Mer. 'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than Wine, or Sleep, or Food,
Let each man keep his heart at ease
No man dies of that disease,
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep,
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never [he] his body brings
Into Feavers, Gouts, or Rhumes,
Or lingringly his Lungs consumes:
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or Catarrhs, or griping Stone:
But contented lives for aye,
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. Look *George*, how sayst thou by this *George*? is't not a fine old man? Now Gods blessing a thy sweet lips.

When wilt thou be so merry *George*? Faith thou art the frowningst little thing, when thou art angry, in a Countrey.

Enter Merchant.

Cit. Peace Conny, Thou shalt see him took down too I warrant thee: here's *Luce's* Father come now.

Old Mer. As you came from *Walsingam*, from the Holy Land, there met you not with my true love by the way as you came.

Mer. O Master *Merry-thought*! my Daughters gone,
This mirth becomes you not, my Daughter's gone.

Old Mer. Why an if she be, what care I?
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Merch. Mock not my misery, it is your Son,
Whom I have made my own, when all forsook him,
Has stoln my only joy, my child away. (upon a gray,

Old Mer. He set her on a milk white Steed, and himself
He never turn'd his face again, but he bore her quite away.

Merch. Unworthy of the kindness I have shewn
To thee, and thine: too late, I well perceive
Thou art consenting to my Daughters loss. (daughter?

Old Mer. Your Daughter, what a-stirs here wi' y'r
Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If both my sons were on the gallows, I would sing *down, down, down*: they fall down, and arise they never shall.

Merch. Oh might I behold her once again.
And she once more embrace her aged sire.

Old Mer. Fie, how scurvily this goes: and she once more embrace her aged sire? you'll make a dog on her, will ye; she cares much for her aged sire, I warrant you.
She cares not for her Daddy, nor she cares not for her Mammy.
For she is, she is, she is[, she is] my Lord of *Low-gaves* Lassie.

Merch. For this thy scorn I will pursue
That son of thine to death.

Old Mer. Do, and when you ha kill'd him,
Give him flowers i'now Palmer, give him flowers i'now,
Give him red and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

Merch. I'll fetch my Daughter.

Old Mer. I'll hear no more o' your Daughter, it spoils my mirth.

Merch. I say I'll fetch my Daughter.
Old Mer. Was never man for Ladies sake, *down, down,*
Tormented as I [poore] Sir *Guy*? *de derry down,*
For *Lucies* sake, that Lady bright, *down, down,*
As ever men beheld with eye? *de derry down.*
Merch. I'll be reveng'd by heaven. [*Exeunt.*
Musick. Finis *Act. Secund.*

Wife. How dost thou like this *George*?
Cit. Why this is well Cunnie: but if *Ralph* were hot once: thou shouldst see more.
Wife. The Fidlers go again Husband.
Cit. I *Nell*, but this is scurvy Musick: I gave the whoreson gallows money, and I think he has not got me the Waits of *Southwark*, if I hear him not anan, I'll twinge him by the ears.
[You] Musicians play *Baloo.*
Wife. No good *George*, let's ha *Lachrymæ.*
Cit. Why this is it Cunny.
Wife. It's all the better *George*: now sweet Lamb, what story is that painted upon the cloth? the confutation of Saint Paul?
Cit. No Lamb, that's *Ralph* and *Lucrece.*
Wife. *Ralph* and *Lucrece*? which *Ralph*? our *Ralph*?
Cit. No Mouse, that was a *Tartarian.*
Wife. A *Tartarian*? well, I wo'd the Fidlers had done, that we might see our *Ralph* again.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Jasper *and* Luce.

Jasp. Come my [deere deere], though we have lost our way,
We have not lost our selves: are you not weary
With this nights wandring, broken from your rest?
And frighted with the terror that attends
The darkness of this wild unpeopled place?
Luce. No my best friend, I cannot either fear,
Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me:
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish

Amongst the number of forsaken Lovers,
Tell the long weary steps, and number time,
Start at a shadow, and shrink up their bloud,
Whilst I (possest with all content and quiet)
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

Jasp. You have caught me *Luce*, so fast, that whilst I live
I shall become your faithful prisoner:
And wear these chains for ever. Come, sit down,
And rest your body, too too delicate
For these disturbances; so, will you sleep?
Come, do not be more able than you are,
I know you are not skilful in these Watches,
For Women are no Soldiers; be not nice,
But take it, sleep I say.

Luce. I cannot sleep.
Indeed I cannot friend.

Jasp. Why then we'll sing,
And try how that will work upon our sences.

Luce. I'll sing, or say, or any thing but sleep.

Jasp. Come little Mermaid, rob me of my heart
With that inchanting voice.

Luce. You mock me *Jasper.*

SONG.

Jasp. *Tell me (dearest) what is Love?*
Luce. *'Tis a lightning from above,*
'Tis an Arrow, 'tis a Fire,
'Tis a Boy they call desire.
'Tis a smile
Doth beguile
Jasp. *The poor hearts [o]f men that prove,*
Tell me more, are Women true?
Luce. *Some Love change, and so do you.*
Jasp. *Are they fair, and never kind?*
Luce. *Yes, when men turn with the wind.*
Jasp. *Are they froward?*
Luce. *Ever toward*
Those that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more, I see the God
Of heavy sleep, lay on his heavy Mace,

Upon your eye-lids.
Luce. I am very heavy.
Jasp. Sleep, sleep, and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts:
Keep from her fair blood distempers, startings,
Horrors and fearful shapes: let all her dreams
Be joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,
And such new pleasures as the ravish'd soul
Gives to the sences. So my charms have took.
Keep her you powers divine, whilst I contemplate
Upon the wealth and beauty of her mind.
She is only fair, and constant: only kind,
And only to thee *Jasper*. Oh my joyes!
Whither will you transport me? let not fulness
Of my poor buried hopes come up together,
And over-charge my spirits; I am weak,
Some say (how ever ill) the Sea and Women
Are govern'd by the Moon, both ebb and flow,
Both full of changes: yet to them that know,
And truly judge, these but opinions are,
And heresies to bring on pleasing War
Between our tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love, and present fear.
Which are the best of *Cupid*. O thou child!
Bred from despair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a love without the faults of Women,
And greater in her perfect goods than men:
Which to make good, and please my self the stronger,
Though certainly I am certain of her love,
I'll try her, that the world and memory
May sing to after-times her constancy.
Luce, Luce, awake.
Luce. Why do you fright me friend,
With those distempered looks? what makes your sword
Drawn in your hand? who hath offended you?
I prethee *Jasper* sleep, thou art wild with watching.
Jasp. Come make your way to Heaven, and bid the world
(With all the villanies that stick upon it)
Farewell; you're for another life.
Luce. Oh *Jasper*.
How have my tender years committed evil,

(Especially against the man I love)
Thus to be cropt untimely?

Jasp. Foolish girl,
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his service, shut the doors
Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
To sink or swim? Come, by this hand you dye,
I must have life and blood to satisfie
Your fathers wrongs.

Wife. Away *George*, away, raise the Watch at *Ludgate*, and bring a *Mittimus* from the Justice for this desperate Villain. Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the Kings peace kept. O my heart what a varlet's this, to offer Man-slaughter upon the harmless Gentlewoman?

Cit. I warrant thee (sweet heart) we'll have him hampered.

Luce. Oh *Jasper*! be not cruel,
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly.
And let not many deaths appear before me.
I am a woman made of fear and love
A weak, weak woman, kill not with thy eyes,
They shoot me through and through. Strike I am ready.
And dying still I love thee.

Enter Merchant, Humphrey, *and his Men.*

Merch. Where abouts?

Jasp. No more of this, now to my self again.

Hum. There, there he stands with Sword like martial Knight.
Drawn in his hand, therefore beware the fight
You that are wise: for were I good Sir *Bevis*,
I would not stay his coming, by your leaves.

Merc. Sirrah, restore my daughter.

Jasp. Sirrah, no.

Merch. Upon him then.

Wife. So, down with him, down with him, down with him: cut him i'the leg boyes, cut him i'th'leg.

Merc. Come your ways Minion, I'll provide a Cage for you, you're grown so tame. Horse her away.

Hum. Truly I'm glad your forces have the day. [*Exeunt*
Jasp. They are gone, and I am hurt, my Love is lost, *manet*
Never to get again. Oh me unhappy! *Jasper.*
Bleed, bleed, and dye, I cannot: Oh my folly!
Thou hast betray'd me, Hope where art thou fled?
Tell me if thou be'st any where remaining.
Shall I but see my love again? Oh no!
She will not dain to look upon her Butcher,
Nor is [it] fit she should; yet I must venter.
Oh chance, or fortune, or what ere thou art
That men adore for powerful, hear my cry,
And let me loving live; or loosing dye. [*Exit*]

Wife. Is a gone *George*?

Cit. I conny.

Wife. Marry and let him go (sweet heart) by the faith a my body a has put me into such a fright, that I tremble (as they say) as 'twere an Aspine leaf: look a my little finger *George*, how it shakes: now in truth every member of my body is the worse for't.

Cit. Come, hug in mine arms sweet Mouse, he shall not fright thee any more: alass mine own dear heart how it quivers.

Enter Mistris Merry-thought, Rafe, Michael, Squire, Dwar[f]e, Host, *and a* Tapster.

Wife. O *Rafe*, how dost thou *Rafe*? how hast thou slept to night? has the Knight us'd thee well?

Cit. Peace *Nell*, let *Rafe* alone.

Tapst. Master, the reckoning is not paid.

Rafe. Right courteous Knight, who for the orders sake
Which thou hast tane, hang'st out the holy *Bell*,
As I this flaming Pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous Lady, and your gentle Squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,
Stifned with hard atchievements in wild Desart.

Tapst. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Rafe. Thou merry Squire *Tapstere*, thanks to thee,
For comforting our souls with double Jug,
And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,

Thou jovial Squire, to follow feats of Arms,
Take heed thou tender every Ladies cause,
Every true Knight, and every Damsel fair
But spill the blood of treacherous *Sarazens*,
And false inchanters, that with Magick spels,
Have done to death full many a noble Knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the *burning Pestle*, give ear to me, there is twelve shillings to pay, and as I am a true Knight, I will not bate a penny.

Wife. *George*, I prethee tell me, must *Rafe* pay twelve shillings now?

Cit. No, *Nel*, no, nothing but the old Knight is merry with *Rafe*.

Wife. O is't nothing else? *Rafe* will be as merry as he.

Rafe. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well,
But to requite this liberal courtesie,
If any of your Squires will follow Arms,
He shall receive from my Heroick hand
A Knig[h]thood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair Knight, I thank you for your noble offer,
Therefore gentle Knight,
Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

Wife. Look *George*, did not I tell thee as much, the Knight of the *Bell* is in earnest, *Rafe* shall not be beholding to him, give him his money *George*, and let him go snick up.

Cit. Cap *Rafe*? no, hold your hand sir Knight of the *Bell*, there's your Money, have you any thing to say to *Rafe* now? cap *Rafe*?

Wife. I would you should know it, *Rafe* has friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that, now take thy course *Rafe*.

M. mer. Come *Michael*, thou and I will go home to thy father, he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set fellows abroad to cry our Purse and Casket: Shall we *Michael*?

Mich. I, I pray mother, in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling.

Wife. Faith and those chilblaines are a foul trouble, Mistris *Merry-thought* when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ankles, with a

Mouseskin; or if none of your [people] can catch a Mouse, when he goes to bed, let him rowl his feet in the warm embers, and I warrant you he shall be well, and you may make him put his fingers between his toes, and smell to them, it's very soveraign for his head, if he be costive.

Mist. mer. Master Knight of the burning Pestle, my son *Michael*, and I bid you farewell, I thank your Worship hartily for your kindness.

Rafe. Fare-well fair Lady, and your tender Squire.
If pricking through these Desarts, I do hear
Of any traiterous Knight who through his guile,
Hath light upon your Casket and your Purse,
I will despoil him of them and restore them.

Mist. mer. I thank your Worship. [*Exit with Michael.*

Rafe. Dwarf bear my shield, Squire elevate my lance,
And now farewell you Knight of holy *Bell.*

Cit. I, I *Rafe*, all is paid.

Rafe. But yet before I go, speak worthy Knight,
If [ought] you do of sad adventures know,
Where errant Knights may through his prowess win
Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls,
From endless [bonds] of steel and lingring pain.

Host. Sirrah go to *Nick* the *Barber*, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before quickly.

Tap. I am gone Sir. [*Exit Tapster.*

Host. Sir Knight, this wilderness affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a Knight
Hath tried his prowess, and come off with shame,
And where I would not have you loose your life,
Against no man, but furious fiend of Hell.

Rafe. Speak on Sir Knight, tell what he is, and where:
For here I vow upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze a day in quietness;
But bread and water will I only eat,
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch
Till I have queld that man, or beast, or fiend,
That works such damage to all Errant Knights.

Host. Not far from hence, near [to] a craggy cliff
At the North end of this distressed Town,
There doth stand a lowly house

Ruggedly builded, and in it a Cave
In which an ugly Giant now doth won,
Ycleped *Barbaroso*: in his hand
He shakes a naked Lance of purest steel,
With sleeves turn'd up, and him before he wears,
A motly garment to preserve his clothes
From blood of those Knights which he massacres,
And Ladies Gentle: without his door doth hang
A copper bason, on a prickant Spear;
At which, no sooner gentle Knights can knock,
But the shrill sound, fierce *Barbaroso* hears,
And rushing forth, brings in the Errant Knight,
And sets him down in an inchanted chair:
Then with an Engine, which he hath prepar'd
With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,
Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin,
He plants a brazen piece of mighty board,
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks,
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill
The wretches ears with a most hideous noyse.
Thus every Knight Adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him.

Rafe. In Gods name, I will fight with him, kind sir,
Go but before me to this dismal Cave
Where this huge Giant *Barbaroso* dwells,
And by that virtue that brave *Rosicleere*,
That damn'd brood of ugly Giants slew,
And *Palmerin Frannarco* overthrew:
I doubt not but to curb this Traytor foul,
And to the Devil send his guilty Soul.

Host. Brave sprighted Knight, thus far I will perform
This your request, I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
By a more lothsome man: but dare not stay,
For his main force swoops all he sees away.

Rafe. Saint *George* set on before, march Squire and Page. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. *George*, dost think *Rafe* will confound the Giant?

Cit. I hold my cap to a farthing he does: why *Nell*, I saw him wrestle with the great Dutchman, and hurle him.

Wife. Faith and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things were answerable to his bigness: and yet they say there was a Scottishman higher than he, and that they two and a Knight met, and saw one another for nothing: but of all the sights that ever were in *London*, since I was married, methinks the little child that was so fair grown about the members, was the prettiest, that and the *Hermaphrodite*.

Cit. Nay, by your leave *Nil*, *Ninivie* was better.

Wife. *Ninivie*, O that was the story of *Jone* and the wall, was it not *George*?

Cit. Yes lamb. [*Enter Mistris Merry-t*[*hou*]*ght.*

Wife. Look *George*, here comes Mistris *Merry-though*[*t*] [ag]ain, and I would have *Rafe* come and fight with the Gyant, I tell you true I long to see't.

Cit. Good Mistriss *Merri-thought* be [g]one, I pray you for my sake, I pray you forbear a little, you shall have audience presently, I have a little business.

Wife. Mistris *Merri-thought*, if it please you to refrain your passion a little, till *Rafe* have dispatcht the Giant out of the way, we shall think our selves much bound to thank you: I thank you good Mistris *Merri-thought*.

[*Exit Mist. Merry-thought.*

Enter a Boy.

Cit. Boy, come hither, send away *Rafe* and this whoreson Giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith sir we cannot, you'l utterly spoil our Play, and make it to be hist, and it cost money, you will not suffer us to go on with our plots, I pray Gentlemen rule him.

Cit. Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy hand *George*, do, and I'll kiss him, I warrant thee the youth means plainly.

Boy. I'll send him to you presently. [*Exit Boy.*

Wife. I thank you little youth, feth the child hath a sweet breath *George*, but I think it be troubled with the Worms, *Carduus Benedictus* and Mares milk were the only

thing in the world for't. O *Rafe*'s here *George*; God send thee good luck *Rafe*.

Enter Rafe, Host, Squire, *and* Dwarf.

Host. Puissant Knight yonder his Mansion is,
Lo, where the Spear and Copper Bason are,
Behold the string on which hangs many a tooth,
Drawn from the gentle jaw of wandring Knights,
I dare not stay to sound, he will appear. [*Exit Host.*
Rafe. O faint not heart, *Susan* my Lady dear:
The Coblers Maid in Milkstreet, for whose sake,
I take these Arms, O let the thought of thee,
Carry thy Knight through all adventurous deeds,
And in the honor of thy beauteous self,
May I destroy this monster *Barbaroso*,
Knock Squire upon the Bason till it break [*Enter*
With the shrill strokes, or till the Giant spake. *Barba.*
Wife. O *George*, the Giant, the Giant, now *Rafe* for thy life.
Bar. What fond unknowing wight is this, that dares,
So rudely knock at *Barbarossa*'s Cell,
Where no man comes, but leaves his fleece behind?
Rafe. I, traiterous Caitiffe, who am sent by fate
To punish all the sad enormities
Thou hast committed against Ladies gentle,
And Errant Knights, Traytor to God and men:
Prepare thy self, this is the dismal hour
Appointed for thee to give strict account
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.
Bar. Fool-hardy Knight, full soon thou shalt aby
This fond reproach, thy body will I bang, [*He takes down*
And loe upon that string thy teeth shall hang: *his pole.*
Prepare thy self, for dead soon shalt thou be.
Rafe. Saint *George* for me. [*They fight.*
Barba. *Gargantua* for me.
Wife. To him *Rafe*, to him, hold up the Giant, set out thy leg before *Rafe*.
Cit. Falsifie a blow *Rafe*, falsifie a blow, the Giant lies open on the left side.

Wife. Bear't off, bear't off still; there boy, O *Rafe*'s almost down, *Rafe*'s almost down.

Rafe. *Susan* inspire me, now have up again.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up, so *Rafe*, down with him, down with him *Rafe.*

Cit. Fetch him over the hip boy.

Wife. There boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, *Rafe.*

Cit. No *Rafe*, get all out of him first.

Rafe. Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee, the just Gods,
Who never prosper those that do despise them,
For all the villanies which thou hast done
To Knights and Ladies, now have paid thee home,
By my stiff arm, a Knight adventurous.
But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul
To sad *Avernus*, whither it must go,
What captives holdst thou in thy sable cave?

Barba. Go in and free them all, thou hast the day.

Rafe. Go Squire and Dwarf, search in this dreadful cave,
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.
[*Exit Squire and Dwarf.*

Barb. I crave for mercy as thou art a Knight,
And scornst to spill the blood of those that beg.

Rafe. Thou shewest no mercy, nor shalt thou have any,
Prepare thy self, for thou shalt surely dye.

Enter Squire leading one winking, with a Bason under his chin.

Squire. Behold brave Knight here is one prisoner,
Whom this wild man hath used as you see.

Wife. This is the [first] wise word I hear[d] the Squire speak.

Rafe. Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd,
That I may give him condign punishment.

1. *Kni.* I am a Knight that took my journey post
Northward from *London*, and in courteous wise,
This Gyant train'd me to his [loathsome] den,
Under pretence of killing of the itch,
And all my body with a powder strew'd,
That smarts and stings, and cut away my beard,
And my curl'd locks wherein were Ribands ty'de,
And with a water washt my tender eyes,

Whilst up and down about me still he skipt,
Whose virtue is, that till my eyes be wip't
With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace,
I shall not dare to look a dog i'th'face.

Wife. Alass poor Knight, relieve him *Rafe*, relieve poor Knights whilst you live.

Rafe. My trusty Squire convey him to the Town,
Where he may find relief, adieu fair Knight. [*Exit Knight.*

Enter Dwarf leading one with a patch o'er his Nose.

Dwar. Puissant Knight of the *burning Pestle* height,
See here another wretch, whom this foul beast
Hath scorcht and scor'd in this inhumane wise.

Rafe. Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,
And what hath been thy usage in this Cave.

2. *Knight.* I am a Knight, Sir *Pock-hole* is my name,
And by my birth I am a *Londoner*,
Free by my Copy, but my Ancestors
Were *Frenchmen* all, and riding hard this way,
Upon a trotting horse my bones did ake,
And I faint Knight to ease my weary limbes,
Light at this Cave, when straight this furious fiend,
With sharpest instrument of purest steel,
Did cut the gristle of my Nose away,
And in the place this velvet plaster stands,
Relieve me gentle Knight out of his hands.

Wife. Good *Rafe* relieve Sir *Pockhole*, and send him away, for in truth his breath stinks.

Rafe. Convey him straight after the other Knight:
Sir *Pockhole* fare you well.

[2]. *Knight.* Kind Sir goodnight. [*Exit*

[*Cryes within.*

Man. Deliver us.

Woman. Deliver us.

Wife. Harke *George*, what a woful cry there is, I think some woman lyes in there.

Man. Deliver us.

Woman. Deliver us.

Rafe. What gastly noise is this? speak *Barbaroso*
Or by this blazing steel thy head goes off.

Barb. Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keep,
Send lower down into the Cave,
And in a Tub that's heated smoaking hot,
There may they find them and deliver them.

Rafe. Run Squire and Dwarf, deliver them with speed.

Exeunt Squire and Dwarf.

Wife. But will not *Raf*[*e*] kill this Giant, surely I am afraid if he let him go he will do as much hurt, as ever he did.

Citizen. Not so Mouse neither, if he could convert him.

Wife. I *George*, if he could convert him; but a Gyant is not so soon converted as one of us ordinary people. There's a pretty tale of a Witch, that had the Divels mark about her, God bless us, that had a Gyant to her son, that was call'd *Lob-lie-by-the-fire*, didst never hear it *George.*

Enter Squire leading a man with a glass of Lotion in his hand, and the Dwarf leading a woman, with Dyet-bread and Drink.

Cit. Peace *Nell*, here comes the prisoners.

Dwar. Here be these pined wretches, manfull Knight,
That for this six weeks have not seen a wight.

Raph. Deliver what you are, and how you came
To this sad Cave, and what your usage was?

Man. I am an errant Knight that followed Arms,
With spear and shield, and in my tender years
I strucken was with *Cupids* fiery shaft,
And fell in love with this my Lady dear,
And stole her from her friends in Turne-ball street,
And bore her up and down from Town to Town,
Where we did eat and drink and Musick he[a]re;
Till at the length at this unhappy Town
We did arrive, and coming to this Cave,
This beast us caught, and put us in a Tub,
Where we this two months sweat, and should have done
Another Month if you had not relieved us.

Wom. This bread and water hath our dyet been,
Together with a rib cut from a neck
Of burned Mutton, hard hath been our fare,
Release us from this ugly Gyants snare.

Man. This hath been [all] the food we have receiv'd,
But only twice a day for novelty,
He gave a spoonful of his hearty broth [*Pulls out a siringe.*
To each of us, through this same [sl]ender quill.

Raph. From this infernall Monster you shall go,
That useth Knights and gentle Ladies so.
Convey them hence. [*Exeunt man and woman.*

Cit. Cunny, I can tell thee the Gentlem[e]n like *Rafe.*

Wife. I *George*, I see it well enough. Gentlemen I thank you all heartily for gracing my man *Raph*, and I promise you, you shall see him oftner.

Bar. Mercy great Knight, I do recant my ill,
And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

Raph. I give thee mercy, but yet thou shalt swear
Upon my burning Pestle to perform
Thy promise utter'd.

Bar. I swear and kiss.

Raph. Depart then and amend.
Come Sq[u]ire and Dwarf, the Sun grows towards his set,
And we have many more adventures yet. [*Exeunt.*

Cit. Now *Raph* is in this humor, I know he would ha beaten all the boys in the house, if they had been set on him.

Wife. I *George*, but it is well as it is: I warrant you the gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a Gyant: but look *George*, here comes Mistriss *Merri-thought*, and her son *Michael*, now you are welcome Mistris *Merri-thought*, now *Raph* has done you may go on.

Enter Mistriss Merry-thought *and* Michael.

Mist. mer. Micke My Boy?

Mich. I forsooth Mother.

Mist. mer. Be merry *Micke*, we are at home now: where I warrant you, yo[u] shall find the house flung out of the windows: Hark: hey dogs, hey, this is the old world y'faith with my Husband: [if I] get in amo[n]g them, I'll play them such [a] les[s]on, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither again. Why Master *Merry-thought*, Husband, *Charles Merry-thought.*

Old Mer. within. If you will sing, and dance, and laugh,

and hollow, and laugh again: and then cry there boys there: why then,
One, two, three, and four,
We shall be merry within this hour.

Mist. Mer. Why *Charles* do you not know your own natural wife? I say open the door, and turn me out those mangy companions; 'tis more than time that they were fellow like with you: you are a Gentleman *Charles*, and an old man, and father of two children; and I my self, (though I say it) by my mothers side, Niece to a Worshipful Gentleman, and a Conductor, he has been three times in his Majesties service at *Chester*, and is now the fourth time, God bless him, and his charge upon his journey.

Old Mer. *Go from my window, love go:*
Go from my window my dear,
The wind and the rain will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here.

Hark you Mistriss *Merri-thought*, you that walk upon Adventures, and forsake your Husband, because he sings with never a penny in his purse; what shall I think my self the worse? Faith no, I'll be merry.

You come not here, here's none but Lads of mettle, lives of a hundred years, and upwards, care never drunk their bloods, nor want made them warble.

Hey-ho, my heart is heavy.

Mist. Mer. Why M. *Merrithought*, what am I that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your fellow-feeler, (as we may say) in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sickness? have I not brought you Children? are they not like you *Charles*? look upon thine own Image, hard-hearted man; and yet for all this—

Old Mer. within. Begon, begon my juggy, my puggy, begon my love my dear.

The weather is warm, 'twill do thee no harm, thou canst not be lodged here.
Be merry boys, some light musick, and more wine.

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope *George*, is he?

Cit. What if he be, sweet heart?

Wife. Marry if he be *George*, I'll make bold to tell him he's an ingrant old man, to use his bed-fellow so scurvily.

Cit. What how does he use her Honey?

Wife. Marry come up sir sauce-box, I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord how hot are you grown: you are a fine man an you had a fine Dog, it becomes you sweetly.

Cit. Nay, prethee *Nell* chide not: for as I am an honest man, and a true Christian Grocer, I do not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy then *George*, you know we are all frail, and full of infirmities. Dee hear Master *Merri-thought*, may I crave a word with you?

Old Mer. within. Strike up lively lads.

Wife. I had not thought in truth, Master *Merri-thought*, that a man of your age and discretion (as I may say) being a Gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weakness of his wife: for your wife is your own flesh, the staff of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the myre of this transitory world: Nay, she's your own rib. And again—

Old Mer. I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadst kist me under the breech,
As thou art a Lady gay.

Wife. Marry with a vengeance,
I am heartily sorry for the poor Gentlewoman: but if I were thy wife, i'faith gray-beard, i'faith—

Cit. I prethee sweet Hony-suckle, be content.

Wife. Give me such words that am a Gentlewoman born, hang him hoary Rascal. Get me some drink *George*, I am almost molten with fretting: now beshrew his Knaves heart for it.

Old mer. Play me a light *Lavalto*: come, be frollick, fill the good fellows wine.

Mist. mer. Why Master *Merri-thought*, are you disposed to make me wait here: you'll open I hope, i'll fetch them that shall open else.

Old mer. Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you something, if not—

SONG.

You are no love for me Marget, *I am no love for you.*
Come aloft Boys, aloft.

Mist. mer. Now a Churles fart in your teeth Sir: Come *Mick*, we'll not trouble him, a shall not ding us i'th'teeth with his bread and his broth, that he shall not: come boy, I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee: wee'll go to Master *Venterwels* the Merchant, I'll get his letter to mine Host of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, there I'll place thee with the Tapster, will not that do well for thee *Mick*? and let me alone for that old Cuckoldly Knave your father, I'll use him in his kind, I warrant ye.

Wife. Come *George*, where's the beer?

Cit. Here Love.

Wife. This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet; Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all, I desire more of your acquaintance, with all my heart. Fill the Gentlemen some beer *George*.

Finis Actus Tertii. Musick.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Boy danceth.

Wife. Look *George*, the little boy's come again, methinks he looks something like the Prince of *Orange* in his long stocking, if he had a little harness about his neck. *George*, I will have him dance *Fading*; *Fading*, is a fine Jig I'll assure you Gentlemen: begin brother, now a capers sweet heart, now a turn a th'toe, and then tumble: cannot you tumble youth?

Boy. No indeed forsooth.

Wife. Nor eat fire?

Boy. Neither.

Wife. Why then I thank you heartily, there's two pence to buy you points withall.

Enter Jasper *and Boy.*

Jasp. There boy, deliver this: but do it well. Hast thou provided me four lusty fellows?
Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy business?

Boy. Sir you need not fear,
I have my lesson here, and cannot miss it:
The men are ready for you, and what else

Pertains to this imployment.

Jasp. There my boy,
Take it, but buy no land.

Boy. Faith sir 'twere rare
To see so young a purchaser: I flie,
And on my wings carry your destiny. [*Exit.*

Jasp. Go, and be happy: Now my latest hope
Forsake me not, but fling thy Anchor out,
And let it hold: stand fix[t] thou rolling stone,
Till I enjoy my dearest: hear me all
You powers that rule in men celestial. [*Exit.*

Wife. Go thy ways, thou art as crooked a sprig as ever grew, in *London*, I warrant him he'll come to some naughty end or other: for his looks say no less: Besides, his father (you know *George*) is none of the best, you heard him take me up like a Gill flirt: and sing bawdy Songs upon me: but i'faith if I live *George*—

Cit. Let me alone sweet-heart, I have a trick in my head shall lodge him in the Arches for one year, and make him sing *Peccavi*, 'ere I leave him, and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.

Wife. Do my good *Ge[o]rge*, do.

Cit. What shall we have *Rafe* do now boy?

Boy. You shall have what you will sir.

Cit. Why so sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy of *Persia* come and christen him a child.

Boy. Believe me Sir, that will not do so well, 'tis stale, it has been had before at the Red Bull.

Wife. *George*, let *Rafe* travell over great hills, and let him be [very] weary, and come to the King of *Cracovia*'s house, covered with velvet, and there let the Kings daughter stand in her window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of Ivory, and let her spye *Rafe*, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her fathers house, and then let *Rafe* talk with her.

Cit. Well said *Nel*, it shall be so: boy let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together: but we cannot present a house covered with black Velvet, and a Lady in beaten gold.

Cit. Sir Boy, lets ha't as you can then.

Boy. Besides, it will shew ill-favoredly to have a Grocers Prentice to court a Kings daughter.

Cit. Will it so Sir? you are well read in Histories: I pray you what was Sir *Dagonet*? was not he Prentice to a Grocer in *London*? read the Play of the *Four Prentices of London*, where they toss their Pikes so: I pray you fetch him in Sir, fetch him in.

Boy. It shall be done, it is not our fault Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Wife. Now we shall see fine doings I warrant thee *George*. O here they come; how prettily the King of *Cracovia*'s daughter is drest.

Enter Rafe *and the Lady, Squire and Dwarf.*

Cit. I *Nell*, it is the fashion of that Countrey, I warrant thee.

Lady. Welcome sir Knight unto my fathers Court.
King of *Moldavia*, unto me *Pompiona*
His daughter dear: but sure you do not like
Your entertainment, that will stay with us
No longer but a night.

Raph. Damsell right fair,
I [a]m on many sad adventures bound,
That call me forth into the Wilderness:
Besides, my horses back is something gal'd,
Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.
But many thanks (fair Lady) be to you,
For using errant Knight with courtesie.

Lady. But say (brave Knight) what is your name and birth?

Rafe. My name is *Rafe*, I am an Englishman,
As true as steel, a hearty Englishman,
And Prentice to a Grocer in the *Strand*,
By deed indent, of which I have one part:
But fortune calling me to follow Arms,
On me this holy Order I did take,
Of *burning Pestle*, which in all mens eyes,
I bear, confounding Ladies enemies.

Lady. Oft have I heard of your brave Countrymen,
And fertile soil, and store of wholesome food;

For there have been great Wars 'twixt u
But truely *Rafe*, it was not long of me.
Tell me then *Rafe* could you contented l
To wear a Ladies favor in your shield?
Rafe. I am a Knight of Religious O
And will not wear a favor of a Ladies
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditi
Cit. Well said *Rafe*, convert her if t
Rafe. Besides, I have a Lady of my
In merry *England*; for whose virtuous sak
I took these Arms, and *Susan* is her name
A Coblers maid in Milkstreet, whom I vo
Nere to forsake, whilst life and Pestle last.
Lady. Happy that Cobling Dame, whc
That for her own (dear *Rafe*) hath gotten
Unhappy I, that nere shall see the day
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart a
Rafe. Lady farewell, I must needs tak
Lady. Hard-hearted *Rafe*, that Ladies
Cit. Hark thee *Rafe*, there's money for
thing in the King of *Cracovia*'s house, be not
Rafe. Lady before I go, I must remei
Your fathers Officers, who truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent:
Hold up thy snowy hand thou princely ma
There's twelvepence for

And last, fair Lady, there is for your self
Three pence to buy you pins at *Bumbo* Fair.
Lady. Full many thanks, and I will keep them safe
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake *Rafe.*
Rafe. Advance my Squire and Dwarf, I cannot stay.
Lady. Thou kil'st my heart in parting thus away. [*Exeunt.*
Wife. I commend *Rafe*, yet that he will not stoop to a *Cracovian*, there's properer women in *London* than any are there I-wis. But here comes Master *Humphrey*, and his love again, now *George.*
Cit. I Cunny, peace.

Enter Merchant, Humphrey, Luce, *and Boy.*

Merc. Go get you up, I will not be intreated.
And Gossip mine I'll keep you sure hereafter
From gadding out again, with boys and unthrifts,
Come they are womens tears, I know your fashion.
Go sirrah, lock her in, and keep the key. [*Exit Luce and Boy.*
Safe as [you love] your life. Now my son *Humphrey*,
You may both rest assured of my love
In this, and reap your own desire.
Hum. I see this love you speak of, through your daughter.
Although the hole be little, and hereafter
Will yield the like in all I may or can,
Fitting a Christian, and a Gentleman.
Merc. I Do believe you (my good son) and thank you.
For 'twere an impudence to think you flattered.
Hum. It were indeed, but shall I tell you why,
I have been beaten twice about the lye.
Merc. Well son, no more of complement, my daughter
Is yours again; appoint the time and take her.
Wee'll have no stealing for it, I my self
And some few of our friends will see you married.
Hum. I would you would i'faith, for be it known
I ever was afraid to lye alone.
Mer. Some three days hence then.
Hum. Three days, let me see,
'Tis somewhat of the most, yet I agree,
Because I mean against the pointed day,
To visit all my friends in new array. [*Enter servant.*

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would speak with your Worship.

Mer. What is she?

Ser. Sir I askt her not.

Mer. Bid her come in.

Enter Mistriss Merry-thought, and Michael.

Mist. mer. Peace be to your Worship, I come as a poor Suitor to you Sir, in the behalf of this child.

Mer. Are you not wife to *Merri-thought*?

Mist. mer. Yes truly, would I had nere seen his eyes, he has undone me and himself, and his children, and there he lives at home and sings, and hoyts, and revels among his drunken companions, but I warrant you, where to get a penny to put bread in his mouth, he knows not: And therefore if it like your Worship, I would intreat your Letter, to the honest Host of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, that I may place my child under the protection of his *Tapster*, in some setled course of life.

Mer. I'm glad the heavens have heard my prayers: thy Husband
When I was ripe in sorrows laught at me,
Thy son, like an unthankful wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,
To shew his love again, first stole my daughter:
Then wrong'd this Gentleman, and last of all,
Gave me that grief, had almost brought me down
Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand
Reliev'd my sorrows, go, and weep as I did,
And be unpittied, for here I profess
An everlasting hate to all thy name.

Mist. mer. Will you so Sir, how say you by that? come *Micke*, let him keep his wind to cool his Pottage, we'll go to thy Nurses, *Micke*, she knits silk stockings boy, and we'll knit too boy, and be beholding to none of them all.

[*Exeunt Michael and Mother.*

Enter a Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the Master of this house.

Mer. How then boy?

Boy. Then to your self Sir, comes this Letter.

Mer. From whom my pretty boy?
Boy. From him that was your servant, but no more
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead,
Grief of your purchas'd anger broke his heart,
I saw him dye, and from his hand receiv'd
This paper with a charge to bring it hither,
Read it, and satisfie your self in all.

LETTER.

Merch. *SIR that I have wronged your love, I must confess, in which I have purchast to my self, besides mine own undoing, the ill opinion of my friends, let not your anger, good Sir, outlive me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your forgiveness; let my body (if a dying man may so much prevail with you) be brought to your daughter, that she may* [*truely*] *know my hot flames are now buried, and withall, receive a testimony of the zeal I bore her vertue: farewell for ever, and be ever happy.*

Jasper.

Gods hand is great in this, I do forgive him,
Yet am I glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again: boy bring the bo[d]y,
And let him have his will, if that be all.
Boy. 'Tis here without Sir.
Mer. So Sir, if you please
You may conduct it in, I do not fear it.
Hum. I'll be your Usher boy, for though I say it,
He ow'd me something once, and well did pay it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Luce *alone.*

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more than yet I feell,
Let it together seize me, and at once
Press down my soul, I cannot bear the pain
Of these delaying tortures: thou that art
The end of all, and the sweet rest of all;
Come, come oh death bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of [my] father and my cruel friend.
O wretch'd maid still living to be wretched,

To be a say to fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together,
How happy had I been, if being born
My grave had been my cradle! [*Enter servant.*
Ser. By your leave
Young Mistris, here's a boy hath brought a Coffin,
What a would say I know not: but your father
Charg'd me to give you notice, here they come.

Enter two bearing a Coffin, Jasper *in it.*

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.
Boy. Fair Mistriss, let me not add greater grief
To that great store you have already; *Jasper*
That whilst he liv'd was yours, now dead,
And here inclos'd, commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to crave a tear
From those fair eyes, though he deserve not pitty,
To deck his Funeral; for so he bid me
Tell her for whom he di'd.
Luce. He shall have many:
[*Exeunt Coffin-carrier and Boy.*
Good friends depart a little, whilst I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd:
Hold, yet a little, life, and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being; O my friend!
Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?
I shall not long be after, but believe me,
Thou wert too cruel *Jasper* 'gainst thy self,
In punishing the fault I could have pardoned,
With so untimely death; thou didst not wrong me,
But ever wer't most kind, most true, most loving;
And I the most unkind, most false, most cruell.
Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sigh's
And all my self, before thou goest from me
There are but sparing Rites: But if thy soul
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
It s[h]all go up, born on the wings of peace,
And satisfied: first will I sing thy Dirge,

Then kiss thy pale lips, and then dye my self,
And fill one Coffin and one grave together.

SONG.

Come you whose loves are dead,
And whilst I sing
Weep and wring
Every hand and every head,
Bind with Cipress and sad Ewe,
Ribbands black, and Candles blue,
For him that was of men most true.

Come with heavy mourning,
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning,
Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true.

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.
Jasp. And thus you meet the living.
Luce. Save me Heaven.
Jasp. Nay, do not flye me fair, I am no spirit,
Look better on me, do you know me yet?
Luce. O thou dear shadow of my friend.
Jasp. Dear substance,
I swear I am no shadow feel my hand,
It is the same it was, I am your *Jasper*,
Your *Jasper* that's yet living, and yet loving,
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof
I put in practice of your constancy:
For sooner should my sword have drunk my blood,
And set my soul at liberty, than drawn
The least drop from that body, for which boldness
Doom me to any thing: if death, I take it
And willingly.
Luce. This death I'll give you for it,
So, now I am satisfied: you are no spirit,

But my own truest, truest, truest friend,
Why do you come thus to me?
Jasp. First, to see you,
Then to convey you hence.
Luce. It cannot be,
For I am lockt up here, and watcht at all hours,
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.
Jasp. Nothing more possible, within this Coffin
Do you convey your self, let me alone,
I have the wits of twenty men about me,
Only I crave the shelter of your Closet
A little, and then fear me not; creep in
That they may presently convey you hence:
Fear nothing dearest love, I'll be your second,
Lye close, so, all goes well yet; boy.
Boy. At hand Sir.
Jasp. Convey away the Coffin, and be wary.
Boy. 'Tis done already.
Jasp. Now must I go conjure. [*Exit.*

Enter Merchant.

Merch. Boy, boy.
Boy. Your servant Sir.
Merch. Do me this kindness boy, hold here's a crown: before thou bury the body of this fellow, carry it to his old merry father, and salute him from me, and bid him sing, he hath cause.
Boy. I will Sir.
Merch. And then bring me word what tune he is in, and have another crown: but do it truly.
I have fitted him a bargain, now, will vex him.
Boy. God bless your Worships health Sir.
Merch. Farewell boy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Master Merry-thought.

Wife. Ah old *Merry-thought*, art thou there again? let's hear some of thy Songs.
Old Mer. *Who can sing a merrier note*
Than he that cannot change a gr[o]at?
Not a D[eni]er left, and yet my heart leaps; I do wonder

yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a Trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the streets: my wife and both my sons are I know not where, I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meat to supper, yet am I merry still; for I know I shall find it upon the Table at six a Clock; therefore hang Thought

I would not be a Servingman to carry the cloke-bag still.
Nor would I be a Fawlconer the greedy Hawkes to fill.
But I would be in a good house, and have a good Master too:
B[u]t I would eat and drink of the best, and no work would I do.

This is [it] that keeps life and soul together, mirth: this is the Philosophers stone that they write so much on, that keeps a man ever young.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your Money is gone, and they will trust you for no more drink.

Old mer. Will they not? let 'em chuse: the best is I have mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them keep their drink to themselves.

For *Jillian* of *Berry*, she dwells on a hill,
And she hath good Beer and Ale to sell,
And of good fellows she thinks no ill,
And thither will we go now, now, now, and thither
Will we go now.
And when you have made a little stay,
You need not [aske] what is to pay,
But kiss your Hostess and go your way. And thither, &c.

Enter another Boy.

2. *Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Old mer. Hang bread and supper, let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feel hunger, I'll warrant you, let's have a Catch, boy follow me, come sing this Catch.

Ho, ho, no body at home, meat, nor drink, nor money ha we none, fill the pot Eedy, *never more need I.*

Old mer. So boyes enough, follow me, let's change our place and we shall laugh afresh. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. Let him go *George*, a shall not have any countenance from us, not a good word from any i'th' Company, if I may strike stroke in't.

Cit. No more, a shannot love; but *Nell*, I will have *Rafe* do a very notable matter now, to the eternal honour and glory of all *Grocers*: sirrah, you there, boy, can none of you hear?

Boy. Sir, your pleasure.

Cit. Let *Rafe* come out on May day in the morning, and speak upon a Conduit with all his Scarfs about him, and his Feathers, and his Rings, and his Knacks.

Boy. Why sir, you do not think of our plot, what will become of that then?

Cit. Why sir, I care not what become on't, I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out my self, I'll have something done in honor of the City: besides he hath been long enough upon Adventures, bring him out quickly, [or if] I come [in] amongst you—

Boy. Well sir, he shall come out, but if our Play miscarry, Sir you are like to pay for't. [*Exit.*

Cit. Bring him away then.

Wife. This will be brave i'faith: *George* shall not he dance the Morrice too for the credit of the Strand.

Cit. No sweet-heart it will be too much for the boy. O there he is *Nell*, he's reasonable well in reparel, but he has not Rings enough.

Enter Rafe.

Rafe. London, *to thee I do present the merry Month of May,*
Let each true Subject be content to hear me what I say:
For from the top of Conduit head, as plainly may appear,
I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here.
My name is Rafe, *by due descent, though not ignoble I,*
Yet far inferiour to the flock of gracious Grocery.
And by the Common-counsel of my fellows in the Strand,
With gilded Staff, and crossed Skarfe, the May-lord here I stand.
Rejoyce O English hearts, rejoyce, rejoyce O Lovers dear;
Rejoyce O City, Town, and Countrey, rejoyce eke every Shire;
For now the [*fr*]*agrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemly sort,*

The little Birds do sit and sing, the Lambs do make fine sport,
And now the Burchin Tree doth bud that makes the Schoolboy cry,
The Morrice rings while Hobby horse doth foot it featuously:
The Lords and Ladies now abroad for their disport and play,
Do kiss sometimes upon the Grass, and sometimes in the Hay.
Now butter with a leaf of Sage is good to purge the blood,
Fly Venus *and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.*
Now little fish on tender stone, begin to cast their bellies,
And sluggish snails, that erst were mute, do creep out of their shellies,
The rumbling Rivers now do warm for little boys to paddle,
The Sturdy Steed, now goes to grass, and up they hang his saddle.
The heavy Hart, the blowing Buck, the Rascall and the Pricket,
Are now among the Yeomans Pease, and leave the fearful thicket.
And be like them, O you, I say, of this same noble Town,
And lift aloft your velvet heads, and slipping of your gown:
With bels on legs, and napkins clean unto your shoulders ti'de,
With Scarfs and Garters as you please, and Hey for our Town cry'd:
March out and shew your willing minds, by twenty, and by twenty,
To Hogsdon *or to* Newington, *where Ale and Cakes are plenty.*
And let it nere be said for shame, that we the youths of London,
Lay thruming of our caps at home, and left our custom undone.
Up then I say, both young and old, both man and maid a Maying
With Drums and Guns that bounce aloud, and merry Taber playing.
Which to prolong, God save our King, and send his Countrey peace,
And root out Treason from the Land, and so my friends I cease.

Finis Act. 4.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Merchant solus.

Merch. I will have no great store of company at the wedding, a couple of neighbors and their wives, and we will have a Capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef, stuck with Rose-mary.

Enter Jasper[,] *his face mealed.*

Jasp. Forbear thy pains fond man, it is too late.
Merch. Heaven bless me: *Jasper?*
Jasp. I, I am his Ghost
Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant love:
Fond worldly wretch, who dost not understand
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.
First know thy daughter is quite born away,
On wings o[f] Angels: through the liquid Ayre
Too far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her face: But she and I
Will in another world enjoy our loves,
Where neither fathers anger, poverty,
Nor any cross that troubles earthly men
Shall make us sever our united hearts,
And never shalt thou sit, or be alone
In any place, but I will visit thee
With gastly looks, and put into thy mind
The great offences which thou didst to me.
When thou art at thy Table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and fild with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thy self,
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,
Shall make thee let the Cup fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as Death it self.
Merch. Forgive me *Jasper*; Oh! what might I do?
Tell me to satisfie thy troubled Ghost?
Jasp. There is no means, too late thou thinkst on this.
Mer. But tell me what were best for me to do?
Jasp. Repent thy deed, and satisfie my father,
And beat fond *Humphrey* out of thy doors. [*Exit Jasp.*

Enter Humphrey.

Wife. Look *George*, his very Ghost would have folks beaten.
Hum. Father, my bride is gone, fair Mistris *Luce*,
My soul's the font of vengeance, mischiefs sluce.
Mer. Hence fool out of my sight, with thy fond passion,

Thou hast undone me.

Hum. Hold my father dear,
For *Luce* thy daughters sake, that had no peer.

Mer. Thy father fool? there's some blows more, begon.
Jasper, I hope thy Ghost be well appeased,
To see thy will perform'd, now [will I] go
To satisfie thy father for thy wrongs. [*Exit.*

Hum. What shall I do? I have been beaten twice.
And Mistris *Luce* is gone? help me device:
Since my true-love is gone, I never more,
Whilst I do live, upon the Skie will pore;
But in the dark will wear out my shoo-soles
In passion, in Saint *Faiths* Church under *Pauls.* [*Exit.*

Wife. *George* call *Rafe* hither, if you love me call *Rafe* hither, I have the bravest thing for him to do *George*; prethee, call him quickly.

Cit. *Rafe*, why *Rafe* boy.

Enter Rafe.

Rafe. Here Sir.

Cit. Come hither *Rafe*, come to thy Mistris Boy.

Wife. *Rafe* I would have thee call all the youths together in battle-ray, with Drums, and Guns, and flags, and march to *Mile-end* in pompous fashion, and there exhort your Souldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep their beards from burning *Rafe*, and then skirmish, and let your flags fly, and cry, kill, kill, kill: my husband shall lend you his Jerkin *Rafe*, and there's a Scarfe; for the rest, the house shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't: do it bravely *Rafe*, and think before whom you perform, and what person you represent.

Rafe. I warrant you Mistress, if I do it not, for the honor of the City, and the credit of my Master, let me never hope for freedome.

Wife. 'Tis well spoken i'faith; go thy waies, thou art a spark indeed.

Cit. *Ralph*, double your files bravely *Ralph.*

Ralph. I warrant you Sir. [*Exit* Ralph.

Cit. Let him look narrowly to his service, I shall take him else; I was there my self a Pike-man once, in the hottest of the day, wench, had my feather shot sh[eere] away, the fringe

of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet I thank God I am here. [*Drum within.*

Wife. Hark *George*, the Drums.

Cit. Ran, tan; tan, tan, ran, tan: Oh wench an thou hadst but seen little *Ned* of *Aldgate*, drum *Ned*, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant: and then struck softly till the Ward came up, and then thundred again, and together we go: sa, sa, sa, bounce quoth the Guns: courage my hearts, quoth the Captains: Saint *George*, quoth the pike-men; and withal here they lay, and there they lay; And yet for all this I am here wench.

Wife. Be thankful for it *George*, for indeed 'tis wonderful.

Enter Ralph *and his company with Drums and Colours.*

Ralph. March fair my hearts; Lieutenant beat the rear up: Ancient let your Colours flie; but have a great care of the Butchers hooks at *White-Chappel*, they have been the death of many a fair Ancient. Open your files, that I may take a view both of your persons and munition: Serjeant call a Muster.

Serg. A stand, *William Hamerton* Pewterer.

Ham. Here Captain.

Ralph. A Corslet and a Spanish Pike; 'tis well, can you shake it with a terror?

Ham. I hope so Captain.

Ralph. Charge upon me, 'tis with the weakest: put more strength *William Hamerton*, more strength: as you were again; proceed Serjeant.

Serj. *George Green-goose*, Poulterer.

Green. Here.

Ralph. Let me see your Peece, neighbor *Green-goose*, when was she shot in?

Green. And like you master Captain, I made a shot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity.

Ralph. It should seem so certainly, for her breath is yet inflamed: besides, there is a main fault in the touch-hole, it runs and stinketh; and I tell you moreover, and believe it. Ten such touch-holes would breed the Pox in the Army, Get you a Feather, neighbor, get you a Feather, sweet Oil, and

Paper, and your Peece may do well enough yet. Where's your Powder?

Green. Here.

Ralph. What in a Paper? As I am a Soldier and a Gentleman, it craves a Martial Court: you ought to die for't. Where's your horn? answer me to that.

Green. An't like you Sir, I was oblivious.

Ralph. It likes me not it should be so; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandal to all our Neighbors, being a man of worth and estimation, to leave your horn behind you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't; stand, till I view you all. What's become o'th' nose of your flaske?

1 *Sold.* Indeed law Captain, 'twas blown away with powder.

Ralph. Put on a new one at the Cities Charge. Where's the stone of this Peece?

2 *Sold.* The Drummer took it out to light Tobacco.

Ralph. 'Tis a fault my friend, put it in again: you want a Nose, and you a Stone; Serjeant, take a note on't, for I mean to stop it in the pay. Remove and march, soft and fair Gentlemen; soft and fair: double and files, as you were, faces about. Now you with the sodden face, keep in there: look to your Match sirrah, it will be in your fellows flask anon. So make a Crescent now, advance your Pikes, stand and give ear, Gentlemen, Countrey-men, Friends, and my fellow-Soldiers, I have brought you this day from the Shop[s] of Security, and the Counters of Content, to measure out in these furious fields, Honor by the ell, and Prowess by the pound: Let it not, O let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this City fainted: but bear your selves in this fair action, like men, valiant men, and free men: Fear not the face of the enemy: nor the noise of the Guns: for believe me brethren, the rude rumbling of a Brewers Carr is [farre] more terrible, of which you have a daily experience: Neither let the stink of Powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you. To a resolved mind, his home is every where: I speak not this to take away the hope of your return; for you shall see (I do not doubt it) and that very shortly, your loving wives again, and your sweet children, whose care doth bear you company in baskets. Remember then whose

cause you have in hand, and like a sort of true-born Scavengers, scour me this famous Realm of enemies. I have no more to say but this: Stand to your tacklings lads, and shew to the world, you can as well brandish a sword, as shake an Apron. Saint *George*, and on my hearts.

Omnes. Saint *George*, Saint *George*. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. 'Twas well done *Ralph*, I'll send thee a cold Capon a field, and a bottle of March-beer; and, it may be, come my self to see thee.

Cit. *Nel*, the boy hath deceiv'd me much, I did not think it had been in him: he has perform'd such a matter wench, that if I live, next year I'll have him Captain of the Gallifoist, or I'll want my Will.

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. Yet I thank God, I break not a rinkle more than I had, not a stoop boys: *Care* live with Cats, I defie thee, my heart is as sound as an Oak; and though I want drink to wet my whistle, I can sing.

Come no more there boys, come no more there:
For we shall never whilst we live, come any more there.

Enter a Boy with a Coffin.

Boy. God save you Sir.

Old Mer. It's a brave Boy: can'st thou sing?

Boy. Yes Sir, I can sing, but 'tis not so necessary at this time.

Old Mer. Sing we, and chaunt it, whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, Sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

Old Mer. Oh the Mimon round, full long [long] I have (thee sought.
And now I have thee found, and what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A Coffin, Sir, and your dead Son *Jasper* in it.

Old Mer. Dead? why farewell he:
Thou wast a bonny boy, and I did love thee.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Then I pray you Sir, do so still.

Old Mer. *Jasper*'s Ghost? thou art welcome from *Stygian lake* so soon,

Declare to me what wondrous things in *Pluto*'s court are done.

Jas. By my troth sir, I ne'r came there, 'tis too hot for me Sir.

Old Mer. A merry Ghost, a very merry Ghost.
And where is your true love? Oh where is yours?

Jasp. Marry look you Sir. [*Heaves up the Coffin.*

Old Mer. Ah ha! Art thou good at that i' faith?
With hey trixie terlerie-whiskin, the world it runs on wheels.
When the young mans —— up goes the Maidens heels.

Mistriss Merry-thought *and* Michael *within.*

Mist. Mer. What Mr. *Merri-thought*, will you not let's in? what do you think shall become of us?

[*Old*] *Mer.* What voice is that that calleth at our door?

Mist. Mer. You know me well enough, I am sure I have not been such a stranger to you.

Old Mer. And some they whistled, and some they sung, *Hey down, down*: and some did loudly say, ever as the Lord *Barnets* horn blew, *Away Musgrave away.*

Mist. Mer. You will not have us starve here, will you Master *Merry-thought*?

Jasp. Nay, good Sir be perswaded, she is my Mother: if her offences have been great against you, let your own love remember she is yours, and so forgive her.

Luce. Good master *Merry-thought*, let me intreat you, I will not be denied.

Mist. Mer. Why Master *Merry-thought*, will you be a vext thing still?

Old Mer. Woman I take you to my love again, but you shall sing before you enter: therefore dispatch your song, and so come in.

Mist. Mer. Well, you must have your Will when all's done, *Mich.* what song canst thou sing Boy?

Mich. I can sing none forsooth, but a Ladies Daughter of *Paris* properly.

Mich. Mer. Song. It was a Ladies Daughter, &c.

Old Mer. Come, you're welcome home again.
If such danger be in playing, and jest must to earnest turn,
You shall go no more a Maying.

Merch. within. Are you within Sir, Master *Merry-thought*?

Jasp. It is my Masters voice, good Sir, go hold him [in] talk whilst we convey our selves into some inward room.

Old Mer. What are you? are you merry? you must be very merry if you enter.

Mer. I am Sir.

Old Mer. Sing then.

Mer. Nay, good Sir open to me. (not in.

Old Mer. Sing, I say, or by the merry heart, you come

Mer. Well Sir, I'll sing.

Fortune my foe, &c.

Old Mer. You are welcome Sir, you are welcome: you see your entertainment, pray you be merry.

Mer. Oh Master *Merry-thought*, I am come to aske you
Forgiveness for the wrongs I offered you,
And your most virtuous Son, they're infinite,
Yet my contrition shall be more than they.
I do confess my hardness broke his heart.
For which just heaven hath given me punishment
More than my age can carry, his wandring spirit
Not yet at rest, pursues me every where,
Crying. I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty.
My Daughter she is gone, I know not how,
Taken invisible, and whether living,
Or in grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.
Oh Master *Merry-thought*, these are the Weights,
Will sink me to my grave, forgive me Sir.

Old Mer. Why Sir, I do forgive you, and be merry.
And if the wag in's life time, plaid the knave.
Can you forgive him too?

Mer. With all my heart Sir.

Old Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.

Mer. I do Sir.
Now by my soul I do.

Old Mer. With that came out his Paramour,
She was as white as the Lilly Flower,
Hey troul, trolie lolie.

Enter Luce *and* Jasper.

With that came out her own dear Knight,
He was as true as ever did fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands together, there's no more to be said 'th' matter.

Mer. I do, I do.

Cit. I do not like this, peace boys, hear me one of you, every bodies part is come to an end but *Ralph*'s, and he's left out.

Boy. 'Tis long of your self Sir, we have nothing to do with his part.

Cit. Ralph. Come away, make on him as you have done of the rest, boys come.

Wife. Now good Husband, let him come out and die.

Cit. He shall *Nell*, *Ralph*, come away quickly and die boy.

Boy. 'Twill be very unfit he should die sir, upon no occasion, and in a Comedy too.

Cit. Take you no care for that Sir boy, is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead? come away *Ralph.*

Enter Ralph, *with a forked arrow through his head.*

Ralph. When I was mortal, this my costive corps
Did lap up Figs and Raisons in the *Strand*,
Where sitting I espi'd a lovely Dame,
Whose Master wrought with Lingell and with All,
And underground he vampied many a Boot,
Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig:
To follow feats of Arms in warlike wise,
Through *Waltham* Desart; where I did perform
Many atchievements, and did lay on ground
Huge *Barbaroso*, that insulting Giant,
And all his Captives soon set at liberty.
Then honor prickt me from my native soil,
Into *Moldavia*, where I gain'd the love
Of *Pompiana* his beloved Daughter:
But yet prov'd constant to the black thumm'd Maid
Susan, and scorn'd *Pompianaes* love:
Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins,
And money for her Fathers Officers,
I then returned home, and thrust my self
In action, and by all [men] chosen was
[Lord of the] *May*, where I did flourish it,
With Scarfs and Rings, and Poesie in my hand:

Af[t]er this action I preferred was,
And chosen City-Captain at *Mile-end*,
With Hat and Feather, and with leading staff,
And train'd my men, and brought them all off clear
Save one man that beraid him with the noise.
But all these things I *Ralph* did undertake,
Only for my beloved *Susans* sake.
Then coming home, and sitting in my shop
With Apron blew, Death came unto my stall
To cheapen *Aquavitæ*; but e'r I
Could take the bottle down, and fill a taste,
[Death] caught a pound of Pepper in his hand,
And sprinkled all my Face and Body o'r,
And in an instant vanished away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty fiction i'faith.

Ralph. Then took I up my Bow and Shaft in hand,
And walkt in[to] *Moor-fields*, to cool my self,
But there grim cruel death met me again,
And shot this forked Arrow through my head,
And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me,
My fellows every one, of forked heads.
Farewel all you good boys in merry *London*,
Ne'r shall we more upon *Shrove-Tuesday* meet,
And pluck down houses of iniquity.
My pain increaseth: I shall never more
Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs,
Nor daub a Sattin Gown with rotten Eggs:
Set up a stake, Oh never more I shall,
I die, flie, flie my soul to Grocers Hall. oh, oh, oh, *&c.*

Wife. Well said *Ralph*, do your obeysance to the Gentlemen, and go your ways well said *Ralph*. [*Exit* Ralph.

Old Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, should not part without a Song.

Merch. A good motion.

Old Mer. Strike up then.

SONG.

Better Musick ne'r was known,
Than a Quire of hearts in one.

Let each other that hath been,
Troubled with the gall or spleen:
Learn of us to keep his brow,
Smooth and plain as ours are now.
Sing though before the hour of dying
He shall rise, and then be crying,
Heyho, 'Tis nought but mirth,
That keeps the bodie from the earth.

Exeunt omnes.

Epilogus.

Cit. Come *Nell.* shall we go, the Play's done?

Wife. Nay, by my faith *George*, I have more manners than so, I'll speak to these Gentlemen first: I thank you all Gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to *Ralph*, a poor fatherless child, and if I may see you at my house, it should go hard, but I would have a pottle of Wine, and a Pipe of Tobacco for you; for truly I hope you [do] like the youth, but I would be glad to know the truth: I refer it to your own discretions, whether you will applaud him or no, for I will wink, and whilst you shall do what you will, I thank you with all my heart, God give you good night, come *George*.

Loves Pilgr[i]mage, a Comedy.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Governor of *Barcellona.*
Leonardo, a noble *Genoese*, Father to *Mark Antonio.*
Don Zanchio, an old lame angry Soldier, Father to *Leocadia.*
Alphonso, a cholerick Don, Father to *Theodosia.*
Philippo, Son to *Alphonso*, Lover of *Leocadia.*
Marc-Antonio, Son to *Leonardo.*
Pedro, a Gentleman and friend to *Leonardo.*

Rodorigo, General of the *Spanish* Gallies.
Incubo, Bailiff of *Castel Bianco.*
Diego, Host of *Ossuna.*
Lazaro, Hostler to *Diego.*
Host of *B[a]rcellona.*
Bailiff of *Barcellona.*
Chirurgeons.
Soldiers.
Attendants.
Townsmen.
Attendants.

WOMEN.

Theodosia, Daugh. to *Alphonso.* } Love-sick Ladies in pursuit of *M. Anton.*
Leocadia, Daugh. to Don *Zanchio.* } Love-sick Ladies in pursuit of *M. Anton.*

Eugenia, Wife to the Governor of *Barcellona.*
Hostess, Wife to *Diego.*
Hostess, Wife to the Host of *Barcellona.*

The Scene Barcellona and the Road.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Incubo *the Bailiff*, Diego *the Host.*

Inc. SIgnior Don *Diego*, and mine Host, save thee.
Die. I thank you Mr. Baily.
Inc. O the block!
Die. Why, how should I have answer'd?
Inc. Not with that

Negligent rudeness: But I kiss your hands
Signior Don *Incubo de Hambre*, and then
My Titles: Master Baily of *Castle-blanco*:
Thou ne'r wilt have the elegancy of an Host;
I sorrow for thee, as my friend and Gossip:
No smoak, nor steam out-breathing from the kitchen?
There's little life i'th Hearth then.
Die. I, there, there,
That is his friendship, harkening for the spit,
And sorrow that he cannot smell the pot boil.
Inc. Strange
An Inn should be so curst, and not the sign
Blasted, nor withered; very strange, three days now,
And not an Egg eat in it, nor an Onion.
Die. I think they ha' strew'd the high-ways with caltraps, I,
No horse dares pass 'em; I did never know
A week of so sad doings, since I first
Stood to my Sign-post.
Inc. Gossip, I have found
The root of all: kneel, [pray,] it is thy self
Art cause thereof: each person is the Founder
Of his own fortune, good or bad; but mend it,
Call for thy Cloak, and Rapier.
Die. How?
Inc. Do, call,
And put 'em on in haste: Alter thy fortune,
By appearing worthy of her: Dost thou think
Her good face e'r will know a man in *cuerpo*?
In single body, thus? in Hose, and Doublet
The horse-boys garb? base blank, and halfe blank *cuerpo*?
Did I, or Mr Dean of *Sivil* our neighbor
E'r reach our dignities in *cuerpo*, think'st thou,
In squirting Hose and Doublet? Signior, no,
There went more to't: there were Cloaks, Gowns, Cassocks,
And other *paramentos*; Call, I say,
His Cloak, and Rapier here.

Enter Hostess.

Host. What means your Worship?
Inc. Bring forth thy Husbands Sword: so hang it on,

And now his cloak, here cast it up; I mean
Gossip, to change your luck, and bring you guests.
Host. Why? is there charm in this?
Inc. Expect; now walk,
But not the pace of one that runs on errands;
For, want of gravity in an Host, is odious:
You may remember Gossip, if you please,
(Your Wife being then th' Infanta of the Gipsies,
And your self governing a great mans Mules then)
Me a poor Squire at *Madrid* attending
A Master of Ceremonies; But a man, believe it,
That knew his place to the gold weight, and such
Have I heard him [oft] say, ought every Host
Within the Catholique Kings Dominions
Be in his own house.
Die. How?
Inc. A Master of Ceremonies;
At least Vice-Master, and to do nought in *cuerpo*,
That was his Maxim, I will tell thee of him:
He would not speak with an Ambassadors Cook,
See a cold bake-meat from a forreign part
In *cuerpo*: had a dog but staid without,
Or beast of quality, as an *English* Cow,
But to present it self, he would put on
His *Savoy* chain about his neck, the ruff
And cuffs of *Holland*, then the *Naples* Hat
With the *Rome* Hat-band, and the *Florentin*[*e*] Agat,
The *Millan* Sword, the Cloak of *Genoa*, set
With *Flemish* buttons; all his given pieces
To entertain 'em in, and complement [*Knock within.*
With a tame Conie, as with the Prince that sent it.
Die. List. Who is there?
Inc. A guest and 't be thy will.
Die. Look Spowse, cry luck, and we be encounter'd: ha?
Host. Luck then, and good, for 'tis a fine brave guest,
With a brave horse.
Inc. Why now, believe of *cuerpo*.

Enter Theodosia.

As you shall see occasion: go, and meet him.

Theo. Look to my horse, I pray you, well.
Die. He shall, Sir.
Inc. Oh how beneath his rank and call was that now?
Your horse shall be entreated as becomes
A horse of fashion, and his inches.
Theo. Oh.
Inc. Look to the Cavalier: what ails he? stay
If it concern his horse, let it not trouble him,
He shall have all respect the place can yield him
Either of barley, or fresh straw.
Die. Good Sir
Look up.
Inc. He sinks, somewhat to cast upon him,
He'll go away in *cuerpo* else.
Die. What, Wife!
Oh your hot waters quickly, and some cold
To cast in his sweet face.
Host. Alas, fair flower?
Die. Does any body entertain his Horse?
Host. Yes, *Lazaro* has him.

Enter Hostess *with a glass of water.*

Inc. Go you see him in person.
Host. Sir, taste a little of this, of mine own water,
I did distill't my self; swe[e]t Lilly look upon me,
You are but newly blown, my pretty Tulip.
Faint not upon your stalk, 'tis firm and fresh
Stand up so bolt upright, you are yet in growing.
The. Pray you let me have a chamber.
Host. That you shall, Sir.
The. And where I may be private, I intreat you.
Host. For that in troth Sir, we ha no choice: our house
Is but a *vent* of need, that now and then
Receives a guest, between the greater Towns
As they come late; only one room.
Inc. She means, Sir, it is none
Of those wild, scatter'd heaps, call'd Inns, where scarce
The Host is heard, though he wind his horn t' his people,
Here is a competent pile, wherein the man,
Wife, Servants, all do live within the whistle.

Host. Only one room.
Inc. A pretty modest quadrangle
She will describe to you.
Host. Wherein stands two Beds Sir.

Enter Diego.

We have, and where, if any guest do come,
He must of force be lodg'd, that is the truth, Sir.
Theo. But if I pay you for both your beds, methinks
That should alike content you.
Host. That it shall, Sir.
If I be paid, I am paid.
Theo. Why, there's a Ducket
Will that make your content?
Host. Oh the sweet face on you:
A Ducket? yes, and there were three beds Sir,
And twice so many rooms, which is one more,
You should be private in 'em all, in all Sir,
No one should have a piece of a bed with you
Not master Dean of *Sivil* himself, I swear.
Though he came naked hither, as once he did
When h' had like t'have been tane a bed with the *Moor*
And guelt by her Master: you shall be as private,
As if you lay in's own great house that's haunted,
Where no body comes, they say:
Theo. I thank you Hostess.
Pray you, will you shew me in.
Host. Yes marry will I Sir,
And pray that not a flea, or a chink vex you.
[*Exit* Host. *and* Theo.
Inc. You forget supper: Gossip: move for supper.
Die. 'Tis strange what love to a beast may do, his Horse
Threw him into this fit.
Inc. You shall excuse me
It was his being in *cuerpo*, meerly caus'd it.
Die. Do you think so Sir?
Inc. Most unlucky *cuerpo.*
Naught else, he looks as he would eat Partridge,
This guest; ha' you 'em ready in the house?
And a fine piece of Kid now? and fresh garlick

Enter Hostess.

With *Sardinia* and *Zant* Oil? how now?
Has he bespoke, what will he have a brace,
Or but one Partridge, or a short leg'd Hen,
Daintyly carbonado'd?
Host. 'Lass the dead
May be as ready for a supper as he.
Inc. Ha?
Host. He has no mind to eat, more than his shadow:
Inc. Say you.
Die. How does your worship?
Inc. I put on
My left shooe first to day, now I perceive it,
And skipt a bead in saying 'em 'ore; else
I could not be thus cross'd: He cannot be
Above seventeen; one of his years, and have
No better a stomach?
Host. And in such good cloaths too.
Die. Nay, these do often make the stomach worse, wife,
That is no reason.
Inc. I could, at his years, Gossips
(As temperate as you see me now) have eaten
My brace of Ducks, with my half Goose, my Conie,
And drink my whole twelve *Marvedis* in Wine
As easie as I now get down three Olives.
Die. And, with your temperance-favour, yet I think
Your worship would put to't at six and thirty
For a good wager; and the meal in too.
Inc. I do not know what mine old mouth can do.
I ha not prov'd it lately.
Die. That's the grief, Sir.
Inc. But is he without hope then gone to bed?
Host. I fear so, Sir, h'as lock'd the door close to him
Sure he is very ill.
Inc. That is with fasting,
You should ha told him Gossip, what you had had,
Given him the Inventory of your kitchen,
It is the picklock in an Inn, and often
Opens a close barr'd stomach: what may he be troh?

Has he so good a Horse?
Die. Oh a brave Jennet,
As e'r your worship saw.
Inc. And he eats?
Die. Strongly.
Inc. A mighty Solecisme, heaven give me patience,
What creatures has he?
Host. None.
Inc. And so well cloath'd,
And so well mounted?
Die. That's all my wonder, Sir,
Who he should be; he is attir'd and hors'd
For the *Constables* Son of *Spain.*
Inc. My wonders more
He should want appetite: well a good night
To both my Gossips: I will for this time
Put off the thought of supping: In the morning
Remember him of breakfast pray you.
Host. I shall Sir.
Die. A hungry time Sir.
Inc. We that live like mice
On others meat, must watch when we can get it. *Exit* Incubo.
Host. Yes, but I would not tell him: Our fair guest
Says, though he eats no supper he will pay for one.
Die. Good news: we'll eat it spouse, t' his health,
'Twas politickly done t'admit no sharers.

Enter Philippo.

Phi. Look to the Mules there, where's mine Host?
Die. Here Sir.
Another Fayerie.
Host. Bless me.
Phi. From what sweet Hostess?
Are you afraid o' your guests?
Host. From Angels, Sir,
I think there's none but such come here to night,
My house had never so good luck afore
For brave, fine guests; and yet the ill luck on't is
I cannot bid you welcome.
Phi. No?

Host. Not lodge you Sir.
Phi. Not, Hostess?
Host. No in troth Sir, I do tell you
Because you may provide in time: my beds
Are both tane up by a young Cavalier
That will and must be private.
Die. He has paid Sir
For all our Chambers.
Host. Which is one: and Beds
Which I already ha told you are two: But Sir,
So sweet a creature, I am very sorry
I cannot lodge you by him; you look so like him
Yo' are both the loveliest pieces.
Phi. What train has he?
Die. None but himself.
Phi. And will no less than both beds
Serve him?
Host. H'as given me a Ducket for 'em.
Phi. Oh.
You give me reason Hostess: Is he handsome,
And young do you say?
Host. Oh Sir, the delicat'st flesh
And finest cloths withal, and such a horse,
With such a Saddle.
Phi. She's in love with all.
The horse and him, and Saddle, and cloths, good woman,
Thou justifiest thy Sex; lov'st all that's brave:

Enter Incubo.

Sure though I lye o' th' ground, I'll stay here now
And have a sight of him: you'll give me house-room,
Fire, and fresh meat, for money, gentle Hostess;
And make me a pallat?
Inc. Sir, she shall do reason. . . .
I understood you had another Guest, Gossips,
Pray you let his Mule be lookt to, have good straw,
And store of bran: And Gossip, do you hear,
Let him not stay for supper: What good Fowl ha' you?
This Gentleman would eat a Pheasant.
Host. 'Lass Sir;

We ha' no such.
Inc. I kiss your hands fair Sir.
What ha you then? speak what you have? I'm one Sir
Here for the Catholique King, an Officer
T' enquire what guests come to these places; you Sir
Appear a person of quality, and 'tis fit
You be accommodated: why speak you not,
What ha' you Woman? are you afraid to vent
That which you have?
Phil. This is a most strange man;
T' appoint my meat.
Host. The half of a cold hen, Sir,
And a boil'd quarter of Kid, is all i' th' house.
Inc. Why all's but cold; let him see it forth,
Cover, and give the eye some satisfaction,
A Travellers stomach must see bread and salt,
His belly is nearer to him, than his kindred;
Cold hen's a pretty meat Sir.
Phi. What you please;
I am resolv'd t' obey.
Inc. So is your Kid,
With Pepper, Garlick, and the juyce of an Orange:
She shall with Sallads help it, and clean linnen;
Dispatch; what news at Court Sir?
Phi. Faith, new tires
Most of the Ladies have, the men old Suits:
Only the Kings Fool has a new Coat
To serve you.
Inc. I did guess you came from thence, Sir.
Phi. But I do know I did not.
Inc. I mistook Sir.
What hear you of the Archdukes?
Phi. Troth your question.

Enter Hostess and Servants with Table.

Inc. Of the *French* business, What?
Phi. As much.
Inc. No more?
They say the *French*: Oh that's well: come, I'll help you:
Have you no Jiblets now? or a broil'd rasher.

Or some such present dish t' assist?
Host. Not any Sir.
Inc. The more your fault: you nev'r should be without
Such aids: what cottage would ha' lack'd a Pheasant
At such a time as this? well, bring your Hen,
And Kid forth quickly.
Phi. That should be my prayer
To scape his Inquisition.
Inc. Sir, the *French*,
They say are divided 'bout their match with us,
What think you of it.
Phi. As of naught to me, Sir.
Inc. Nay, it's as little to me too: but I love
To ask after these things, to know the affections
Of States and Princes, now and then for bettring.
Phi. Of your own ignorance.
Inc. Yes Sir:
Phi. Many do so.
Inc. I cannot live without it: what do you hear
Of our *Indian* Fleet; they say they are well return'd.
Phi. I had no venture with 'em Sir; had you?

Enter Hostess and Servants with meat.

Inc. Why do you ask Sir?
Phi. 'Cause it might concern you,
It does not me.
Inc. Oh here's your meat come.
Phi. Thanks,
I welcome it at any price.
Inc. Some stools here,
And bid mine Host bring Wine, I'll try your Kid,
If he be sweet: he looks well, yes, he is good;
I'll carve you Sir.
Phi. You use me too too Princely:
Tast, and carve too.
Inc. I love to do these Offices.
Phi. I think you do: for whose sake?
Inc. For themselves Sir,
The very doing of them is reward.
Phi. 'Had little faith would not believe you, Sir.

Inc. Gossip, some Wine.

Enter Diego *with Wine.*

Die. Here 'tis: and right *St. Martyn.*
Inc. Measure me out a glass.
Phi. I love the humanity
Us'd in this place:
Inc. Sir, I salute you here.
Phil. I kiss your hands Sir.
Inc. Good wine, it will beget an appetite:
Fill him, and sit down, Gossip, entertain
Your noble guest here, as becomes your title.
Die. Please you to like this Wine Sir?
Phi. I dislike
Nothing mine Host, but that I may not see
Your conceal'd guest: here's to you.
Die. In good faith Sir;
I wish you as well as him: would you might see him
Inc. And wherefore may he not:
Die. 'Has lock'd himself Sir
Up, and has hir'd both the beds o' my wife
At extraordinary rate.
Phil. I'll give as much
If that will do't, for one, as he for both;
What say you mine Host, the door once open
I'll fling my self upon the next bed to him
And there's an end of me till morning; noise
I will make none
Die. I wish your worship well—but
Inc. His honor is engag'd: And my she-Gossip
Hath past her promise, hath she not?
Die. Yes truly:
Inc. That toucheth to the credit of the house:
Well, I will eat a little, and think: how say you Sir
Unto this brawn o' th' Hen?
Phi. I ha' more mind
To get this bed Sir.
Inc. Say you so: Why then
Giv't me agen, and drink to me: mine Host
Fill him his Wine: thou'rt dull, and dost not praise it,

I eat but to teach you the way Sir.
Phil. Sir:
Find but the way to lodge me in this chamber
I'll give mine Host two Duckets for his bed,
And you Sir two *Reals*: here's to you—
Inc. Excuse me,
I am not mercenary: Gossip pledge him for me,
I'll think a little more; but ev'n one bit
And then talk on: you cannot interrupt me.
Die. This piece of wine Sir, cost me—
Inc. Stay: I have found:
This little morsel, and then: here's excellent garlick:
Have you not a bunch of grapes now: or some Bacon
To give the mouth a relish?
Die. Wife, do you hear?
Inc. It is no matter: Sir give mine Host your Duckets.
Die. How Sir?
Inc. Do you receive 'em: I will save
The honesty of your house: and yours too Gossip,
And I will lodge the Gentleman: shew the chamber.
Die. Good Sir do you hear.
Inc. Shew me the chamber.
Die. Pray you Sir,
Do not disturb my guests.
Inc. Disturb? I hope
The Catholick King Sir, may command a lodging
Without disturbing in his Vassals house,
For any Minister of his, emploid
In business of the State. Where is the door?
Open the door, who are you there? within?
In the Kings name. [Theodosia *within.*
Theo. What would you have?
Inc. Your key Sir,
And your door open: I have here command
To lodge a Gentleman, from the Justice, sent
Upon the Kings affairs.
Theod. Kings and necessities
Must be obey'd: the key is under the door.
Inc. How now Sir, are you fitted? you secur'd?
Phi. Your two Reals are grown a piece of Eight.

In[*c*]. Excuse me Sir.
Phi. 'Twill buy a Hen; and Wine
Sir, for to morrow. [*Exit* Phil.
Inc. I do kiss your hands Sir
Well this will bear my charge yet to the Gallies
Where I am owing a Ducket: whither this night
By the Moons leave I'll march: for in the morning
Early, they put from Port *St. Maries.* [*Ex. all but* Diego.
Die. Lazaro.

Enter Lazaro.

How do the horses?
Laz. Would you would go and see Sir,
A —— of all Jades, what a clap h'as given me:
As sure as you live Master he knew perfectly
I couzen'd him on's Oats: he lookt upon me
And then he sneer'd, as who should say, take heed sirrah:
And when he saw our half Peck, which you know
Was but an old Court dish, lord how he stampt:
I thought 't had been for joy, when suddenly
He cuts me a back caper with his heels
And takes me just o'th' crupper, down came I,
And all my ounce of Oats: Then he neigh'd out
As though he had had a mare by th' tail.
Die. Faith *Lazaro*
We are t[o] blame to use the poor dumb serviters
So cruelly.
Laz. Yonder's this other Gentleman's horse
Keeping our Lady Eve: the devil a bit
H'as got since he came in yet: there he stands
And looks, and looks, but 'tis your pleasure, Sir,
He shall look lean enough: h'as Hay before him
But 'tis as big as Hemp, and will as soon choak him,
Unless he eat it butter'd: he had four shooes
And good ones when he came: 'tis a strange wonder
With standing still he should cast three.
Die. O *Lazaro.*
The Devil's in this Trade: truth never knew it
And to the devil we shall travel, *Lazaro*
Unless we mend our manners: once every week

I meet with such a knock to mollifie me
Sometimes a dozen to awake my conscience
Yet still I sleep securely.
Laz. Certain Master
We must use better dealing.
Die. 'Faith for mine own part
Not to give ill example to our issues,
I could be well content to steal but two girths,
And now and then a saddle-cloth: change a bridle
Only for exercise.
Laz. If we could stay there
There were some hope on's Master: but the devil is
We are drunk so early we mistake whole Saddles
Sometimes a horse; and then it seems to us too
Every poor jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his ears in clean straw, and every bottle
Shews at the least a dozen; when the truth is, Sir,
There's no such matter, not a smell of Provinder,
Not so much straw as would tie up a horse tail,
Nor any thing i' th' rack, but two old Cobwebs
And so much rotten Hay as had been a hens nest.
Die. Well, these mistakings must be mended, *Lazaro*,
These apparitions, that abuse our sences,
And make us ever apt to sweep the manger
But put in nothing; these fancies must be forgot
And we must pray it may be reveal'd to us
Whose horse we ought, in conscience, to couzen,
And how, and when; A Parsons Horse may suffer
A little greazing in his teeth, 'tis wholsome;
And keeps him in a sober shuffle: and his Saddle
May want a stirrop, and it may be sworn
His Learning lay on one side, and so broke it:
H'as ever Oats in's Cloak-bag to prevent us
And therefore 'tis a meritorious office
To tythe him soundly.
Laz. And a Grazier may
(For those are pinching puckfoysts, and suspitious)
Suffer a myst before his eyes sometimes too,
And think he sees his horse eat halfe a bushel:
When the truth is, rubbing his gums with salt,

Till all the skin come off: he shall but mumble
Like an old Woman that were chewing Brawn,
And drop 'em out again.
Die. That may do well too,
And no doubt 'tis but venial, But good *Lazaro*
Have you a care of understanding horses,
[Horses with angry heels, gentlemens horses,]
Horses that know the world: let them have meat
Till their teeth ake; and rubbing till their ribs
Shine like a wenches forehead; they are devils.
Laz. And look into our dealings: as sure as we live
These Courtiers horses are a kind of *Welsh* Prophets,
Nothing can be hid from 'em: For mine own part
The next I cozen of that kind shall be founder'd,
And of all four too: I'll no more such complements
Upon my crupper.
Die. Steal but a little longer
Till I am lam'd too, and we'll repent together,
It will not be above two daies.
Laz. By that time
I shall be well again, and all forgot Sir.
Die. Why then I'll stay for thee. [*Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Theodosi[a] *and* Phillipo *on several Beds.*

Theo. Oh,—ho! oh—ho!
Phi. Ha?
Theo. Oh—oh! heart—heart—heart—heart?
Phil. What's that?
Theo. When wilt thou break?—break, break, break?
Phil. Ha?
I would the voice were strong, or I nearer.
Theo. Shame, shame, eternal shame? what have I done?
Phil. Done?
Theo. And to no end, what a wild journey
Have I more wildly undertaken?
Phil. Journey?
Theo. How, without counsel? care? reason, or fear?
Phil. Whither will this fit carry?

Theo. Oh my folly!
Phil. This is no common sickness.
Theo. How have I left
All I should love, or keep? oh heaven.
Phil. Sir?
Theo. Ha?
Phil. How do you gentle Sir?
Theo. Alas my fortune!
Phil. It seems your sorrow oppresses: please your goodness,
Let me bear half, Sir: a divided burthen
Is so made lighter.
Theo. Oh!
Phil. That sigh betraies
The fulness of your grief.
Theo. I, if that grief
Had not bereft me of my understanding,
I should have well remembred where I was,
And in what company; and clapt a lock
Upon this tongue for talking.
Phil. Worthy Sir
Let it not add to your grief, that I have heard
A sigh or groan come from you: That is all Sir:
The. Good Sir no more: you have heard too much I fear,
Would I had taken Poppy when I spake it.
Phi. It seems you have an ill belief of me
And would have fear'd much more, had you spoke ought
I could interpret. But believe it Sir
Had [I] had means to look into your breast,
And tane you sleeping here, that so securely
I might have read all that your woe would hide
I would not have betraid you.
Theo. Sir, that speech
Is very noble, and almost would tempt
My need to trust you.
Phil. At your own election,
I dare not make my faith so much suspected
As to protest again: nor am I curious
To know more than is fit.
Theo. Sir, I will trust you
But you shall promise Sir to keep your bed,

And whatsoe'r you hear, not to importune
More I beseech you from me.
Phi. Sir I will not.
Theo. Than I am prone to utter.
Phi. My faith for it.
Theo. If I were wise, I yet should hold my peace
You will be noble?
Phil. You shall make me so
If you'll but think me such.
Theo. I do: then know
You are deceiv'd with whom you have talk'd so long.
I am a most unfortunate lost woman.
Phil. Ha?
Theo. Do not stir Sir: I have here a Sword.
Phil. Not I sweet Lady: of what blood, or name.
Theo. You'll keep your faith.
Phil. I'll perish else.
Theo. Believe then
Of birth too noble for me, so descended—
I am asham'd, no less than I am affrighted.
Phil. Fear not: by all good things, I will not wrong you.
Theo. I am the Daughter of a noble Gentleman
Born in this part of *Spain*: my fathers name Sir:
But why should I abuse that reverence
When a childs duty has forsaken me.
Phil. All may be mended, in fit time too: speak it.
Theo. *Alphonso*, sir.
Phil. *Alphonso*? What's your own name?
Theo. Any base thing you can invent.
Phil. Deal truly.
Theo. They call me *Theodosia.*
Phil. Ha? and love
Is that that hath chang'd you thus?
Theo. Ye have observ'd me
Too nearly Sir, 'tis that indeed: 'tis love Sir:
And love of him (oh heavens) why should men deal thus?
Why should they use their arts to cozen us?
That have no cunning, but our fears about us?
And ever that too late too; no dissembling
Or double way but doating: too much loving?

Why should they find new oaths, to make more wretches?
Phil. What may his name be?
Theo. Sir, a name that promises
Methinks no such ill usage: *Mark-Antonio*
A noble neighbors son: Now I must desire ye
To stay a while: else my weak eyes must answer.
Phil. I will:—Are ye yet ready? what is his quality?
Theo. His best a thief Sir: that he would be known by
Is heir to *Leonardo*, a rich Gentleman:
Next of a handsome body, had heaven made him
A mind fit to it. To this man my fortune,
(My more than purblind fortune) gave my faith,
Drawn to it by as many shews of service
And signs of truth, as ever false tongue utter'd:
Heaven pardon all.
Phil. 'Tis well said: forward Lady.
Theo. Contracted Sir, and by exchange of rings
Our souls deliver'd: nothing left unfinish'd
But the last work, enjoying me, and Ceremony.
For that I must confess was the first wise doubt
I ever made: yet after all this love Sir,
All this profession of his faith; when daily
And hourly I expected the blest Priest
He left me like a dream, as all this story
Had never been, nor thought of, why, I know not;
Yet I have called my conscience to confession,
And every syllable that might offend
I have had in shrift: yet neither loves Law Signior,
Nor tye of Maidens duty, but desiring
Have I transgrest in: left his father too,
Nor whither he is gone, or why departed
Can any tongue resolve me: All my hope
(Which keeps me yet alive, and would perswade me
I may be once more happy, and thus shapes me
A shame to all my modest Sex) is this Sir,
I have a Brother and his old Companion,
Student in *Salamanca*, there my last hope
If he be yet alive, and can be loving
Is left me to recover him: For which travel
In this Sute left at home of that dear Brothers

Thus as you find me, without fear, or wisdom,
I have wander'd from my Father, fled my friends,
And now am only child of hope and danger:
You are now silent Sir: this tedious story
(That ever keeps me waking) makes you heavy:
'Tis fit it should do so: for that, and I
Can be but troubles.
Phil. No, I sleep not Lady:
I would I could: oh heaven is this my comfort?
Theo. What ail you gentle Sir?
Phil. Oh.
Theo. Why do you groan so?
Phil. I must, I must; oh misery;
Theo. But now Sir,
You were my comfort: if any thing afflict ye
Am not I fit to bear a part on't? and by your own rule?
Phil. No; if you could heal, as you have wounded me,
But 'tis not in your power.
Theo. I fear intemperance.
Phil. Nay, do not seek to shun me: I must see you:
By heaven I must: hoa, there mine Host: a Candle:
Strive not, I will not stir ye.
Theo. Noble Sir
This is a breach of promise.
Phil. Tender Lady
It shall be none but necessary: hoa, there,
Some light, some light for heavens sake.
Theo. Will ye betray me?
Are ye a Gentleman?
Phil. Good woman:
Theo. Sir.

Enter Diego *with a light.*

Phil. If I be prejudicial to you, curse me.
Dieg. Ye are early stirring Sir.
Phil. Give me your Candle
And so good morrow for a while.
Dieg. Good morrow Sir. [*Exit.*
Theo. My Brother Don *Philippo*: nay Sir, kill me
I ask no mercy Sir, for none dare know me,

I can deserve none: As ye look upon me
Behold in infinite these foul dishonors,
My noble Father, then your self, last all
That bear the name of kindred, suffer in me:
I have forgot whose child I am; whose Sister:
Do you forget the pity tied to that:
Let not compassion sway you: you will be then
As foul as I, and bear the same brand with me,
A favourer of my fault: ye have a sword Sir,
And such a cause to kill me in.
Phil. Rise Sister,
I wear no sword for Women: nor no anger
While your fair chastity is yet untouch'd.
Theo. By those bright Stars, it is Sir.
Phil. For my Sister
I do believe ye: and so neer blood has made us
With the dear love I ever bore your virtues
That I will be a Brother to your griefs too:
Be comforted, 'tis no dishonor Sister
To love, nor to love him you do: he is a Gentleman
Of as sweet hopes, as years, as many promises,
As there be growing Truths, and great ones.
Theo. O Sir [!]
Phil. Do not despair.
Theo. Can ye forgive?
Phil. Yes Sister,
Though this be no small error, a far greater.
Theo. And think me still your Sister?
Phil. My dear Sister.
Theo. And will you counsel me?
Phil. To your own peace too:
Ye shall love still.
Theo. How good ye are!
Phil. My business,
And duty to my Father: which now drew me
From *Salamanca* I will lay aside
And only be your Agent to perswade ye
To leave both love, and him, and well retire ye.
Theo. Oh gentle Brother.
Phil. I perceive 'tis folly:

Delaies in love, more dangerous.
Theo. Noble Brother.
Phil. Fear not, I'll run your own way: and to help you,
Love havi[n]g rackt your passions beyond counsel:
I'll hazard mine own fame: whither shall we venture?
Theo. Alas, I know not Sir!
Phil. Come, 'tis bright morning
Let's walk out, and consider: you'll keep this habit.
Theo. I would Sir.
Phil. Then it shall be: what must I call ye?
Come, do not blush: pray speak, I may spoil all else.
Theo. Pray call me *Theodoro.*

Enter Diego.

Dieg. Are ye ready?
The day draws on apace: once more good morrow.
Theo. Good morrow gentle Host: now I must thank ye:
Phil. Who dost thou think this is?
Die. Were you a wench Sir,
I think you would know before me.
Phil. Mine own Brother.
Dieg. By th' Masse your noses are akin: should I then
Have been so barbarous to have parted Brothers?
Phi. You knew it then.
Dieg. I knew 'twas necessary
You should be both together: Instinct Signior,
Is a great matter in an Host.
Theo. I am satisfied.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Is not mine Host up yet?
Phi. Who's that?
Die. I'll see.
Phil. Sister, withdraw your self.
Ped. Signior *Philippo.*
Phil. Noble Don *Pedro*, where have you been this way?
Ped. I came from Port *St. Maries*, whence the Gallies
Put this last tide, and bound for *Barcelona*,
I brought *Mark-antonie* upon his way.
Phi. *Marc-antonie*?

Ped. Who is turn'd Soldier,
And entertain'd in the new Regiment,
For *Naples.*
Phi. Is it possible?
Ped. I assure you.
Phi. And put they in at *Barcelona*?
Ped. So
One of the Masters told me.
Phi. Which way go you Sir?
Ped. Home.
Phi. And I for *Sivil*: pray you Sir; say not
That you saw me, if you shall meet the question,
I have some little business.
Ped. Were it less Sir.
It shall not become me, to lose the caution:
Shall we breakfast together?
Phi. I'll come to you Sir:
Sister you hear this: I believe your fortune
Begins to be propitious to you: we will hire
Mules of mine Host here: if we can, himself
To be our guide, and straight to *Barcelona*,
This was as happy news, as unexpected
Stay you till I rid him away.
Theo. I will. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Alphonso *and a Servant.*

Alph. KNock at the door.
Ser. 'Tis open Sir.
Alph. That's all one,
Knock when I bid you.
Ser. Will not your Worship enter?
Alph. Will not you learn more manners Sir, and do that
Your Master bids ye; knock ye knave, or I'll knock
Such a round peal about your pate: I enter
Under his roof, or come to say god save ye
To him, the Son of whose base dealings has undone me?

Knock louder, louder yet: I'll starve, and rot first,
This open air is every mans.
2 *Ser. within.* Come in Sir.

Enter two Servants.

Alph. No, no Sir, I am none of these *Come in Sirs*,
None of those visitants: bid your wise Master
Come out, I have to talk unto him: go Sir.
2 *Ser.* Your worship may be welcome.
Alph. Sir, I will not,
I come not to be welcome: good my three Duckets,
My pickell'd sprat a day, and no oil to't,
And once a year a cotten coat, leave prating
And tell your Master I am here.
2 *Ser.* I will Sir.
This is a strange old man. [*Exit.*
Alph. I welcome to him?
I'll be first welcome to a Pesthouse: Sirrah
Let's have your valour now cas'd up, and quiet
When an occasion calls, 'tis wisdom in ye,
A Servingman's discretion: if you do draw,

Enter Leonardo, *and Don* Zanchio (*carried by two Servants in a chair.*)

Draw but according to your entertainment;
Five Nobles worth of fury.
Leo. Signior *Alphonso*,
I hope no discontent from my Will given,
Has made ye shun my house: [I ever lov'd ye.]
An credit me amongst my fears 'tis greatest
To minister offences.
Alph. O good Signior
I know ye for *Italian* breed, fair tongu'd,
Spare your Apologies, I care not for 'em,
As little for your love Sir; I can live
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and sleep
Without dependences, or hopes upon ye.
I come to ask my Daughter.
Leo. Gentle Sir.
Alph. I am not gentle Sir, nor gentle will be

Till I have justice, my poor child restor'd
Your caper-cutting boy has run away with.
Young Signior smooth-face, he that takes up wenches
With smiles, and sweet behaviors, Songs, and Sonnets,
Your high fed Jennet, that no hedge can hold
They say you bred him for a Stallion.
Zanch. Fie Signior, there be times, and terms of honor
To argue these things in, descidements able
To speak ye noble Gentlemen, ways punctual
And to the life of credit, ye are too rugged.
Alph. I am too tame Sir.
Leo. Will ye hear but reason?
Alph. No, I will hear no reason: I come not hither
To be popt off with reason; reason then.
Zanch. Why Signior, in all things there must be method,
Ye choak the child of honor else, discretion,
Do you conceive an injury?
Alph. What then Sir?
Zanch. Then follow it in fair terms, let your sword bite
When time calls, not your tongue.
Alph. I know Sir
Both when and what to do without directions,
And where, and how, I come not to be tutor'd,
My cause is no mans but mine own: you Signior,
Will ye restore my Daughter?
Leo. Who detains her?
Alph. No more of these slight shifts.
Leo. Ye urge me Signior
With strange injustice: because my Son has err'd—
Zanch. Mark him.
Leo. Out of the heat of youth: dos't follow
I must be father of his crimes?
Alph. I say still.
Leave off your Rhetorick, and restore my Daughter.
And suddainly: bring in your rebel too,
Mountdragon, he that mounts without commission
That I may see him punished, and severely,
Or by that holy Heaven, I'll fire your house,
And there's my way of honor.
Zanch. Pray give me leave

Was not man made the noblest creature?
Alph. Well Sir.
Zanch. Should not his mind then answer to his making,
And to his mind his actions, if this ought to be,
Why do we run a blind way from our worths,
And cancel our discretions, doing those things
To cure offences, are the most offences?
We have rules of justice in us; to those rules
Let us apply our angers: you can consider
The want in others of these terminations
And how unfurnish'd they appear.
Alph. Hang others,
And where the wrongs are open, hang respects,
I come not to consider.
Leo. Noble Sir,
Let us argue cooly, and consider like men.
Alph. Like men!
Leo. Ye are too sudain still.
Alph. Like men Sir?
Zanch. It is fair language, and ally'd to honor.
Alph. Why, what strange beast would your grave reverence
Make me appear? like men!
Zanch. Taste but that point Sir,
And ye recover all.
Alph. I tell thy wisdom
I am as much a man, and as good a man.
Leo. All this is granted Sir.
Alph. As wise a man.
Zanch. Ye are not tainted that way.
Alph. And a man
Dares make thee no man; or at best, a base man.
Zanch. Fie, fie, here wants much carriage.
Alph. Hang much carriage.
Leo. Give me good language.
Alph. Sirrah Signior, Give me my Daughter.
Leo. I am as gentle as your self, as free born.
Zanch. Observe his way.
Leo. As much respect ow'd to me.
Zanch. This hangs together nobly.
Leo. And for Civil,

A great deal more it seems: go look your Daughter.
Zanch. There ye went well off Signior.
Leo. That rough tongue
You understand at first: you never think Sir
Out of your mightiness, of my loss: here I stand
A patient Anvil, to your burning angers
Made subject to your dangers; yet my loss equal:
Who shall bring home my Son?
Alph. A whipping Beadle.
Leo. Why, is your Daughter whorish?
Alph. Ha, thou dar'st not,
By heaven I know thou dar'st not.
Leo. I dare more Sir
If you dare be uncivil.
Alph. Laugh too, Pidgeon.
Zanch. A [f]itter time for fames sake: two weak Nurses
Would laugh at this; are there no more days coming,
No ground but this to argue on? no swords left
Nor friends to carry this, but your own furies?
Alas! it shows too weakly.
Alph. Let it show,
I come not here for shews: laugh at me sirrah?
I'll give ye cause to laugh.
Leo. Ye are as like sir
As any man in *Spain.*
Alph. By heaven I will,
I will brave *Leonardo.*
Leo. Brave *Alphonso.*
I will expect it then.
Zanch. Hold ye there both,
These terms are noble.
Alph. Ye shall hear shortly from me.
Zanch. Now discreetly.
Alph. Assure your self ye shall: do ye see this sword sir?
He has not cast his teeth yet.
Zanch. Rarely carried.
Alph. He bites deep: most times mortal: Signior
I'll hound him at the fair and home.
Zanch. Still nobly.
Alph. And at all those that dare maintain ye.

Zanch. Excellent.
Leo. How you shall please sir, so it be fair, though certain,
I had rather give you reason.
Zanch. Fairly urg'd too.
Alph. This is no age for reason; prick your reason
Upon your swords point.
Zanch. Admirably follow'd.
Alph. And there I'll hear it: so till I please, live Sir. [*Exit.*
Leo. And so farewel, you're welcome.
Zanch. The end crowns all things
Signior, some little business past, this cause I'll argue
And be a peace between ye, if't so please ye,
And by the square of honor to the utmost:
I feel the old man's master'd by much passion,
And too high rackt, which makes him overshoot all
His valour should direct at, and hurt those
That stand but by as blenchers: this he must know too,
As necessary to his judgement, doting women
Are neither safe nor wise adventurers: conceive me,
If once their will[s] have wander'd; nor is't then
A time to use our rages: for why should I
Bite at the stone, when he that throws it wrongs me?
Do not we know that Women are most wooers
Though closest in their carriage? Do not all men know,
Scarce all the compass of the Globe can hold 'em
If their affections be afoot? shall I then covet
The follies of a she-fool, that by nature
Must seek her like, by reason, be a woman,
Sink a tall ship, because the sails defie me?
No, I disdain that folly; he that ventures
Whilst they are fit to put him on, has found out
The everlasting motion in his scabbard.
I doubt not to make peace: and so for this time
My best love, and remembrance.
Leo. Your poor Servant. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Diego, Philippo, *and* Theodosia.

Phil. Where will our Horses meet us?
Diego. Fear not you Sir,
Some half mile hence my worships man will stay us,
How is it with my young bloods? come, be jovial,
Let's travel like a merry flock of wild Geese,
Every tongue talking.
Phil. We are very merry;
But do you know this way, Sir?
Theo. Is't not dangerous?
Methinks these woody thickets should harbor knaves.
Die. I fear none but fair wenches; those are thieves,
May quickly rob me of my good conditions,
If they cry Stand once: but the best is Signiors
They cannot bind my hands: for any else,
They meet an equal knave, and there's my Passport:
I have seen fine sport in this place: had these three tongues,
They would tell ye pretty matters: do not you fear, though
They are not every daies delights.
Phil. What sport Sir?
Die. Why to say true, the sport of all sports.
Phil. What was't?
Die. Such turning up of Taffataes; and you know
To what rare whistling tunes they go, far beyond
A soft wind in the shrowds: such stand there,
And down i' th' other place; such supplications
And subdivisions for those toys their honors,
One, as ye are a Ge[n]tleman in this bush,
And oh sweet Sir, what mean ye? there's a bracelet,
And use me I beseech ye like a woman;
And her petition's heard: another scratches,
And cries she will die first, and then swounds: but certain
She is brought to life again, and does well after.
Another, save mine honor, oh mine honor,
My Husband serves the Duke, Sir, in his kitchen;
I have a cold pie for ye; fie, fie, fie Gentlemen,
Will nothing satisfie, where's my Husband?

Another cries, do ye see Sir how they use me,
Is there no Law for these things?
Theo. And good mine Host,
Do you call these fine sports?
Die. What should I call 'em,
They have been so call'd these thousand years and upwards.
Phil. But what becomes o' th' men?
Die. They're stript and bound,
Like so many *Adams*, with fig-leaves afore 'em,
And there's their innocence.
Theo. Would we had known this!
Before we reacht this place.
Phil. Come, there's no danger,
These are but sometimes chances.

Enter Bailiff.

Host. Now we must through.
Theo. Who's that?
Host. Stand to it Signiors.
Phil. No it needs not,
I know the face; 'tis honest.
Bayl. What mine Host:
Mine everlasting honest Host.
Host. Mass Baily:
Now in the name of an ill reckoning
What make you walking this round?
Bayl. A —— of this round,
And of all business too, through woods, and rascals,
They have rounded me away a dozen Duckets,
Besides a fair round Cloak: Some of 'em knew me,
Else they had cased me like a Cunnie too,
As they have done the rest, and I think roasted me,
For they began to baste me soundly: my young Signiors,
You may thank heaven, and heartily, and hourly,
You set not out so early; ye had been smoak'd else
By this true hand [y]e had Sirs, finely smoak'd,
Had ye been Women, smockt too.
Theo. Heaven defend us.
Bayl. Nay, that had been no prayer, there were those
That run that prayer out of breath, yet fail'd too.

There was a Fryer, now ye talk of prayer,
With a huge bunch of Beads, like a rope of Onions:
I am sure as big, that out of fear and prayer,
In halfe an hour, wore 'em as small as Bugles,
Yet he was flead too.
Phil. At what hour was this?
Bayl. Some two hours since.
Theo. Do you think the passage sure now.
Bayl. Yes, a rope take 'em, as it will, and bless 'em,
They have done for this day sure.
Phil. Are many rifled?
Bayl. At the least a dozen,
And there left bound.
Theo. How came you free?
Bayl. A curtesie
They use out of their rogueships, to bequeath
To one, that when they give a sign from far
Which is from out of danger; he may presently
Release the rest, as I met you, I was going,
Having the sign from yonder hill to do it.
Theo. Alas poor men.
Phil. Mine Host, pray go untie 'em.
Die. Let me alone for cancelling: where are they?
Bayl. In every bush, like black birds, you cannot miss 'em.
Die. I need not stalk unto 'em. [*Exit.*
Bayl. No, they'l stand ye,
My busie life for yours Sir: you would wonder
To see the several tricks and strange behaviours
Of the poor rascals in their miseries,
One weeps, another laughs at him for weeping,
A third is monstrous angry, he can laugh
And cries, go too, this is no time; he laughs still,
A fourth exhorts to patience: him a fifth man
Curses for tameness; him a Fryer schools,
All hoot the Fryer, here one sings a Ballad,
And there a little Curate confutes him,
And in this linsey-woolsey way, that would make a dog
Forget his dinner, or an old man fire,
They rub out for their ransoms: Amongst the rest,
There is a little boy rob'd, a fine child,

This boy's the glory of this robbery,
The rest but shame the action: now
Host. Come lads, 'tis Holy-day: h
And sweating Agues are abroad.
1. It seems so;
For we have met with rare Physitians
To cure us of that malady.
Host. Fine footing,
Light and deliver: now my boys: Ma
How does your Holiness, bear up man;
A cup of neat Sack now and a toast: l
A warm plaister to your belly Father,
There were a blessing now.
Fryer. Ye say your mind Sir.
Host. Where my fine Boy: my poy
Bayl. There's the wonder.
Host. A rank whore scratch their side
For robbing thee, thou hast a thousand v
To rob thy self boy, Dice, and a Chaml
Leo. Ye are deceiv'd Sir.
Host. And thy Master too boy.
Phil. A sweet-fac'd boy indeed: what
What barbarous, brutish slaves to strip th
Theo. Come hither my boy: alas! h
We must intreat your Cloak.
Host. Can ye intreat it.
Phil. We do presume so much, you h
Host. Will you intreat those too?

I am ever cozen'd with mine own commendations;
It is determin'd then I shall be robb'd too.
To make up vantage to this dozen: here Sir,
Heaven has provided ye a simple garment
To set ye off: pray keep it handsomer
Than you kept your own; and let me have it render'd,
Brush'd and discreetly folded.
Leo. I thank ye Sir.
Host. Who wants a Doublet?
2. I.
Host. Where will you have it?
2. From you Sir, if you please.
Host. Oh, there's the point, Sir.
Phil. My honest friends, I am sorry for your fortunes,
But that's but poor relief: here are ten Duckets,
And to your distribution, holy Sir,
I render 'em: and let it be your care
To see 'em, as your wants are, well divided.
Host. Plain dealing now my friends: and Father Fryer,
Set me the Sadle right; no wringing Fryer,
Nor tithing to the Church, these are no duties;
Scour me your conscience, if the Devil tempt ye
Off with [y]our cord, and swinge him.
Fry. Ye say well Sir.
All. Heaven keep your goodness.
Theo. Peace keep you, farewel friends.
Host. Farewel light-Horse-men. [*Ex. the rob'd.*
Phil. Which way travel you Sir.
Bayl. To the next Town.
Theo. Do you want any thing.
Bail. Only discretion to travel at good hours,
And some warm meat to moderate this matter,
For I am most outragious cruel hungry.
Host. I have a stomach too such as it is.
Would pose a right good pasty, I thank heaven for't.
Bayl. Cheese, that would break the teeth of a new handsaw,
I could endure now like an Oastrich, or salt beef,
That *Cesar* left in pickel.
Phil. Take no care,
We'll have meat for you, and enough: I th' mean time

Keep you the horse way, lest the fellow miss us,
We'll meet ye at the end o' th' wood.
Host. Make haste then. [*Ex. Host and Bayl.*
Theo. My pretty Sir till your necessities
Be full supplied, so please you trust our friendships,
We must not part.
Leo. Ye have pull'd a charge upon ye,
Yet such a one as ever shall be thankful.
Phil. Ye have said enough, may I be bold to ask ye,
What Province you were bred in? and of what Parents?
Leo. Ye may Sir: I was born in *Andaluzia*,
My name *Francisc*[*o*], son to Don *Henriques*
De Cardinas.
Theo. Our noble neighbor.
Phil. Son to Don *Henriques*?
I know the Gentleman: and by your leave Sir,
I know he has no son.
Leo. None of his own Sir,
Which makes him put that right upon his Brother
Don *Zanchio*'s child[ren]: one of which I am,
And therefore do not much err.
Phil. Still ye do Sir,
For neither has Don *Zanchio* any son;
A Daughter, and a rare one is his heir,
Which though I [n]ever was so blest to see,
Yet I have heard great good of.
Theo. Urge no further,
He is ashamed, and blushes.
Phil. Sir,
If it might import you to conceal your self,
I ask your mercy, I have been so curious:
Leo. Alas! I must ask yours Sir: for these lies,
Yet they were useful ones; for by the claiming
Such noble parents, I believ'd your bounties
Would shew more gracious: The plain truth is Gentlemen,
I am Don *Zanchio*'s Stewards son, a wild boy,
That for the fruits of his unhappiness,
Is faign to seek the wars.
Theo. This is a lie too.
If I have any ears.

Phil. Why?
Theo. Mark his language,
And ye shall find it of too sweet a relish
For one of such a breed: I'll pawn my hand,
This is no boy.
Phil. No boy? what would you have him?
Theo. I know, no boy: I watcht how fearfully,
And yet how suddainly he cur'd his lies,
The right wit of a Woman: Now I am sure.
Phil. What are ye sure?
Theo. That 'tis no boy: I'll burn in't.
Phil. Now I consider better, and take council,
Methinks he shows more sweetness in that face,
Than his fears dare deliver.
Theo. No more talk on't,
There hangs some great weight by it: soon at night
I'll tell ye more.
Phil. Come Sir, what e'r you are
With us, embrace your liberty, and our helps
In any need you have.
Leo. All my poor service
Shall be at your command Sir, and my prayers.
Phil. Let's walk apace; hunger will cut their throats else.
[*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Rodorigo, Markantonio, *and a Ship-master, two Chairs set out.*

Rod. Call up the Master.
Mast. Here Sir.
Rod. Honest Master,
Give order all the Gallies with this tyde
Fall round, and near upon us; that the next wind
We may weigh off together, and recover
The Port of *Bar*[*c*]*elona*, without parting.
Mast. Your pleasure's done Sir. [*Ex.*
Rod. Signior Markantonio,
Till meat be ready, let's sit here and prepare
Our stomachs with discourses.

Mar[*c*]. What you please Sir.
Rod. Pray ye answer me to this doubt.
Marc. If I can Sir.
Rod. Why should such plants as you are; pleasure children,
That owe their blushing years to gentle objects,
Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fulness,
Desire the stubborn wars?
Marc. In those 'tis wonder,
That make their ease their god, and not their honor:
But noble General my end is other,
Desire of knowledge Sir, and hope of tying
Discretion to my time, which only shews me,
And not my years, a man, and makes that more
Which we call handsome, the rest is but Boys beauty,
And with the Boy consum'd.
Rod. Ye argue well Sir.
Mar. Nor do I wear my youth, as they wear breeches,
For object, but for use: my strength for danger,
Which is the liberal part of man, not dalliance,
The wars must be my Mistress Sir.
Rod. Oh Signior,
You'll find her a rough wench.
Mar. When she is won once,
She'll show the sweeter Sir.
Rod. You can be pleas'd, though
Sometimes to take a tamer?
Mar. 'Tis a truth Sir,
So she be handsome, and not ill condition'd.
Rod. A Soldier should not be so curious.
Marc. I can make shift with any for a heat Sir.
Rod. Nay, there you wrong your youth too: and however
You are pleas'd to appear to me, which shews well Signior,
A tougher soul than your few years can testifie:
Yet, my young Sir, out of mine own experience
When my spring was, I am able to confute ye,
And say, y' had rather come to th' shock of eies,
And boldly march up to your Mistriss mouth,
Then to the Cannons.
Mar. That's as their lading is Sir.
Rod. There be Trenches

Fitter and warmer for your years, and safer
Than where the bullet plaies.
Mar. Ther's it I doubt Sir.
Rod. You'll easily find that faith: But come, be liberal,
What kind of Woman, could you make best wars with?
Mar. They are all but heavy marches.
Rod. Fie Marckantonio,
Beauty in no more reverence?
Mar. In the Sex Sir,
I honor it, and next to honor, love it,
For there is only beauty; and that sweetness
That was first meant for modesty: sever it
And put it in one woman, it appears not,
'Tis of too rare a nature, she too gross
To mingle with it.
Rod. This is a meer heresie.
Mar[*c*]. Which makes 'em ever mending; for that gloss
That cozens us for beauty, is but bravery,
An outward shew of things well set, no more:
For heavenly beauty, is as heaven it self Sir,
Too excellent for object, and what is seen
Is but the vail then, airy clouds; grant this
It may be seen, 'tis but like stars in twinklings.
Rod. 'Twas no small study in their Libraries
Brought you to this experience: But what think ye
Of that fair red and white, which we call Beauty?
Mar. Why? 'tis our creature Sir, we give it 'em,
Because we like those colours, else 'tis certain
A blew face with a motley nose would do it;
And be as great a beauty, so we lov'd it;
That we cannot give, which is only beauty,
Is a fair Mind.
Rod. By this rule, all our choices
Are to no ends.
Marc. Except the dull end, Doing.
Rod. Then all to you seem equal?
Marc. Very true Sir,
And that makes equal dealing: I love any
That's worth love.
Rod. How long love ye Signior?

Marc. Till I have other business.
Rod. Do you never
Love stedfastly one woman?
Mar. 'Tis a toil Sir
Like riding in one rode perpetually,
It offers no variety.
Rod. Right youth,
He must needs make a Soldier; nor do you think
One Woman, can love one man?
Mar. Yes, that may be.
Though it appear not often; they are things ignorant,
And therefore apted to that superstition
Of doting fondness; yet of late years Signior,
That worlds well mended with 'em, fewer are found now
That love at len[g]th, and to the right mark, all
Stir now [as] the time stirs; fame and fashion
Are ends they aim at now, and to make that love
That wiser ages held ambition;
They that cannot reach this may love by Index;
By every days surveying who best promises,
Who has done best, who may do, and who mended
May come to do again: who appear nearest
Either in new stampt clothes; or courtesies, (things
Done but from hand to mouth neither; nor love they these
Longer than new are making, nor that succession
Beyond the next fair feather: Take the City,
There they go to't by gold weight, no gain from 'em
All they can work by fire and water to 'em,
Profit is all they point at, if there be love
'Tis shew'd ye by so dark a light, to bear out
The bracks and old stains in it, that ye may purchase
French Velvet better cheap, all loves are endless.
Rod. Faith, if you have a Mistriss, would she heard you.
Mar. 'Twere but the vent'ring of my place, or swearing
I meant it but for argument, as Schoolmen
Dispute high questions.
Rod. What a world is this
When young men dare determine what those are
Age and the best experience ne'r could aim at. (bigger
Marc. They were thick ey'd then Sir; now the print is

And they may read their fortunes without spectacles.
Rod. Did you ne'r love?
Mar. Faith yes, once after supper,
And the fit held till midnight.
Rod. Hot, or shaking.
Mar. To say true, both.
Rod. How did ye rid it?
Mar. Thus Sir,
I laid my hand upon my heart, and blest me
And then said over certain charms I had learn'd
Against mad dogs, for love and they are all one;
Last thought upon a windmil, and so slept,
And was well ever after.
Rod. A rare Physitian,
What would your practise gain ye?
Mar. The wars ended,
I mean to use my Art, and have these fools
Cut in the head like Cats, to save the kingdom,
Another Inquisition.
Rod. So old a Soldier
Out of the wars, I never knew yet practised.
Mar. I shall mend every day; but noble General,
Believe this, but as this you nam'd discourses.
Rod. Oh ye are a cunning Gamester.
Mar. Mirths and toys
To cosin time withal, for o' my troth Sir,
I can love; I think, well too; well enough
And think as well of women as they are,
Pretty fantastick things, some more regardful,
And some few worth a service: I am so honest,
I wish 'em all in heaven, and you know how hard Sir
'Twill be to get in there with their great farthingals.
Rod. Well *Marcantonio*, I would not loose thy company
For the best Galley I command.
Marc. Faith General,
If these discourses please ye, I shall fit ye
Once every day. [*Knock within.*
Rod. Thou canst not please me better: hark, they call
Below to dinner: ye are my Cabbin guest,
My bosom's, so you please Sir.
Marc. Your poor Servant. [*Exeunt.*

... a little new anointing of ...
And a strong onion, that confounds th
Host[*ess*]. They call for more Sir.
Host. Knock a dozen eggs down,
But then beware your wenches.
Host[*ess*]. More than this too?
Host. Worts, worts, and make 'em
But they shall pay for Cullyses.
Host[*ess*]. All this is nothing;
They call for Kid and Partridge.
Host. Well remembred,
Where's the Faulconers half dog he left i
Host[*ess*]. It stinks Sir,
Past all hope that way.
Host. Run it o'r with Garlick,
And make a *Roman* dish on't.
Host[*ess*]. Pray ye be patient,
And get provision in; these are fine gent
And liberal gentlemen; they have *unde q*
No mangey Muleters, nor pinching Posts.
That feed upon the parings of Musk-mill
And Radishes, as big and tough as Rafter
Will ye be stirring in this business? here
Mine old Host of *Ossuna*, as wise as you
That is, as knavish; if ye put a trick,
Take heed he do not find it.
Host. I'll be wagging.
Host[*ess*]. 'Tis for your own com...
[*Serv.*] Anon ...

Enter Bayliff.

Bayl. Where's this Kitchen?
Hostess. Even at the next door Signior: what old Don?
We meet but seldom.
Bayl. Prethee be patient Hostess,
And tell me where the meat is.
Host[ess]. Faith Master Baylie,
How have ye done? and how man?
Bayl. Good sweet Hostess,
What shall we have to dinner?
Hostess. How does your woman,
And a fine Woman she is, and a good Woman;
Lord, how you bear your years!
Bayl. Is't Veal or Mutton,
Beef, Bacon, Pork, Kid, Pheasant, or all these,
And are they ready all?
Host[ess]. The hours that have been
Between us two, the merry hours: Lord!
Bayl. Hostess,
Dear Hostess do but hear; I am hungry.
Hostess. Ye are merrily dispos'd Sir.
Bayl. Monstrous hungry,
And hungry after much meat, I have brought hither
Right worshipful to pay the reckoning,
Money enough too with 'em, desire enough
To have the best meat, and of that enough too:
Come to the point sweet wench, and so I kiss thee.
Hostess. Ye shall have any thing, and instantly
E'r you can lick your ears, Sir.
Bayl. Portly meat,
Bearing substantial stuff, and fit for hunger
I do beseech ye Hostess first, then some light garnish,
Two Pheasants in a dish, if ye have Leverits,
Rather for way of ornament, than appetite
They may be look'd upon, or Larks: for Fish,
As there is no great need, so I would not wish ye
To serve above four dishes, but those full ones;
Ye have no Cheese of *Parma*?
Hostess. Very old Sir.

Bayl. The less will serve us, some ten pound.
Hostess. Alas Sir,
We have not halfe these dainties.
Bayl. Peace good Hostess,
And make us hope ye have.
Hostess. Ye shall have all Sir,
Bay. That may be got for money.

Enter Diego, *the Host, and a Boy.*

Host. Diego. Where's your Master?
Bring me your Master, Boy: I must have liquor
Fit for the *Mermydons*; no dashing now child
No conjurings by candle light, I know all;
Strike me the oldest Sack, a piece that carries
Point blank to this place boy, and batters; Hostess,
I kiss thy hands through which many a round reckoning
And things of moment have had motion.
Hostess. Still mine old Brother.
Host. Die. Set thy Seller open,
For I must enter, and advance my Colours,
I have brought th[ee] Dons indeed wench, Dons with Duckets
And those Dons must have dainty Wine, pure *Bacchus*
That bleeds the life blood: what is your cure ended?
Bayl. We shall have Meat man.
Host. Die. Then we will have Wine man,
And Wine upon Wine, cut and drawn with Wine.
Hostess. Ye shall have all, and more than all.
Bay. All, well then.
Host. Die. Away, about your business, you with her
For old acquaintance sake, to stay your stomach. } *Exit Hostess*
And Boy, be you my guide, *ad inferos*, } *and*
For I will make a full descent in equipage. } *Bayliff.*
Boy. I'll shew you rare Wine.
Host. Die. Stinging geer.
Boy. Divine Sir. (Wine boy.
Host. Die. O divine boy, march, march my child, rare
Boy. As any is in *Spain* Sir.
Host. Die. Old; and strong too,
Oh my fine boy, clear too?
Boy. As Christal Sir, and strong as truth.

Host. Die. Away boy,
I am enamor'd, and I long for Dalliance,
Stay no where child, not for thy fathers blessing,
I charge thee not to save thy Sisters honor,
Nor to close thy Dames eies, were she a dying
Till we arrive, and for thy recompence
I will remember thee in my Will.
Boy. Ye have said Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Philippo, *and* 2 *Host.*

Phi. MIne Host, is that Apparel got ye spoke of?
Ye shall have ready money.
2 *Host.* 'Tis come in, Sir, he has it on Sir
And I think 'twill be fit, and o' my credit
'Twas never worn but once Sir, and for necessity
Pawn'd to the man I told ye of.
Phi. Pray bargain for it,
And I will be the pay-master.
2 *Host.* I will Sir.
Phi. And let our meat be ready when you please,
I mean as soon.
2 *Host.* It shall be presently.
Phi. How far stands *Barcelona*?
2 *Host.* But two Leagues off Sir,
You may be there by three a clock.
Phi. I am glad on't. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Theodosia, *and* Leocadia.

Theo. Signior *Francisco*, why I draw you hither
To this remote place, marvel not, for trust me
My innocence yet never knew ill dealing,
And as ye have a noble temper, start not
Into offence, at any thing my knowledge,
And for your special good, would be inform'd of,
Nor think me vainly curious.

Leo. Worthy Sir,
The courtesies you and your noble Brother,
Even then when few men find the way to do 'em,
I mean in want, so freely showr'd upon me,
So truly, and so timely minister'd,
Must, if I should, suspect those minds that made 'em,
Either proclaim me an unworthy taker,
Or worse, a base beleever; Speek your mind Sir
Freely, and what you please, I am your Servant.
The. Then my young Sir know, since our first acquaintance
Induc'd by circumstances that deceive not
To clear some doubts I have; nay blush not Signior,
I have beheld ye narrowly: more blushes.
Sir, ye give me so much light, I find ye
A thing confest already: yet more blushes?
You would ill cover an offence might sink ye
That cannot hide your self; why do ye shake so?
I mean no trouble to ye; this fair hand
Was never made for hardness, nor those eies
(Come do not hide 'em,) for rough objects, harke ye,
Ye have betraid your self, that sigh confirms me;
Another? and a third too? then I see
These boys cloths do but pinch ye, come, be liberal,
Ye have found a friend that has found you, disguise not
That loaden soul that labors to be open:
Now you must weep, I know it, for I see
Your eies down laden to the lids, another
Manifest token that my doubts are perfect;
Yet I have found a greater; tell me this
Why were these holes left open, there was an error,
A foul one my *Francisco*, have I caught ye?
Oh pretty Sir, the custom of our Countrey
Allows men none in this place: Now the show'r comes.
Leo. Oh Signior *Theodoro.*
Theo. This sorrow shows so sweetly
I cannot choose but keep it company:
Take truce and speak Sir: and I charge your goodness
By all those perfect hopes that point at virtue
By that remembrance these fair tears are shed for,
If any sad misfortune have thus form'd ye,

That either care or counsel may redeem,
Pain, purse, or any thing within the power
And honor of free gentlemen, reveal it,
And have our labors.
Leo. I have found ye noble
And ye shall find me true; your doubts are certain,
Nor dare I more dissemble; I am a woman,
The great example of a wretched woman.
Here you must give me leave to shew my sex;
And now to make ye know how much your credit
Has won upon my soul, so it please your patience,
I'll tell you my unfortunate sad story.
Theo. Sit down and say on Lady:
Leo. I am born Sir
Of good and honest parents, rich, and noble,
And not to lie, the Daughter of Don *Zanchio*,
If my unhappy fortune have not lost me:
My name call'd *Leocadia*, even the same
Your worthy brother did the special honor
To name for beautiful; and without pride
I have been often made believe so Signior;
But that's impertinent: Now to my sorrows;
Not far from us a Gentleman of worth,
A neighbor and a noble visitor,
Had his abode; who often met my Father
In gentle sports of Chase, and River-Hawking
In Course and Riding; and with him often brought
A Son of his, a young and hopeful Gentleman,
Nobly train'd up, in years fit for affection,
A sprightly man, of understanding excellent,
Of speech and civil 'haviour, no less powerful;
And of all parts, else my eies lied, abundant:
We grew acquainted, and from that acquaintance
Nearer into affection; from affection
Into belief.
Theo. Well.
Leo. Then we durst kiss.
Theo. Go forward.
Leo. But oh, man, [man,] unconstant, careless man,
Oh subtle man, how many are thy mischiefs;

Oh *Mark-antonio*, I may curse those kisses.
Theo. What did you call him Lady?
Leo. *Mark-antonio*
The name to me of misery.
Theo. Pray foreward.
Leo. From these we bred desires sir; but lose me heaven
If mine were lustful.
Theo. I believe.
L[e]o. This nearness
Made him importunate; When to save mine honor
Love having full possession of my powers,
I got a Contract from him.
Theo. Sealed?
Leo. And sworn too;
Which since, for some offence heaven laid upon me,
I lost among my monies in the robbery,
The loss that makes me poorest: this won from him
Fool that I was, and too too credulous,
I pointed him a by-way to my chamber
The next night at an hour.
Theo. Pray stay there Lady;
And when the night came, came he, kept he touch with ye?
Be not so shamefac'd; had ye both your wishes?
Tell me, and tell me true, did he enjoy ye,
Were ye in one anothers arms abed? the Contract
Confirm'd in full joys there? did he lie with ye?
Answer to that; ha? did your father know this,
The good old man, or kindred privy to't?
And had ye their consents? did that nights promise
Make ye a Mother?
Leo. Why do you ask so nearly?
Good Sir, do's it concern you any thing?
Theo. No Lady.
Only the pitty why you should be used so
A little stirs me, but did he keep his promise?
Leo. No, no Signior,
Alas he never came, nor never meant it,
My Love was fool'd, time numbred to no end,
My expectation flouted, and ghesse you Sir,
What dor unto a doating Maid this was,

What a base breaking off!
Theo. All's well then Lady;
Go forward in your Story.
Leo. Not only fail'd Sir
Which is a curse in Love, and may he find it
When his affections are full-wing'd, and ready
To stoop upon the quarry, then when all
His full hopes are in's arms: not only thus Sir
But more injurious, faithless, treacherous,
Within two daies fame gave him far remov'd
With a new love, which much against my conscience
But more against my cause, which is my hell
I must confess a fair one, a right fair one,
Indeed of admirable sweetness, Daughter
Unto another of our noble neighbors
The thief call'd *Theodosia*; whose perfections
I am bound to ban for ever, curse to wrinckles,
As heaven I hope will make 'em soon; and aches;
For they have rob'd me poor unhappy wench
Of all, of all Sir, all that was my glory
And left me nothing but these tears, and travel:
Upon this certain news, I quit my Father
And if you be not milder in construction
I fear mine honour too: and like a Page
Stole to *Ossuna*, from that place to *Sivil*,
From thence to *Barcelona* I was travelling
When you o'er-took my misery, in hope to hear of
Gallies bound up for Italy; for never
Will I leave off the search of this bad man
This filcher of affections, this love-Pedler,
Nor shall my curses cease to blast her beauties
And make her name as w[a]ndring as her nature
Till standing face to face before their lusts
I call heavens justice down.
Theo. This shows too angry
Nor can it be her fault she is belov'd,
If I give meat, must they that eat it surfeit?
Leoc. She loves again Sir, there's the mischief of it
And in despight of me to drown my blessings
Which she shall dearly know.

Theo. Ye are too violent.
Leoc. She has Devils in her eyes, to whose devotion
He offers all his service.
Theo. Who can say
But she may be forsaken too? he that once wanders
From such a perfect sweetness, as you promise
Has he not still the same rule to deceive?
Leoc. No, no they are together, love together
Past all deceipt of that side; sleep together,
Live, and delight together, and such deceipt
Give me in a wild desert.
Theo. By your leave Lady
I see no honour in this cunning.
Leoc. Honour?
True, none of her part, honour, she deserves none,
'Tis ceas'd with wandring Ladies such as she is,
So bold and impudent.
Theo. I could be angry
Extreamly angry now beyond my nature
And 'twere not for my pitty: what a man
Is this to do these wrongs: believe me Lady
I know the maid, and know she is not with him.
Leoc. I would you knew she were in heaven.
Theo. And so well know her
That I think you are cozen'd.
Leoc. So I say Sir.
Theo. I mean in her behaviour
For trust my faith so much I dare adventure for her credit
She never yet delighted to do wrong.
Leoc. How can she then delight in him? dare she think?
Be what she will, as excellent as Angels
My love so fond, my wishes so indulgent
That I must take her prewnings; sto[o]p at that
She has tyr'd upon; No Sir, I hold my beauty
Wash but these sorrows from it, of a sparkle
As right and rich as hers, my means as equal,
My youth as much unblown; and for our worths
And weight of virtue—
Theo. Do not task her so far. (vapor
Leo. By heaven she is cork, and clouds, light, light Sir,

But I shall find her out, with all her witchcrafts,
Her paintings, and her powncings: for 'tis art
And only art preserves her, and meer spels
That work upon his powers; let her but shew me
A ruin'd cheek like mine, that holds his colour
And writes but sixteen years in spight of sorrows
An unbathed body, smiles, that give but shaddows,
And wrinkle not the face; besides she is little,
A demy dame, that makes no object.
Theo. Nay.
Then I must say you err; for credit me
I think she is taller than your self.
Leoc. Why let her
It is not that shall mate me; I but ask
My hands may reach unto her.
Theo. Gentle Lady
'Tis now ill time of farther argument,
For I perceive your anger voyd of counsel,
Which I could wish more temperate.
Leoc. Pray forgive me
If I have spoken uncivilly: they that look on
See more than we that play: and I beseech ye
Impute it loves offence, not mine; whose torments,
If you have ever lov'd, and found my crosses
You must confess are seldom ty'd to patience,
Yet I could wish I had said less.
Theo. No harm then;
Ye have made a full amends; our company
You may command, so please you in your travels
With all our faith and furtherance; let it be so.
Leoc. Ye make too great an offer.
Theo. Then it shall be
Go in and rest your self, our wholsome dyet
Will be made ready straight: But heark ye Lady
One thing I must entreat, your leave, and sufferance
That these things may be open to my Brother
For more respect and honor.
Leoc. Do your pleasure.
Theo. And do not change this habit by no means
Unless ye change your self.

Leoc. Which must not yet be.
Theo. It carries ye concealed and safe.
Leoc. I am counsell'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Philippo.

Phil. What's done?
Theo. Why all we doubted; 'tis a woman,
And of a noble strain too, ghess.
Phil. I cannot.
Theo. You have heard often of her.
Phil. Stay I think not.
Theo. Indeed ye have; 'tis the fair *Leocadia*
Daughter unto Don *Zanchio*, our noble neighbor.
Phil. Nay?
Theo. 'Tis she Sir, o'my credit.
Phil. *Leocadia*,
Pish *Leocadia*, it must not be.
Theo. It must be, or be nothing.
Phil. Pray give me leave to wonder, *Leocadia*?
Theo. The very same.
Phil. The Damsel *Leocadia*
I ghest it was a woman, and a fair one
I see it through her shape, transparent plain
But that it should be she; tell me directly.
Theo. By heavens 'tis she.
Phil. By heaven then 'tis a sweet one.
Theo. That's granted too.
Phil. But heark ye, heark ye Sister,
How came she thus disguis'd?
Theo. I'll tell you that too
As I came on the self-same ground, so us'd too.
Phil. By the same man?
Theo. The same too.
Phil. As I live
You lovers have fine fancies,
Wonderous fine ones.
Theo. Pray heaven you never make one.
Phil. Faith I know not,
But in that mind I am, I had rather cobble,
'Tis a more Christian Trade; pray tell me one thing

Are not you two now monstrous jealous
Of one another?
Theo. She is much of me
And has rayl'd at me most unmercifully
And to my face, and o'my conscience
Had she but known me, either she or I
Or both, had parted with strange faces
She was in such a fury.
Phil. *Leocadia?*
Do's she speak handsomly?
Theo. Wondrous well Sir
And all she do's becomes her, even her anger.
Phil. How seemed she when you found her?
Theo. Had you seen
How sweetly fearful her pretty self
Betray'd her self, how neat her sorrow show'd,
And in what handsome phrase she put her story,
And as occasion stirr'd her how she started
Though roughly, yet most aptly into anger
You would have wonder'd.
Phil. Do's she know ye?
Theo. No,
Nor must not by no means.
Phil. How stands your difference?
Theo. I'll tell ye that some fitter time, but trust me
My *Marc-antonio* has too much to answer.
Phil. May I take knowledge of her?
Theo. Yes she is willing,
Phil. Pray use her as she is, with all respects then,
For she is a woman of a noble breeding.
Theo. Ye shall not find me wanting.
Phil. Which way bears she?
Theo. Our way, and to our end.
Phil. I am glad on't; hark ye,
She keeps her shape? [*Enter* Leocadia.
Theo. Yes, and I think by this time
Has mew'd her old.
Phil. She is here: by heaven a rare one,
An admirable sweet one, what an eye
Of what a full command she bears, how gracious

All her aspect shows; bless me from a feaver
I am not well o'th suddain.
Leoc. Noble friends
Your meat and all my service waits upon ye.
Phil. Ye teach us manners Lady; all which service
Must now be mine to you, and all too poor too;
Blush not, we know ye, for by all our faiths
With us your honor is in sanctuary
And ever shall be.
Leoc. I do well believe it,
Will ye walk nearer Sir. [*Exit.*
Theo. She shows still fairer,
Yonger in every change, and clearer, neater;
I know not, I may fool my self, and finely
Nourish a wolfe to eat my heart out; Certain
As she appears now, she appears a wonder,
A thing amazes me; what would she do then
In womans helps, in ornaments apt for her
And deckings to her delicacy? without all doubt
She would be held a miracle; nor can I think
He has forsaken her: Say what she please,
I know his curious eye, or say he had,
Put case he could be so boy-blind and foolish,
Yet stil I fear she keeps the Contract with her
Not stoln as she affirms, nor lost by negligence,
She would loose her self first, 'tis her life, and there
All my hopes are dispatch'd; O noble love
That thou couldst be without this jealousie,
Without this passion of the heart, how heavenly
Wouldst thou appear unto us? Come what may come
I'll see the end on't: and since chance has cast her
Naked into my refuge, all I can
She freely shall command, except the man. [*Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leonardo, *and* Don Pedro.

Leon. Don *Pedro* do you think assuredly
The Galleys will come round to *Barcelona*
Within these two days?

Ped. Without doubt.
Leo. And think ye
He will be with 'em certainly?
Ped. He is sir
I saw him at their setting off.
Leo. Must they needs
Touch there for water as you say?
Ped. They must sir
And for fresh meat too, few or none go by it.
Beside so great a Fleet must needs want trimming
If they have met with fowl seas, and no harbor
On this side *Spain*, is able without danger
To moore 'em, but that haven.
Leo. Are the wars
His only end?
Ped. So he professes.
Leo. Bears he
Any command amongst 'em?
Ped. Good regard
With all; which quickly will prefer him.
Leo. Pray Sir tell me,
And as you are a Gentleman be liberal.
Ped. I will Sir, and most true.
Leo. Who saw ye with him?
Ped. None but things like himself; young Souldiers
And Gentlemen desirous to seek honor.
Leo. Was there no woman there, nor none disguis'd
That might be thought a woman in his language?
Did he not let slip something of suspition
Touching that wanton way.
Ped. Believe me Sir
I neither saw, nor could suspect that face
That might be doubted womans, yet I am sure
Aboard him I see all that past, and 'tis impossible
Among so many high set bloods there should be
A woman, let her close her self within a cockle,
But they would open her, he must not love
Within that place alone, and therefore surely
He would not be so foolish had he any,
To trust her there; for his discourse, 'twas ever

About his business, war, or mirth to make us
Relish a Can of Wine well; when he spoke private
'Twas only the remembrance of his service,
And hope of your good prayers for his health Sir,
And so I gave him to the seas.
Leo. I thank ye,
And now am satisfied, and to prevent
Suspitions that may nourish dangers Signior,
For I have told you how the mad *Alphonso*
Chafes like a Stag i'th toyl, and bends his fury
'Gainst all but his own ignorance; I am determin'd
For peace sake and the preservation
Of my yet untoucht honor, and his cure
My self to seek him there, and bring him back
As testimony of an unsought injury
By either of our actions; That the world,
And he if he have reason, may see plainly
Opinion is no perfect guide; nor all fames
Founders of truths: In the mean time this courtesie
I must intreat of you Sir, Be my self here
And as my self command my family.
Ped. Ye lay too much trust on me.
Leo. 'Tis my love Sir,
I will not be long from ye; if this question
Chance to be call'd upon ere my return
I leave your care to answer; so Farewell Sir.
Ped. Ye take a wise way; All my best endeavors
Shall labor in your absence; peace go with ye. [*Exit Le*[*o*].
A noble honest Gentleman, free hearted
And of an open faith, much loving, and much loved,
And father of that goodness only malice
Can truly stir against, what dare befall
Till his return I'll answer. [*Exit Ped.*

Enter Alphonso, *and Servant.*

Alph. Walk off Sirrah,
But keep your self within my call.
Serv. I will Sir.
Alph. And stir my horse for taking cold: within there,
Hoa people; you that dwell there my brave Signior

What are ye all a sleep? is't that time with ye?
I'll ring a little lowder.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Sir who seek ye?
Alph. Not you Sir; Where's your Master?
Ped. I serve no man
In way of pay Sir.
Alph. Where's the man o'th house then?
Ped. What would you have with him Sir?
Alph. Do you stand here Sir
To ask men questions when they come?
Ped. I would sir
Being his friend, and hearing such alarmes
Know how men come to visit him.
Alph. Ye shall Sir,
Pray tell his mightiness here is a Gentleman
By name *Alphonso*, would intreat his conference
About affairs of State Sir, are ye answer'd?

Enter Sanchio *carried.*

Ped. I must be Sir.
Sanch. Stay, set me down, stay Signior,
You must stay, and ye shall stay.
Alph. Meaning me Sir?
Sanch. Yes you Sir, you I mean, I mean you.
Alph. Well Sir.
Why should I stay?
Sanch. There's reason.
Alph. Reason Sir?
Sanch. I reason Sir
My wrong is greatest, and I will be served first,
Call out the man of fame!
Alph. How serv'd Sir?
Sanch. Thus sir.
Alph. But not before me.
Sanch. Before all the world sir
As my case stands.
Alph. I have lost a daughter sir.
Sanch. I have lost another worth five score of her sir.

Alph. Ye must not tell me so.
San[c]h. I have, and heark ye?
Make it up five score more: Call out the fellow,
And stand you by sir.
Ped. This is the mad morriss.
Alph. And I stand by?
Sanch. I say stand by, and do it.
Alph. Stand by among thy lungs.
Sanch. Tu[r]n presently
And say thy prayers, thou art dead.
Alph. I scorn thee
And scorn to say my prayers more than thou do'st,
Mine is the most wrong, and my daughter dearest
And mine shall first be righted.
Sanch. Shall be righted.
Ped. A third may live I see, pray hear me Gentlemen.
Sanch. Shall be.
Alph. I, shall be righted.
Sanch. Now?
Alph. Now.
Sanch. Instantly.
Alph. Before I stir.
Sanch. Before me.
Alph. Before any. (friends here
Sanch. Dost thou consider what thou say'st? hast thou
Able to quench my anger, or perswade me
After I have beaten thee into one main bruist
And made thee spend thy state in rotten apples,
Thou canst at length be quiet, shall I kill thee
Divide thee like a rotten Pumpion,
And leave thee stincking to posterity,
There's not the least blow I shall give; but do's this
Urge me no farther: I am first.
Alph. I'll hang first.
No goodman glory, 'tis not your bravado's,
Your punctual honor, nor soldadoship.
Sanch. Set me a little nearer.
Alph. Let him sally.
[Lin'd] with your quircks of carriage and discretion
Can blow me off my purpose. Where's your credit

With all your school points now? your decent arguing
And apt time for performing: where are these toys,
These wise ways, and most honorable courses,
To take revenge? how dar'st thou talk of killing,
Or think of drawing any thing but squirts
When letchery has dry found[e]d thee?
Sanch. Neerer yet,
That I may spit him down: thou look'st like a man.
Ped. I would be thought so Sir.
Sanch. Prethee do but take me,
And fling me upon that Puppy.
Alph. Do for heavens sake,
And see but how I'll hug him.
San[e]h. Yet take warning.
Ped. Faith Gentlemen, this is a needless quarrel.
Sanch. And do you desire to make one?
Ped. As a friend Sir,
To tell you all this anger is but lost Sir,
For *Leonardo* is from home.
Alph. No, no Sir.
Ped. Indeed he is.
Sanch. Where dare he be, but here Sir,
When men are wrong'd, and come for satisfactions.
Ped. It seems he has done none Sir; for his business
Clear of those cares, hath carried him for sometime
To *Barcelona*: if he had been guilty,
I know he would have stayd, and clear'd all difference
Either by free confession, or his sword.
Sanch. This must not be.
Ped. Sure as I live, it is Sir.
Alph. Sure, as we all live,
He's run away for ever: *Barcelona*!
Why? 'tis the key for *Italy*, from whence
He stole first hither.
Sanch. And having found his knaveries
Too gross to be forgiven, and too open,
He has found the same way back again: I believe too
The good grass Gentleman, for his own ease,
Has taken one o'th'Fillyes: Is not his stuff sold.
Alph. I fear his worships shoos too; to escape us,

And search him like conceal'd
And though I find him in his s
Alph. I'll bear ye company.
Sanch. Pray have a care the
A most [especiall] care, indeed a
Ye do not anger me.
Alph. I will observe ye,
And if I light upon him handsom
Sanch. Kill but a piece of hi
For your poor Friends.
Ped. I fear him not for all th
Alph. Shall we first go home,
For it may prove a voyage, and di
Of things there; heaven knows wh
Sanch. No,
I'll kill him in this shirt I have on
Govern themselves, I am master of
At this time, and no more; let wi
Lie lay till I return.
Alph. I say amen to't:
But what care for our monies?
Sanch. I will not spend
Above three shillings, till his head
Four is too great a sum for all his
Come take me up instantly.
Alph. Fare—"

Offence enough, if their own indiscretions
Would suffer 'em: two of the old seditious,
When they want enemies, they are their own foes:
Were they a little wiser, I should doubt 'em:
Till when I'll ne'r break sleep, nor suffer hunger
For any harm he shall receive: for 'tis as easie
If he be guilty, to turn these two old men
Upon their own throats, and look on, and live still,
As 'tis to tell five pound: a great deal sooner,
And so I'll to my meat, and then to hawking. [*Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Markantonio, *and a Gentleman.*

Marc. Sir, this is complement; I pray you leave me.
Gent. Sir, it is not.
Marc. Why? I would only see the Town.
Gent. And only that I come to shew you.
Marc. Which I can see without you.
Gent. So you may
Plainly, not safely: For such difference
As you have seen betwixt the sea and earth
When waves rise high, and land would beat 'em back
As fearful of Invasion; such we find
When we land here at *Barcelona.*
Marc. Sir.
Gent. Besides our General of the Galleys, fearing
Your hasty nature, charg'd me not return
Without you safe.
Marc. O Sir, that *Roderigo*
Is noble, and do's mistake my temper.
There is not in the world, a mind less apt
To conceive wrongs, or do 'em; has he seen me
In all this voyage, in the which he pleases.

En[t]er Eugenia, *with divers Attendants.*

To call me friend, let slip a hasty word?
S'light Sir: yonder is a Lady va[il]d,
For properness beyond comparison,

And sure her face is like the rest: we'll see't.
Gent. Why? you are hasty Sir already: know you
What 'tis you go about.
Marc. Yes, I would see
The womans face.
Gent. By heaven you shall not do't:
You do not know the custom of the place:
To draw that curtain here, though she were mean,
s mortall.
Marc. Is it? earth must come to earth
At last, and by my troth, I'll try it Sir.
Gent. Then I must hold you fast. By all the faith
That can be plac'd in man, 'tis an attempt
More dangerous than death, 'tis death and shame:
I know the Lady well.
Marc. Is she a Lady?
I shall the more desire to see her Sir.
Gent. She is *Alanso*'s wife, the Governor,
A noble Gentleman.
Marc. Then let me go,
If I can win her, you and I will govern
This Town Sir, fear it not, and we will alter
These barbarous customs then; for every Lady
Shall be seen daily, and seen over too.
Gent. Come, do not jest, nor let your passions bear you
To such wild enterprises: hold you still,
For as I have a soul, you shall not do't.
She is a Lady of unblemish'd fame,
And here to offer that affront, were base:
Hold on your way, and we will see the Town,
And overlook the Ladies.
Marc. I am school'd,
And promise you I will: but good Sir, see,
She will pass by us now; I hope I may
Salute her thus far off.
Gent. 'S foot, are you mad?
'Twill be as ill as th'other.
1. *Attend.* What's the matter?
What would that fellow have?
Gent. Good Sir forbear.

1. *Atten.* It seems you are new landed: would you beg
Any thing here?
Marc. Yes Sir, all happiness
To that fair Lady, as I hope.
Gent. Markantonio.
Marc. Her face, which needs no hiding: I would beg
A sight of.
Gent. Now go on, for 'tis too late
To keep this from a tumult.
1. *Attend.* Sirrah, you
Shall see a fitter object for your eyes,
Then a fair Ladies face.
Eug. For heavens sake, raise not
A quarrel in the streets for me.
1. *Attend.* Slip in then;
This is your door.
Eug. Will you needs quarrel then?
1. *Attend.* We must, or suffer
This outrage: is't not all your minds Sirs, speak?
All. Yes.
Eug. Then I do beseech ye, let my Lord

Enter three or four Souldiers.

Not think the quarrel about me; for 'tis not. [*Exit.*
Gent. See happily some of our Galley souldiers
Are come ashoar.
1. *Attend.* Come on Sir, you shall see
Faces enough.
Gent. Some one of you call to

Enter certain Townsmen.

Our General, the whole rore of the Town
Comes in upon us.
Marc. I have seen Sir better
Perhaps, than that was cover'd; and will yet

Enter Philippo, Theodosia, *and* Leocadia.

See that, or spoil yours.
Phil. On, why start you back?
Theo. Alass Sir, they are fighting.
Leoc. Let's begon,

See, see, a handsome man strook down.
Gent. Ho General,
Look out, *Antonio* is in distress.

Enter Rodorigo *above.*

Theo. *Antonio.*
Leoc. *Antonio*! 'tis he.
Rod. within. Ho, Gunner make a shot into the Town,
I'll part you: bring away *Antonio* [*a shot.*
Into my Cabben. [*Exit Attendants*
Gent. I will do that office. *and Townsmen.*
I fear it is the last, that I shall do him.
[*Exit Souldiers and Gentlemen with* Marckantonio.
Theo. The last, why will he dye?
Leoc. Since I have found him: happiness leave me,
When I leave him.
Phil. Why *Theodosia*?
My sister; wake: alass, I griev'd but now
To see the streets so full; and now I grieve
To see them left so empty: I could wish,
Tumult himself were here, that yet at least
Amongst the band, I might espie some face
So pale and fearful, that would willingly
Embrace an arrand for a Cordial,
Or *Aquavitæ*, or a cup of sack,
Or a Physitian: but to talk of these
She breaths: stand up, O *Theodosia*,
Speak but as thou wert wont, give but a sigh,
Which is but the most unhappy piece of life,
And I will ever after worship sadness,
Apply my self to grief; prepare and build
Altars to sorrow.
Theo. O *Philippo*, help me.
Phil. I do; these are my arms, *Philippo*'s arms,
Thy Brothers arms that hold thee up.
Theo. You help me
To life: but I would see *Antonio*
That's dead.
Phil. Thou shalt see any thing; how dost thou?
Theo. Better, I thank you.

Phil. Why that's well: call up
Thy senses, and uncloud thy cover'd spirits.
How now?
Theo. Recover'd: but *Antonio*,
Where is he?
Phil. We will find him: art thou well?
Theo. Perfectly well, saving the miss of him;
And I do charge you here, by our allyance,
And by the love which would have been betwixt us,
Knew we no kindred; by that killing fear,
Mingled with twenty thousand hopes and doubts,
Which you may think, plac'd in a Lovers heart,
And in a Virgins too, when she wants help,
To grant me your assistance, to find out
This man alive, or dead; and I will pay you
In service, tears, or prayers, a world of wealth:
But other treasure, I have none: alas!
You men have strong hearts; but we feeble maids
Have tender eyes, which only given be
To blind themselves, crying for what they see.
Phil. Why do'st thou charge me thus? have I been found
Slow to perform, what I could but imagine
Thy wishes were; have I at any time
Tender'd a business of mine own, beyond
A vanity of thine? have I not been
As if I were a sensless creature, made
To serve thee without pow'r of questioning,
If so, why fear'st thou?
Theo. I am satisfied.
Phil. Come; then let's go: where's *Leocadia*?
Theo. I know not Sir.
Phil. Where's *Leocadia*?
Theo. I do not know.
Phil. *Leocadia*,
This Tumult made the streets as dead as night,
A man may talk as freely: what's become
Of *Leocadia*?
Theo. She's run away.
Phil. Begone, and let us never more behold
Each others face, till we may, both together,

Fasten our eyes on her: accursed be
Those tender cozening names of charity,
And natural affection, they have lost
Me only by observing them, what cost
Travel, and fruitless wishes may in vain
Search through the world, but never find again.
Theo. Good Sir be patient, I have done no fault
Worthy this banishment.
Phil. Yes *Leocadia*,
The Lady so distress'd, who was content
To lay her story, and to lay her heart
As open as her story to your self,
Who was content, that I should know her Sex,
Before dissembl'd and to put her self
Into my conduct, whom I undertook
Safely to guard, is in this Tumult lost.
Theo. And can I help it Sir?
Phil. No, would thou couldst,
You might have done, but for that zeald religion
You women bear to swownings, you do pick
Your times to faint when some body is by:
Bound or by nature, or by love, or service
To raise you from that well dissembled death:
Inform me but of one that has been found
Dead in her private chamber by her self,
Where sickness would no more forbear, than here,
And I will quit the rest for her.
Theo. I know not
What they may do, and how they may dissemble;
But by my troth, I did not.
Phil. By my troth,
Would I had try'd; would I had let thee layn,
And followed her.
Theo. I would you had done so
Rather, than been so angry: where's *Antonio*?
Phil. Why do'st thou vex me with these questions?
I'll tell thee where, he's carried to the Galleys,
There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and row
With knotted ropes, and pizzels; if he swound,
He has a dose of bisket.

Theo. I am glad
He is alive.
Phil. Was ever man thus troubled,
Tell me where *Leocadia* is?
Theo. Good brother be not so hasty, and I think I can:
You found no error in me, when I first
Told you she was a woman, and believe me
Something I have found out, which makes me think,
Nay, almost know so well, that I durst swear
She follow'd hurt *Antonio.*
Phil. What do we

Enter the Governor, two Attendants, and the Townsmen.

Then lingring here; we will aboard the Galleys
And find her.
Gov. Made he a shot into the Town?
1. *Attend.* He did Sir.
Gov. Call back those Gentlemen.
1. *Attend.* The Governor, commands you back.
Phil. We will obey him Sir.
Gov. You gave him cause to shoot; I know, he is
So far from rash offence, and holds with me
Such curious friendship: could not one of you
Have call'd me while 'twas doing, such an uproar,
Before my dore too? (publick cause, of our own
1. *Towns.* By my troth Sir, we were so busy in the
Private falling out: that we forgot it: at home we see now
You were not, but as soon as the shot made us fly, we ran
Away as fast as we could to seek your honor.
Gov. 'Twas gravely done; but no man tells the cause
Or chance, or what it was that made you differ.
1. *Towns.* For my part Sir, if there were any that I knew
Of, the shot drove it out of my head, do you know any
all. Not we, not we. (neighbours.
Gov. Not we! nor can you tell.
1. *Attend.* No other cause,
But the old quarrel betwixt the Town and the Galleys.
Gov. Come nearer Gentlemen: what are your names?
Phil. My name *Philippo.*
Theo. And mine *Theodoro.*

Gov. Strangers you are it seems.
Phil. Newly arriv'd.
Gov. Then you are they begun this Tumult.
Phil. No Sir.
[*C*]*ov.* Speak one of you.
1. *Attend.* They are not, I can quit 'em.
Theo. Yet we saw part, and an unhappy part
Of this debate, a long sought friend of ours
Strook down for dead, and born unto the Galleys,
His name is *Markantonio.*
Phil. And another
Of our company, a Gentleman
Of noble birth, besides accompanyed
With all the gifts of nature, ravish'd hence
We know not how, in this dissention.
Gov. Get you home all, and work; and when I hear
You meddle with a weapon any more
But those belonging to your Trades, I'll lay you
Where your best Customers shall hardly find you. *Exit Townsmen.*
I am sorry gentlemen, I troubled you,
Being both strangers, by your tongues, and looks,
Of worth: To make ye some part of amends
If there be any thing in this poor Town
Of *Barcelona* that you would command,
Command me.
Theo. Sir, this wounded Gentleman,
If it might please you, if your pow'r and love
Extend so far, I would be glad to wish
Might be remov'd into the Town for cure:
The Galleys stay not, and his wound I know
Cannot endure a voyage.
Gov. Sir, he shall,
I warrant you: Go call me hither Sirrah,
One of my other Servants. [*Exit* 1. *attendan*[*t*].
Phil. And besides.
The Gentleman we lost, Signior *Francisco,*
Shall be render'd too.

Enter a Servant.

Gover. And he Sir too: Go sirrah, bear this ring

To *Roderigo*, my most noble friend,
The General of the Galleys: Tell him this. [*Exit servant.*
Whispers to his Servant.
Theo. Now we shall have 'em both.
Phil. Blest be thy thoughts
For apprehending this: blest be thy breath
For uttering it.
Gov. Come Gentlemen, you shall
Enter my roof: and I will send for Surgeons,
And you shall see your friends here presently.
Theo. His name was *Markantonio.*
Gover. I know it,
And have sent word so.
Phil. Did you not forget
Francisco's name?
Gover. Nor his: y'are truly welcome,
To talk about it more, were but to say
The same word often over: you are welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Markantonio, *carried*, Leocadia *following*; *and the Servant.* 2 *Soldiers carrying him.*

Serv. This is the house Sir.
Mar. Enter it, I pray you,
For I am faint, although I think my wound
Be nothing. Soldiers, leave us now: I thank you.
1. *Sold.* Heaven send you health Sir.
Serv. Let me lead you in.
Mark. My wound's not in my feet; I shall entreat 'em
I hope to bear me so far. [*Exit.* (General made a
2. *Sold.* How seriously these land men fled, when our
Shot, as if he had been a warning to call 'em to their Hall.
1. *Sold.* I cannot blame 'em, What man have they now in the
Town, able to maintain a Tumult, or uphold a matter out
Of square if need be? O the quiet hurley burleys that I
Have seen in this Town, when we have fought four hours
Together, and not a man amongst us so impertinent or

Modest to ask why? but now the pillars that bare
Up this blessed Town in that regular debate, and
Scambling, are dead, the more's the pitty.
2. *Sold.* Old *Ignatio* lives still. (mans liver:
1. *Sold.* Yes, I know him: he will do prettily well at a
But where is there any man now living in the Town
That hath a steady hand, and understands *Anatomy*
Well? if it come to a particular matter of the lungs,
Or the spleen, why? alas *Ignatio* is to seek; are
There any such men left as I have known, that
Would say they would hit you in this place? is there
Ever a good heartist, or a member-percer, or a
Small-gut man left in the Town, answer
Me that?
2. *Sold.* Mass, I think there be not.
1. *Sold.* No, I warrant thee. Come, come, 'tis time
We were at the Galleys. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Eugenia, Markantonio, Philippo, Theodosia, Leocadia, *Attendants.*

Gover. Sir, you may know by what I said already,
You may command my house; but I must beg
Pardon to leave you, if the publick business
Forc'd me not from you, I my self should call it
Unmannerly: but good Sir, do you give it
A milder name: it shall not be an hour
Ere I return.
Mar[*c*]. Sir, I was nere so poor
In my own thoughts, as that I want a means
To requite this with.
Gov. Sir, within this hour. [*Exit.*
Marc. This the Lady that I quarrell'd for?
O lust if wounds cannot restrain thy power,
Let shame: nor do I feel my hurt at all,
Nor is it ought, only I was well beaten:
If I pursue it, all the civil world
That ever did imagine the content
Found in the band of man and wife unbroke,
The reverence due to housholds, or the blemish
That may be stuck upon posterity

Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my forehead,
This is the wounded stranger, that receiv'd
For charity into a house, attempted—
I will not do it.
Eug. Sir, how do you do now?
That you walk off.
Marc. Worse Madam, than I was;
But it will over.
Eug. Sit, and rest a while.
Marc. Where are the Surgeons?
Eug. Sir, it is their manner,
When they have seen the wound especially,
The patient being of worth, to go consult,
Which they are now at in another room,
About the dressing.
Marc. Madam, I do feel my self not well.
Theo. Alass!
Leoc. How do you Sir.
Eug. Will you drink waters?
Marc. No good Madam, 'tis not
So violent upon me; nor I think
Any thing dangerous: but yet there are
Some things that sit so heavy on my conscience,
That will perplex my mind, and stop my cure,
So that unless I utter 'em. A scratch
Here. on my thumb will kill me: Gentlemen,
I pray you leave the room, and come not in
Your selves, or any other till I have
Open'd my self to this most honour'd Lady.
Phil. We will not.
Theo. O blest! he will discover now
His love to me.
Leoc. Now he will tell the Lady
Our Contract. [*Exit.*
Eug. I do believe he will confess to me
The wrong he did a Lady in the streets;
But I forgive him.
Marc. Madam, I perceive
My self grow worse and worse.
Eug. Shall I call back your friends?

Marc. O no, but e'r I do impart
What burthens me so sore, let me intreat you,
(For there is no trust in these Surgeons)
To look upon my wound; it is perhaps
My last request: But tell me truely too,
That must be in: how far do you imagine
It will have pow'r upon me.
Eug. Sir, I will.
Marc. For heavens sake, softly: oh, I must needs lay
My head down easily, whilst you do it.
Eug. Do Sir,
'Tis but an ordinary blow; a child
Of mine has had a greater, and been well;
Are you faint hearted?
Marc. Oh.
Eug. Why do you sigh?
There is no danger in the world in this;
I wonder it should make a man sit down;
What do you mean, why do you kiss my breasts?
Lift up your head, your wound, may well endure it.
Mar. O Madam, may I not express affection,
Dying-affection too I fear, to those
That do me favors, such as this of yours.
Eug. If you mean so, 'tis well; but what's the business
Lies on your conscience?
Mar. I will tell you Madam.
Eug. Tell me and laugh?
Mar. But I will tell you true
Though I do laugh, I know as well as you
My wound is nothing, nor the power of earth
Could lay a wound upon me in your presence,
That I could feel; but I do laugh to think
How covertly, how far beyond the reach
Of men, and wise men too, we shall deceive 'em,
Whilst they imagine I am talking here
With that short breath I have, ready to swound
At every full point; you my ghostly Mother
To hear my sad confession, you and I
Will on that bed within, prepar'd for me,
Debate the matter privately.

Eug. Forbear,
Thou wert but now as welcome to this house
As certain cures to sick men, and just now
This sudain alteration makes thee look
Like plagues come to infect it; if thou knewst
How loathsome thou wilt be, thou wouldst intreat
These wals, or posts to help thee to a hurt,
Past thy d[i]ssimulation.
Mar. Gentle Madam
Call 'em not in?
Eug. I will not yet, this place
I know to be within the reach of tongue,
And ears, thou canst not force me; therefore hear me
What I will tell thee quickly, thou art born
To end some way more disesteem'd than this,
Or which is worse, to dye of this hurt yet,
Come Gentlemen.

Enter Leocadia.

Mar. Good Madam.
Eug. Gentlemen.
Leoc. Madam how is't? is *Mark-antonio* well?
Methinks your looks are alter'd, and I see
A strange distemper in you.
Eug. I am wrought
By that dissembling man, that fellow worth
Nothing but kicking.

Enter Philippo *and* Theodosia.

Leo. Gentle Madam speak
To me alone let not them understand
His fault, he will repent [it] I dare swear.
Eug. I'll tell it you in private.
Phil. *Mark-antonio*,
How do you?
Mar. Stand farther off I pray you
Give me some ayre.
Theo. Good Brother, will he scape,
The Surgeons say there is no danger.
Phil. Scape?

No doubt he will.
Leo. Alas will he not leave
This trying all; Madam, I do beseech you
Let me but speak to him, you and these by,
And I dare almost promise you to make him
Shew himself truly sorrowful to you, besides a story I shall
Not put in so good words but in it self (open to you,
So full of chance, that you will easily
Forgive my tediousness, and be well pleas'd
With that so much afflicts me.
Eug. Good Sir do.
Leo. And I desire no interruption
Of speech may trouble me till I have said
What I will quickly do.
Theo. What will she say.
Eug. Come Gentlemen, I pray you lend your ears,
And keep your voyces.
Leo. Signior *Mark-antonio*
How do you do?
Mar. Oh the Surgeons.
Leoc. Let me tell you
Who know as well as you, you do dissemble,
It is no time to do so; leave the thoughts
Of this vain world, forget your flesh and blood,
And make your spirit an untroubled way
To pass to what it ought.
Mar. Y're not in earnest?
Why I can walk Sir, and am well.
Leoc. 'Tis true
That you can walk, and do believe y're well:
It is the nature, as your Surgeons say
Of these wounds, for a man to go, and talk,
Nay merrily, till his last hour, his minute:
For heaven sake Sir, sit down again.
Mar. Alass
Where are the Surgeons?
Leoc. Sir, they will not come,
If they should dress you, you would dye they say
Ere one would tell twenty; trouble not your mind,
Keep your head warm, and do not stir your body,

And you may live an hour.
Mar. Oh heavens, an hour?
Alass, it is to[o] little t[o] remember
But half the wrongs that I have done; how short
Then for contrition, and how least of all
For satisfaction?
Leo. But you desire
To satisfie?
Mar. Heaven knows I do.
Leo. Then know
That I am he, or she, or what you will
Most wrong'd by you; your *Leocadia*,
I know you must remember me.
Mar. Oh heaven!
Le[o]. That lost her friends, that lost her fathers house,
That lost her fame in loosing of her Sex,
With these strange garments, there is no excuse
To hinder me, it is within your power
To give me satisfaction; you have time
Left in this little piece of life to do it:
Therefore I charge you for your conscience sake,
And for our fame, which I would fain have live
When both of us are dead, to celebrate
That Contract; which you have both seal'd and sworn
Yet ere you dye, which must be hastily
Heaven knows.
Mar. Alass, the sting of conscience
To death-ward for our faults; draw nearer all
And hear what I unhappy man shall say;
First Madam I desire your pardon; next
(I feel my spirits fail me) Gentlemen
Let me shake hands with you, and let's be friends,
For I have done wrong upon wrong so thick
I know not where, that every man methinks
Should be mine enemy; Forgive me both.
Lastly 'tis true (oh I do feel the power
Of death seize on me) that I was contracted
By seal and oath to *Leocadia*;
(I must speak fast, because I fear my life
Will else be shorter than my speech would be)

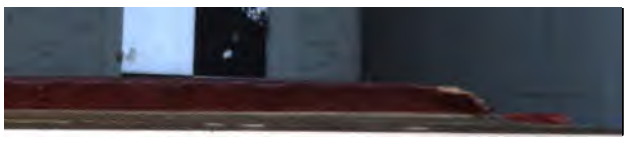
But 'tis impossible to satisfie
You *Leocadia*, but by repentance,
Though I can dyingly, and boldly say
I know not your dishonor, yet that was
Your virtue, and not mine, you know it well;
But herein lies th' impossibility,
O *Theodosia*, *Theodosia*
I was betroth'd to *Theodosia*
Before I ever saw thee; heaven forgive me
She is my wife this half hour whilst I live.
Theo. That's I, that's I, I'm *Theodosia*,
Hear me a little now, who have not suffer'd
Disgrace at all methinks, since you confess
What I so long have sought for, here is with me
Philippo too my Brother.
Mar. I am glad;
All happiness to him; come let me kiss thee
Beg pardon of that Maid for my offence,
And let me farther, with a dying breath
Tell in thine ear the rest of my desires.
Eug. I am afraid they will all four turn women
If we hold longer talk.
Leoc. Alass there is
No hope for me; that's *Theodosia*
And that her Brother, I am only sorry
I was beholding to 'em; I will search
Over the world, as careless of my fortunes,
As they of me, till I can meet a curse
To make these almost killing-sorrows worse. [*Exit.*
Theo. Sir, as I live she ly'd, only to draw
A just confession from you, which she hath
A happy one for me, ask of this Lady,
Ask of my Brother.
Eug. Sir, she did dissemble,
Your wound is nothing.
Phil. *Leocadia*'s gone. [*Exit.*
Theo. Rise up, and stir your self, 'tis but amazement
And your imagination that afflicts you,
Look you Sir now.
Mar. I think 'tis so indeed.

Theo. The Surgeons do not come, because they swear
It needs no dressing.
Eug. You shall talk with 'em
Within, for your own fancy.
Mar. Where's your Brother, and *Leocadia*?
Eug. Within belike.
Mar. I feel my self methinks as well as ever.
Eug. Keep then your mind so too; I do forgive
The fault you did to me; But here is one
Must not be wrong'd hereafter.
Mar. Neither shall she
When I make jests of oaths again, or make
My lust play with religion, when I leave
To keep true joys for her, and yet within
My self true sorrow for my passed deeds
May I want grace, when I would fain repent,
And find a great and sodain punishment. [*Exeunt.*

Actus V. Scæna Prima.

Enter Philippo, Diego, *and* Incubo.

Phil. WHere is mine Host, did not he see him neither?
Die. Not I, i'faith Sir.
Phil. Nor the muleter?
Inc. Nay he is past seeing, unless it be in's sleep,
By this time; all his visions were the pots,
Three hours since Sir.
Phil. Which way should she take?
Nay, look you now; do you all stand still? good Heaven
You might have lighted on him, now this instant?
For loves sake see[k] him out, who ever find him
I will reward his fortune as his diligence;
Get all the Town to help, that will be hir'd,
Their pains I'll turn to annual holiday,
If it shall chance, but one bring word of her,
Pray you about it.
Inc. Her Sir? who do you mean?
Phil. (I had forgot my self) the Page I meant
That came along with us.



Die. He you gave the clothes too?
Phil. I ga' the clothes to; Rascal?
Die. Nay good Sir.
Phi. Why dost thou mention or upbraid my courtesies Slave?
Die. For your honor Sir.
Phi. Wretch; I was honor'd,
That she would wear 'em (he, I would say) 's death?
Go, get, and find 'em out, or never see me,
I shall betray my love e'r I possess it,
Some Star direct me, or ill Planet strike me. [*Exit* Phil.
Inc. Best to divide.
Die. I'll this way.
Inc. And I this.
Die. I, as you, find him for a *Real.*
Inc. 'Tis done.
Die. My course is now directly to some Pie-house
I know the Pages compass.
Inc. I think rather
The smock-side o'th' Town, the surer harbor
At his years to put in.
Die. If I do find
The hungry haunt, I take him by the teeth now.
Inc. I by the tail, yet I as you.
Die. No more. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Philippo.

Phi. Dear *Leucadia*, where canst thou be fled
Thus like a spirit hence? and in a moment?
What cloud can hide thee from my following search
If yet thou art a body? sure she hath not
Tane any house? she did too late leave one
Where all humanity of a place receiv'd her,
And would, (if she had staid) have help'd to right
The wrong her fortune did her; yet she must
Be [inter'd] somewhere, or be found, no street,
Lane, passage, corner, turn, hath scap'd enquiry:
If her despair had ravish'd her to air

She could not yet be rarified so
But some of us should meet her? though their eyes
Perhaps be leaden, and might turn; mine would
Strike out a lightning for her, and divide
A mist as thick as ever darkness was,
Nay see her through a quarry; they do lye,
Lye grosly that say love is blind; by him,
And heaven they lye; he has a sight can pierce
Through Ivory, as cleer as it were horn,
And reach his object.

Enter Incubo.

Inc. Sir, he's found, he's found.
Phi. Ha? where? But reach that happy Note again
And let it relish truth, thou art an Angel.
Inc. He's here; fast by Sir, calling for a Boat
To go aboard the Gallies.
Phi. Where, where; hold thee. [*Exit.*
Inc. He might ha' kept this now, I had nought to shew
If he had had the wit t' have gone from's word, (for't,
These direct men, they are no men of fashion,
Talk what you will, this is a very smelt. [*Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leonardo *with a Surgeon.*

Leo. Upon your Art Sir, and your faith to assist it
Shall I believe you then his wound's not mortal?
Surg. Sir, 'tis not worth your question; less your fear.
Leo. You doe restore me Sir, I pray you accept
This small remembrance of a fathers thanks
For so assur'd a benefit.
Surg. Excuse me.
Leo. Sir, I can spare it, and must not believe
But that your fortune may receiv't, except
You'ld ha' me think you live not by your practice.
Sur. I crave your pardon Sir; you teach me manners.
Leo. I crave your love and friendship, and require
As I have made now, both my self and business
A portion of your care, you will but bring me

Under the person of a call'd assistant
To his next opening, where I may but see him,
And utter a few words to him in private,
And you will merit me; for I am loth
Since here I have not to appear my self,
Or to be known unto the Governor,
Or make a tumult of my purpose.
Surg. Neither
I hope will be your need Sir; I shall bring you
Both there, and off again without the hazard. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Philippo, *and* Leocadia.

Ph. Will you not hear me!
Leo. I have heard so much
Will keep me deaf for ever; No, *Mark-antonio*
After thy sentence, I may hear no more,
Thou hast pronounc'd me dead.
Phi. Appeal to reason,
She will reprieve you from the power of grief,
Which rules but in her absence; Hear me say
A soveraign message from her, which in duty,
And love to your own safety, you ought hear:
Why do you strive so? whither would you flie?
You cannot wrest your self away from care
You may from counsel; you may shift your place
But not your person; and another Clyme
Makes you no other.
Leo. Oh.
Phi. For passions sake,
(Which I do serve, honor, and love in you)
If you will sigh, sigh here; If you would vary
A sigh to tears, or out-cry, do it here.
No shade, no desart, darkness, nor the grave
Shall be more equal to your thoughts than I,
Only but hear me speak.
Leo. What would you say?
Phi. That which shall raise your heart, or pull down mine,
Quiet your passion, or provoke mine own;

We must have both one balsome, or one wound,
For know (lov'd fair) since the first providence
Made me your rescue, I have read you through,
And with a wondring pity look'd on you,
I have observ'd the method of your blood,
And waited on it even with sympathy
Of a like Red, and Paleness in mine own;
I knew which blush was angers, which was loves,
Which was the eye of sorrow, which of truth:
And could distinguish honor from disdain
In every change: and you are worth my study;
I saw your voluntary misery
Sustain'd in travel: A disguis'd Maid
Wearied with seeking: and with finding lost,
Neglected, where you hop'd most, or put by;
I saw it, and have laid it to my heart,
And though it were my Sister which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off nature,
Could not be glad, where I [was] bound to triumph;
My care for you, so drown'd respect of her;
Nor did I only apprehend your bonds,
But studied your release: and for that day
Have I made up a ransom, brought [you] health
Preservative 'gainst chance, or injury
Please you apply it to the grief; my self.

Leo. Humph.

Phi. Nay, do not think me less than such a cure,
Antonio was not; And 'tis possible
Philippo may succeed: My bloud and house
Are as deep rooted: and as fairly spread,
As *Mark-antonio*['s], and in that, all seek,
Fortune hath given him no precedency:
As for our thanks to Nature I may burn
Incense as much as he; I ever durst
Walk with *Antonio* by the self-same light
At any feast, or triumph, and ne'r car'd
Which side my Lady or her woman took
In their survey; I durst have told my tale too
Though his discourse new ended.

Leo. My repulse.

Phil. Let not that torture you, w[h]ich makes me happy
Nor think that conscience (fair) which is no shame
'Twas no repulse, [I] was your Dowry rather:
For then methought a thousand graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thousand stories
Of constant virtue, which you then out-reach'd,
In one example did proclaim you rich:
Nor do I think you wretched, or disgrac'd,
After this suffering, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need; but rather know
You are the charge and business of those powers,
Who, like best Tutors, do inflict hard tasks
Upon great Natures, and of noblest hopes;
Read trivial Lessons, and halfe lines to sluggs;
They that live long, and never feel mischance,
Spend more than halfe their age in ignorance.
Leo. 'Tis well you think so.
Phi. You shall think so too,
You shall sweet *Leocadia*, and do so.
Leo. Good Sir no more; you have too fair a shape
To play so foul a part in, as the Tempter:
Say that I [could] make peace with fortune, who,
Who should absolve me of my vow yet; ha?
My Contract made?
Phi. Your Contract?
Leo. Yes, my Contract,
Am I not his? his wife?
Phi. Sweet, nothing less.
Leo. I have no name then?
Phi. Truly then you have not;
How can you be his wife, who was before
Anothers Husband?
Leo. Oh, though he dispence
With his faith given, I cannot with mine.
Phi. You do mistake (cleer soul) his precontract
Doth annul yours, and you have giv'n no faith
That ties you in Religion, or humanity,
You rather sin against that greater precept,
To covet what's anothers; Sweet, you do
Believe me, who dare not urge dishonest things,

Remove that scruple therefore, and but take
Your dangers now, into your judgements skale
And weigh them with your safeties: Think but whither
Now you can goe: what you can do to live?
How near you ha' barr'd all Ports [to] your own succor,
Except this one that I here open: Love
Should you be left alone, you were a prey
To the wild lust of any, who would look
Upon this shape like a temptation
And think you want the man you personate
Would not regard this shift, which love put on
As virtue forc'd, but covet it like vice;
So should you live the slander of each Sex,
And be the child of error and of shame,
And which is worse, even *Mark-antonie*
Would be call'd just, to turn a wanderer off,
And Fame report you worthy his contempt;
Where if you make new choice, and settle here
There is no further tumult in this flood,
Each current keeps his course, and all suspitions
Shall return honors: Came you forth a Maid?
Go home a Wife? alone? and in disguise?
Go home a waited *Leocadia*:
Go home, and by the vir[t]ue of that charm
Transform all mischiefs, as you are transform'd;
Turn your offended Fathers wrath to wonder.
A[n]d all his loud grief to a silent welcome:
Unfold the Riddles you have made, what say you?

Enter Sanchio *carried*, Alphonso, *and Servants.*

Now is the time; delay is but despair,
If you be chang'd, let a kiss tell me so.

Leo. I am: but how, I rather feel than know.

Sanc. Come Sir; you are welcome now to *Barcelona*,
Take off my hood.

Phi. Who be these? stay, let's view 'em?

Alph. 'Twas a long journey: are you not weary Sir?

Sanc. Weary? I could have rid it in mine Armour.

Leo. Alas!

Phi. What ail you dear?

Leo. It is my Father.
Phi. Your Father: which?
Leo. He that is carried: oh
Let us make hence.
Phi. For loves sake: good my heart.
Leo. Into some house before he see me.
Phi. Dear,
Be not thus frighted.
Leo. Oh his wrath is tempest.
Phi. Sweet, take your spirit to you, and stay, be't he,
He cannot know you in this habit, and me
I'm sure he less knows, for he never saw me.
Alph. Ha? who is that? my Son *Philippo*?
Phi. Sir.
Alph. Why, what make you here? Is this *Salamanca*?
And that your study? ha? nay stay him too,
We'll see him by his leave.
Serv. You must not strive Sir.
Alph. No, no, come near.
Sanc. My Daughter: *Leocadia*?
Alph. How Sir, your Daughter?
Sanc. Yes Sir, and as sure
As that's your Son: Come hither: what now? run
Out o' your sex? breech'd? was't not enough
At once to leave thy Father, and thine honor,
Unless th' hadst quit thy self too.
Phi. Sir, what fault
She can be urg'd of, I must take on me
The guilt and punishment.
Sanc. You must Sir: how
If you shall not, though you must? I deal not
With boys Sir; I, you have a Father here
Shall do me right.
Alph. Thou art not mad *Philippo*?
Art thou *Mark-antonie*? Son to *Leonardo*?
Our business is to them.
Sanc. No, no, no, no.
I'll ha' the business now; with you, none else,
Pray you let's speak, in private: (carry me to him)
Your Son's the ravisher Sir, and here I find him;

I hope you'll give me cause to think you noble,
And do me right, with your sword Sir, as becomes
One gentleman of honor to another;
All this is fair Sir: here's the Sea fast by,
Upon the sands, we will determine
'Tis that I call you to; let's make no daies on't,
I'll lead your way; to the sea-side Rascals.
Phil. Sir
I would beseech your stay; he may not follow you.
San. No, turn, I'll kill him here then: Slaves, Rogues,
Why do you not bear me to him? ha' you been (Bloks.
Acquainted with my motions, loggs, so long
And yet not know to time 'em.
Phi. Were you Sir
Not impotent.
Alph. Hold you your peace Boy.
Sanc. Impotent,
'Death, I'll cut his throat first, and then his Fathers.
Alph. You must provide you then a sharper Razor
Than is your tongue, for I not fear your sword.
Sanc. 'Heart bear me to either of 'em.
Phi. Pray Sir your patience.

Enter Governor and Attendants.

Alph. My curse light on thee if thou stay him.
Phi. Hold.
Gov. Why, what's the matter, Gentlemen, what tumult
Is this you raise i'th' street? before my door?
Know you what 'tis to draw a weapon here?
Sanc. Yes, and to use it (bear me up to him, Rogues)
Thus, at a Traitors heart.
Alph. Truer than thine.
Gov. Strike, strike; Some of the people disarm 'em,
Kill 'em if they resist.
Phi. Nay generous Sir
Let not your courtesie turn fury now.
Gov. Lay hold upon 'em, take away their weapons,
I will be worth an answer, e'r we part.
Phi. 'Tis the Governor Sir.
Alph. I yield my self.

were small worth or quality in
Pray thee learn thou more worth and
Than to demand it.

Gov. Force it I say.

1 *Attend.* The Governor
You hear, commands.

Sanch. The Governr shall pardon

Phi. How, *Leocadia* gone again?

Sanch. He shall friend
I' th' point of honor; by his leave, so
His person and authority I acknowledg
And do submit me to it; but my Sw
He shall excuse me, were he fifteen G
That and I dwell together, and must y
Till my hands part, assure him.

Gov. I say force it.

Sanch. Stay, hear me. Hast thou
Understandst thou honor, Noble Gover
Gov. For that we'll have more fit

Sanch. Your name Sir?

Gov. You shall know that too: b
Your blood and brain are now too hot

Sanch. Force my Sword from me?

Gov. Bring 'em away.

Sanch. You'll do me reparation.

Enter Philippo.

Phi. I have for ever lost her and

In both our Parents eies, and left 'em blind
Unto their impotent angers? Oh I am worthy
On whom this loss and scorn should light to death
Without the pity that should wish me better,
Either alive, or in my Epitaph.

Enter Leonardo, Mark-Antonio.

Leo. Well Son, your Father is too near himself
And hath too much of nature to put off
Any affection that belongs to you,
I could have only wish'd you had acquainted
Her Father, whom it equally concerns,
Though y'had presum'd on me: it might have open'd
An easier gate, and path to both our joyes:
For though I am none of those flinty Fathers
That when their children do but natural things,
Turn rock and offence straight: yet *Mark-antonio*,
All are not of my quarry.
Mar. 'Tis my fear Sir;
And if hereafter I should e'r abuse
So great a piety, it were my malice.

Enter Attendants.

Atten. We must intreat you Gentlemen to take
Another room, the Governor is coming
Here, on some business.

Enter Governor, Sanchio, Alphonso. *Attendants.*

Mar. We will give him way.
Sanch. I will have right Sir on you; that believe,
If there be any Marshals Court in *Spain*.
Gov. For that Sir we shall talk.
Sanch. —— Do not slight me,
Though I am without a Sword.
Gov. Keep to your Chair Sir. (him.
Sanch. —— Let me fall, and hurle my chair! (slaves) at
Gov. You are the more temper'd man Sir: let me intreat
Of you the manner how this brawl fell out.

Conspiring with his Son in treachery,
It seem'd, to flie our satisfaction,
Was, as we heard, come private to th
Here to take ship for *Italy*.
Leo. You heard
More than was true then: by the fear,
And though I thought not to reveal m
(Pardon my manners in't to you) for s
Important reasons; yet being thus char
And challeng'd, know I dare appear, an
To who dares threaten.
Mar. I say he is not worthy
The name of man, or any honest prefa
That dares report or credit such a sland
Do you Sir say it?
Alph. I doe say it.
Gov. Hold.
Is this your father Signior *Mark-antonio*
You have ill requited me thus to conce
From him would honor him, and do hi

Enter Eugenia.

Leon. 'Twas not his fault Sir.
Eug. Where's my Lord?
Gov. Sweet-heart.
Eug. Know you these Gentlemen? th

Where be their Swords?
Gov. Restore each man his weapon.
Sanch. It seems thou hast not read *Caranza*, fellow
I must have reparation of honor,
As well as this: I find that wounded.
Gov. Sir,
I did not know your quality, if I had
'Tis like I should have done you more respects.
Sanch. It is sufficient, by *Caranza*'s rule.
Eug. I know it is Sir.
Sanch. Have you read *Caranza* Lady?
Eug. If you mean him that writ upon the Duel,
He was my kinsman.
Sanch. Lady, then you know
By the right noble writings of your kinsman,
My honor is as dear to me, as the Kings.
Eug. 'Tis very true Sir.
Sanch. Therefore [I] must crave
Leave to go on now with my first dependance.
Eug. What ha' you more?
Gov. None here good Signior.
Sanch. I will, refer me to *Caranza* still.
Eug. Nay love, I prethee let me manage this.
With whom is't Sir?
Sanch. With that false man *Alphonso.*
Eug. Why he has th' advantage Sir, in legs.
Sanch. But I
In truth, in hand and heart, and a good Sword.
Eug. But how if he will not stand you Sir?
Alph. For that,
Make it no question Lady, I will stick
My feet in earth down by him, where he dare.
Sanch. O would thou wouldst.
Alph. I'll do't.
Sanch. Let me kiss him.
I fear thou wilt not yet.
Eug. Why Gentlemen,
If you'll proceed according to *Caranza*,
Methinks an easier way, were [two] good chairs,
So you would be content Sir, to be bound,

Gov. What mean you, Dove.
Eug. Let me alone,
And set 'em at their distance: when y
Lend me two Ponyards; I'll have Pist
Quickly.

Enter Philippo.

Phi. She is not here *Mark-antonio*,
Saw you not *Leocadia*?
Mar. Not I brother.
Phi. Brother let's speak with you;
Mar. I was, but have ask'd pardon:
Phi. You were not worthy of her.
Mar. May be I was not;
But 'tis not well, you tell me so.
Phi. My Sister
Is not so fair.
Mar. It skils not.
Phi. Nor so virtuous.
Mar. Yes, she must be as virtuous.
Phi. I would fain—
Mar. What brother?
Phi. Strike you.
Mar. I shall not bear strokes,
Though I do these strange words.
Phi. Will you not [illegible]

Enter Eugenia, Leocadia, Theodosia, *and one with two Pistols.*

Mar. Neither.
Phi. Fare you well then.
Eug. Nay, you shall have as noble seconds too
As ever Duelists had; give 'em their weapons:
Now *St. Jago.*
Sanch. Are they charg'd?
Eug. Charg'd Sir?
I warrant you.
Alph. Would they were well discharg'd.
Sanch. I like a Sword much better I confess.
Eug. Nay, wherefore stay you? shall I mend your mark?
Strike one another, thorough these?
Phi. My love.
Alph. My *Theodosia.*
Sanch. I ha' not the heart.
Alph. Nor I.
Eug. Why here is a dependence ended.
Unbind that Gentleman; come take here to you
Your Sons and Daughters, and be friends. A feast
Waits you within, is better than your fray:
Lovers, take you your own, and all forbear
Under my roof, either to blush or fear.
My love, what say you? could *Caranza* himself
Carry a business better?
Gov. It is well:
All are content I hope, and we well eas'd.
If they for whom we have done all this be pleas'd. [*Exeunt.*

Prologue.

TO this place Gentlemen, full many a day
We have bid ye welcome; and to many a Play:
And those whose angry souls were not diseas'd
With Law, or lending Money, we have pleas'd;

Let them dispute that writ it. Ten to one
We please the Women, and I would know
Follows not their example? If ye mean
To know the Play well, travel with the Sc
For it lies upon the Road; if we chance ti
As ye are good men, leave us not i' th' mire
Another bait may mend us: If you grow
A little gall'd or weary; cry but hoa,
And we'll stay for ye. When our journey e
Every mans Pot I hope, and all part friend

THE
DOUBLE MARRIAGE.
A Tragedy.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Ferrand, *The libidinous Tyrant of* Naples.
Virolet, *A noble Gent. studious of his Countries freedom.*
Brissonet, } *Two honest Gentlemen,*
Camillo, } *confederates with* Virolet.
Ronvere, *A villain, Captain of the Guard.*
Villio, *A Court fool.*
Castruccio, *A court Parasite.*
Pandulpho, *A noble Gentleman of* Naples, *Father to* Virolet.
The Duke of *Sesse, An enemy to* Ferrand, *proscribed and turn'd Pirate.*
Ascanio, *Nephew and successor to* Ferrand.

Boy, *Page to Virolet.*
Master.
Gunner.
Boat-swain.
Chirurgion.
Sailors.
Doctor.
Citizens.
Guard.
Soldiers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Juliana, *The match[ess] Wife of* Virolet,
Martia, *Daughter to the Duke of* Sesse.

The Scene Naples.

The principal Actors were

Joseph Tailor,
Robert Benfield,
John Underwood,
George Birch,
John Lowin,
Rich. Robinson,
Nich. Tooly,
Rich. Sharp.

Designs of weight, too heavy for her knowledge
Exact my privacy.
Boy. I shall, Sir.
Vir. Do then,
And leave me to my self.
Boy. 'Tis a raw morning
And would you please to interpret that for duty
Which you may construe boldness, I could wish
To arm your self against it, you would use
More of my service.
Vir. I have heat within here,
A noble heat (good boy) to keep it off,
I shall not freeze; deliver my excuse, [*E*
And you have done your part.
Boy. That is prevented,
My Lady follows you.
Vir. Since I must be crost then,
Let her perform that office.
Boy. I obey you.
Vir. Prethee to bed; to be thus fond's mo
Than if I were neglected.
Jul. 'Tis the fault then
Of Love and Duty, which I would fall under,
Rather than want that care which you may cha
As due to my obedience.
Vir. I confess
This tenderness argues a loving Wife,
And more deserves my hearts best thanks, than

As I must grant you every way so worthy
That 'tis not in weak woman to deserve you,
Much less in miserable me, that want
Those graces, some more fortunate are stor'd with.
Seek any whom you please, and I will study
With my best service to deserve those favors,
That shall yield you contentment.
Vir. You are mistaken.
Jul. No, I am patient Sir, and so good morrow;
I will not be offensive.
Vir. Hear my reasons.
Jul. Though in your life a widdows bed receives me,
For your sake I must love it. May she prosper
That shall succeed me in it, and your ardor
Last longer to her.
Vir. By the love I bear,
First to my Countreys peace; next to thy self
To whom compar'd, my life I rate at nothing;
Stood here a Lady that were the choice abstract
Of all the beauties nature ever fashion'd,
Or Art gave ornament to, compar'd to thee,
Thus as thou art obedient and loving,
I should contemn and loath her.
Jul. I doe believe.
How I am blest
In my assur'd belief! this is unfeign'd;
And why this sadness then?
Vir. Why *Juliana*,
Believe me, these my sad and dull retirements,
My often, nay almost continued Fasts,
Sleep banisht from my eyes, all pleasures, strangers,
Have neither root nor growth from any cause
That may arrive at Woman. Shouldst thou be,
As chastity forbid, false to my bed,
I should lament my fortune, perhaps punish
Thy falshood, and then study to forget thee:
But that which like a never-emptied spring,
Feeds high the torrent of my swelling grief,
Is what my Countrey suffers; there's a ground
Where sorrow may be planted, and spring up,

Through yielding rage, and womanish despair,
And yet not shame the owner.
Jul. I do believe it true,
Yet I should think my self a happy woman,
If, in this general and timely mourning,
I might or give to you, or else receive
A little lawful cómfort.
Vir. Thy discretion
In this may answer for me; look on *Naples*
The Countrey where we both were born and bred,
Naples the Paradise of *Italy*,
As that is of the earth; *Naples*, that was
The sweet retreat of all the worthiest *Romans*,
When they had shar'd the spoils of the whole world;
This flourishing Kingdom, whose inhabitants
For wealth and bravery, liv'd like petty Kings,
Made subject now to such a tyrannie.
As that fair City that receiv'd her name
From *Constantine* the great, now in the power
Of barbarous Infidels, may forget her own;
To look with pity on our miseries;
So far in our calamities we transcend her.
For since this *Arragonian* tyrant, *Ferrand*,
Seiz'd on the gover[n]ment, there's nothing left us
That we can call our own, but our afflictions.
Jul. And hardly those; the Kings strange cruelty,
Equals all presidents of tyranny.
Vir. Equal say you?
He has out-gone, the worst compar'd to him;
Nor *Phalaris*, nor *Dionysius*,
Caligula, nor *Nero* can be mention'd;
They yet as Kings, abus'd their Regal power;
This as a Merchant, all the Countreys fat,
He wholly does ingross unto himself;
Our Oils he buys at his own price, then sells them
To us, at dearer rates; our Plate and Jewels,
Under a fain'd pretence of publique use,
He borrows; which deny'd his instruments force.
The Races of our horses he takes from us;
Yet keeps them in our pastures; rapes of Matrons,

And Virgins, are too frequent; never man
Yet thank'd him for a pardon; for Religion,
It is a thing he dreams not of.
Jul. I have heard,
How true it is, I know not; that he sold
The Bishoprick of *Tarent* to a Jew,
For thirteen thousand Duckets.
Vir. I was present,
And saw the money paid; the day would leave me,
E'r I could number out his impious actions;
Or what the miserable Subject suffers;
And can you entertain in such a time,
A thought of dalliance? tears, and sighs, and groans,
Would better now become you.
Jul. They indeed are,
The only weapons, our poor Sex can use,
When we are injur'd; and they may become us;
But for me[n] that were born free men, of Ranck;
That would be Registred Fathers of their Countrey;
And to have on their Tombs in Golden Letters,
The noble stile of Tyrant-killers, written;
To weep like fools and Women, and not like wise men.
To practise a redress, deserves a name,
Which fits not me to give.
Vir. Thy grave reproof:
If what thou dost desire, were possible
To be effected, might well argue it,
As wise as loving; but if you consider,
With what strong guards this Tyrant is defended:
Ruffins, and male-contents drawn from all quarters;
That only know, to serve his impious Will;
The Cittadels built by him in the neck
Of this poor City; the invincible strength,
Nature by Art assisted, gave this Castle;
And above all his fear; admitting no man
To see him, but unarm'd; it being death
For any to approach him with a weapon.
You must confess, unless our hands were Cannons,
To batter down these walls; our weak breath Mines,
To blow his Forts up; or our curses lightning,

To force a passage to him; and then blast him;
Our power is like to yours, and we, like you,
Weep our misfortunes.
Jul. Walls of Brass resist not
A noble undertaking; nor can vice,
Raise any Bulwark, to make good the place,
Where virtue seeks to enter; then to fall
In such a brave attempt, were such an honor
That *Brutus*, did he live again, would envy.
Were my dead Father in you, and my Brothers;
Nay, all the Ancestors I am deriv'd from;
As you, in being what you are, are all these.
I had rather wear a mourning Garment for you,
And should be more proud of my widdowhood;
You dying for the freedom of this Countrey;
Than if I were assur'd, I should enjoy
A perpetuity of life and pleasure
With you, the Tyrant living.
Vir. Till this minute,
I never heard thee speak; O more than woman!
And more to be belov'd; can I find out
A Cabinet, to lock a secret in,
Of equal trust to thee? all doubts, and fears,
That scandalize your Sex, be far from me;
Thou shalt partake my near and dearest councils,
And further them with thine.
Jul. I will be faithful.
Vir. Know then this day, stand heaven propitious to us,
Our liberty begins.
Jul. In *Ferrands* death?
Vir. 'Tis plotted love, and strongly, and believe it,
For nothing else could do it, 'twas the thought,
How to proceed in this design and end it,
That made strange my embraces.
Jul. Curs'd be she,
That's so indulgent to her own delights,
That for their satisfaction, would give
A stop to such a glorious enterprize:
For me, I would not for the world, I had been
Guilty of such a crime; go on and prosper.

Go on my dearest Lord, I love your Honor
Above my life; nay, yours; my prayers go with you;
Which I will strengthen with my tears: the wrongs
Of this poor Countrey, edge your sword; Oh may it
Pierce deep into this Tyrants heart, and then
When you return bath'd in his guilty blood;
I'll wash you clean with fountains of true joy.
But who are your assistants? though I am
So covetous of your glory, that I could wish
You had no sharer in it. [*Knock.*
Vir. Be not curious.
They come, however you command my bosom,
To them I would not have you seen.
Jul. I am gone Sir,
Be confident; and may my resolution
Be present with you. [*Exit.*
Vir. Such a Masculine spirit,
With more than Womans virtues, were a Dower
To weigh down a Kings fortune.

Enter Brissonet, Camillo, Ronvere.

Briss. Good day to you.
Cam. You are an early stirrer.
Vir. What new face,
Bring you along?
Ron. If I stand doubted Sir?
As by your looks I guess it: you much injure
A man that loves, and truly loves this Countrey,
With as much zeal as you doe; one that hates
The Prince by whom it suffers, and as deadly;
One that dares step as far to gain my freedom,
As any he that breaths; that wears a sword
As sharp as any's.
Cam. Nay, no more comparisons.
Ron. What you but whisper, I dare speak aloud,
Stood the King by; have means to put in act too
What you but coldly plot; if this deserve then
Suspition in the best, the boldest, wisest?
Pursue your own intents, I'll follow mine;
And if I not out-strip you—

Briss. Be assur'd Sir,
A conscience like this can never be ally'd
To treachery.
Cam. Who durst speak so much,
But one that is like us, a sufferer,
And stands as we affected?
Vir. You are cozen'd
And all undone; every Intelligencer
Speaks Treason with like licence; is not this
Ronvere, that hath for many years been train'd
In *Ferrand*'s School, a man in trust and favour,
Rewarded too, and highly?
Cam. Grant all this,
The thought of what he was, being as he is now;
A man disgrac'd, and with contempt thrown off;
Will spurr him to revenge, as swift as they,
That never were in favour.
Vir. Poor and childish.
Briss. His regiment is cast, that is most certain;
And his command in the Castle given away.
Cam. That on my knowledge.
Vir. Grosser still, what Shepheard
Would yield the poor remainder of his Flock,
To a known Wolf; though he put on the habit,
Of a most faithful dog, and bark like one?
As this but only talks.
Cam. Yes, he has means too.
Vir. I know it to my grief, weak men I know it;
To make his peace, if there were any war
Between him and his Master, betraying
Our innocent lives.
Ron. You are too suspitious
And I have born too much, beyond my temper,
Take your own waies, I'll leave you.
Vir. You may stay now;
You have enough, and all indeed you fish'd for;
But one word Gentlemen: have you discover'd
To him alone our plot?
Briss. To him and others, that are at his devotion.
Vir. Worse and worse:

For were he only conscious of our purpose,
Though with the breach of Hospitable laws,
In my own house, I'de silence him for ever:
But what is past my help, is past my care.
I have a life to lose.
Cam. Have better hopes. (further'd
Ron. And when you know, with what charge I have
Your noble undertaking, you will swear me
Another man; the guards I have corrupted:
And of the choice of all our noblest youths,
Attir'd like Virgins; such as Hermits would
Welcome to their sad cells, prepar'd a Maske;
As done for the Kings pleasure.
Vir. For his safety
I rather fear; and as a pageant to
Usher our ruine.
Ron. We as Torch-bearers
Will wait on these, but with such art and cunning;
I have conveigh'd sharp poniards in the Wax,
That we may pass, though search't through all his guards
Without suspition, and in all his glory,
Oppress him, and with safety.
Cam. 'Tis most strange.
Vir. To be effected.
Ron. You are doubtful still.
Briss. But we resolv'd to follow him, and if you
Desist now *Virolet*, we will say 'tis fear,
Rather than providence. [*Exeunt.*
Cam. And so we leave you.

Enter Julian.

Jul. To your wise doubts, and to my better counsels;
Oh! pardon me my Lord, and trust me too;
Let me not like *Cassandra* prophesie truths,
And never be believ'd, before the mischief:
I have heard all; know this *Ronvere* a villain,
A villain that hath tempted me, and plotted
This for your ruine, only to make way
To his hopes in my embraces; at more leisure
I will acquaint you, wherefore I conceal'd it

To this last minute; if you stay, you are lost,
And all prevention too late. I know,
And 'tis to me known only, a dark cave
Within this house, a part of my poor Dower,
Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the center,
Till this rough blast be o'r, where there is air,
More then to keep in life; *Ferrand* will find you,
So curious his fears are.
Vir. 'Tis better fall
Than hide my head, now 'twas thine own advice,
My friends engag'd too.
Jul. You stand further bound,
Than to weak men that have betrai'd themselves,
Or to my counsel, though then just and loyal:
Your phansie hath been good, but not your judgement,
In choice of such to side you; will you leap
From a steep Tower, because a desperate fool
Does it, and trusts the wind to save his hazard?
There's more expected from you; all mens eies are fixt
On *Virolet*, to help, not hurt them;
Make good their hopes and ours, you have sworn often,
That you dare credit me; and allow'd me wise
Although a woman; even Kings in great actions,
Wait opportunity, and so must you, Sir,
Or loose your understanding.
Vir. Thou art constant;
I am uncertain fool, a most blind fool;
Be thou my guide.
Jul. If I fail to direct you,
For torment or reward, when I am wretched,
May constancy forsake me.
Vir. I've my safety.

Enter Castruchio *and* Villio.

Vil. Why are you rapt thus?
Cast. Peace, thou art a fool.
Vil. But if I were a flatterer like your worship,
I should be wise and rich too;
There are few else that prosper, Bawds excepted,
They hold an equal place there.

Cast. A shrewd knave;
But oh the King, the happy King!
Vil. Why happy?
In bearing a great burthen.
Cast. What bears he,
That's born on Princes shoulders?
Vil. A Crowns weight,
Which sets more heavy on his head, than the Oar
Slaves dig out of the Mines, of which 'tis made.
Cast. Thou worthily art his fool, to think that heavy
That carries him in the air; the reverence due
To that most sacred Gold, makes him ador'd,
His Footsteps kist, his smiles to raise a begger
To a Lords fortune; and when he but frowns,
The City quakes.
Vil. Or the poor Cuckolds in it,
Coxcombs I should say, I am of a fool,
Grown a Philosopher, to hear this parasite.
Cast. The delicates he is serv'd with see and envy.
Vil. I had rather have an Onion with a stomack,
Than these without one.
Cast. The Celestial Musick,
Such as the motion of the eternal sphears [*Still musick.*
Yields *Jove*, when he drinks *Nectar*.
Vil. Here's a fine knave, yet hath too many fellows.
Cast. Then the beauties,
That with variety of ch[oy]ce embraces, [*These pass o'r.*
Renew his age.
Vil. Help him to crouch rather,
And the *French* Cringe, they are excellent Surgeons that way.
Cast. O Majesty! let others think of heaven,
While I contemplate thee.
Vil. This is not *Atheisme*, but Court observance.
Cast. Now the God appears, usher'd with earth-quakes.
Vil. Base Idolatry. [*Flourish.*

Enter Ferrand, *Guard*, *Women*, *Servants*.

Fer. These meats are poisoned, hang
The Cooks; no note more on
Forfeit of your fingers; do you

Envie me a minutes slumber, what are these?
1 *Gu.* The Ladies appointed by your Majesty.
Fer. To the purpose, for what appointed?
1 *Gu.* For your graces pleasure.
Fer. To suck away the little blood is left me,
By my continual cares; I am not apt now,
Injoy them first, taste of my Diet once;
And your turns serv'd, for fifty Crowns apiece
Their Husbands may redeem them.
Wo. Great Sir, mercy.
Fer. I am deaf, why stare you? is what we command
To be disputed, who's this? bring you the dead
T' upbraid me to my face?
Cast. Hold Emperor;
Hold mightiest of Kings, I am thy vassal,
Thy footstool that durst not presume to look
On thy offended face.
Fer. *Castruchio* rise.
Cast. Let not the lightning of thy eie consume me,
Nor hear that musical tongue, in dreadful thunder,
That speaks all mercy.
Vil. Here's no flattering rogue.
Cast. *Ferrand*, that is the Father of his people,
The glory of mankind.
Fer. No more, no word more;
And while [I] tell my troubles to my self,
Be Statues without motion [or] voice,
Though to be flatter'd is an itch to greatness,
It now offends me.
Vil. Here's the happy man;
But speak who dares.
Fer. When I was innocent;
I yet remember I could eat and sleep,
Walk unaffrighted, but now terrible to others:
My guards cannot keep fear from me
It still pursues me; Oh! my wounded conscience,
The Bed I would rest in, is stuft with thorns;
The grounds strew'd o'r with adders, and with aspicks
Where e'r I set my foot, but I am in,
And what was got with cruelty, with blood,

Must be defended, though this life's a hell,
I fear a worse hereafter. Ha!

Enter Ronvere *and Guard.*

Ron. My Lord.
Fer. Welcome *Ronvere*, welcome my golden plummet
With which I sound mine enemies depths and angers,
Hast thou discover'd.
Ron. Al[l] as you could wish Sir,
The Plot, and the contrivers; was made one
Of the conspiracie.
Fer. Is *Virolet* in?
Ron. The head of all, he only scented me:
And from his fear, that I plaid false is fled;
The rest I have in fetters.
Fer. Death and Hell.
Next to my mortal foe the pirate *Sesse*,
I aim'd at him; he's virtuous, and wise,
A lover of his freedom and his Countries
Dangerous to such as govern by the sword,
And so to me: no tract which way he went,
No means to overtake him?
Ron. There's some hope left;
But with a rough hand, to be seiz'd upon.
Fer. What is't?
Ron. If any know, or where he is,
Or which way he is fled, it is his wife;
Her with his Father I have apprehended,
And brought among the rest.
Fer. 'Twas wisely order'd,
Go fetch them in, and let my executioners [*Exit* Ronvere.
Appear in horror with the rack.
Vil. I take it Signior, this is no time for you to flatter,
Or me to fool in. (near *Jove.*
Cast. Thou art wise in this, let's off, it is unsafe to be
When he begins to thunder.
Vil. Good morality. [*Exit.*
Fer. I that have pierc'd into the hearts of men;
Forc'd them to lay open with my looks,
Secrets, whose least discovery was death,

Will rend for what concerns my life, the fortress,
Of a weak womans faith.

Enter Ronvere, *Guard*, *Executioners*, *with a Rack*,
Camillo, Brissonet, Pandulfo, Juliana.

Ca. What e're we suffer,
The weight that loads a Traitors
Heart [sit] ever, heavy on thine.
Briss. As we are caught by thee,
Fall thou by others.
Ron. Pish poor fools, your curses will
Never reach me.
Jul. Now by my *Virolets* life;
Father, this is a glorious stage of murther.
Here are fine properties too, and such spectators,
As will expect good action, to the life;
Let us perform our parts, and we shall live,
When these are rotten, would we might begin once;
Are you the Master of the company?
Troth you are tedious now.
Fer. She does deride me.
Jul. Thee and thy power, if one poor syllable
Could win me an assurance of thy favor,
I would not speak it, I desire to be
The great example of thy cruelty,
To whet which on, know *Ferrand*, I alone
Can make discovery, where my *Virolet* is,
Whose life, I know thou aim'st at, but if tortures
Compel me to't, may hope of heaven forsake me;
I dare thy worst.
Fer. Are we contemn'd?
Jul. Thou art,
Thou and thy Ministers, my life is thine;
But in the death [,the] victory shall be mine.
Pand. We have such a Mistriss here to teach us courage,
That cowards might learn from her.
Fer. You are slow; [*Put on the rack.*
Begin the Scene thou miserable fool,
For so I'll make thee.
Jul. 'Tis not in thy reach;

I am happy in my sufferings, thou most wretched.
Fer. So brave! I'll tame you yet, pluck hard villains;
Is she insensible? no sigh nor groan? or is she dead?
Jul. No tyrant, though I suffer
More than a woman, beyond flesh and blood;
'Tis in a cause so honourable, that I scorn
With any sign that may express a sorrow
To shew I do repent.
Fer. Confess yet,
And thou shalt be safe.
Jul. 'Tis wrapt up in my soul,
From whence thou canst not force it.
Fer. I will be
Ten daies a killing thee.
Jul. Be twenty thousand,
My glory lives the longer.
Ron. 'Tis a miracle,
She tires th' executioners,
And me.
Fer. Unloose her, I am conquer'd, I must take
Some other way; reach her my chair, in honor
Of her invincible fortitude.
Ron. Will you not
Dispatch the rest?
Fer. When I seem merciful,
Assure thy self *Ronvere*, I am most cruel.
Thou wonder of thy Sex, and of this Nation,
That hast chang'd my severity to mercy,
Not to thy self alone, but to thy people,
In which I do include these men, my enemies:
Unbind them.
Pand. This is strange.
Fer. For your intent
Against my life, which you dare not denie,
I only ask one service.
Cam. Above hope.
Fer. There rides a Pyrate neer, the Duke of *Sesse*,
My enemy and this Countreys, that in bonds
Holds my dear friend *Ascanio*: free this friend:
Or bring the Pyrats head; besides your pardon,

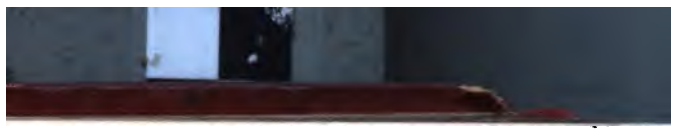
And honor of the action, your reward
Is forty thousand Ducates. And because
I know that *Virolet* is as bold as wise,
Be he your General, as pledge of your faith,
That you will undertake it, let this old man,
And this most constant Matron stay with me:
Of whom, as of my self, I will be careful;
She shall direct you where her Husband is.
Make choice of any ship you think most useful.
They are rig'd for you.
[*Exeunt Guard, with* Juliana *and* Pand.
Bris. We with joy accept it.
Cam. And will proclaim King *Ferrant* merciful. [*Exeunt.*
Ron. The mysterie of this, my Lord? or are you
Chang'd in your nature?
Fer. I'll make thee private to it.
The lives of these weak men, and desperate woman,
Would no way have secur'd me, had I took them;
'Tis *Virolet* I aim at; he has power,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter *Sesse*,
And he prove conqueror, I am assur'd
They'll find no mercy: if that they prove victors,
I shall recover, with my friend his head
I most desire of all men.
Ron. Now I have it.
Fer. I'll make thee understand the drift of all.
So we stand sure, thus much for those that fall. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Boateswain and Gunner.

Boats. Lay here before the wind; up with your Canvase,
And let her work, the wind begins to whistle;
Clap all her streamers on, and let her dance,
As if she were the Minion of the Ocean.
Let her bestride the billows till they roar,
And curle their wanton heads. Ho, below there:
Ho, ho, within.
Lay her North-east, and thrust her missen out,

The day grows fair and clear, and the wind courts us.
Oh for a lusty sail now, to give chase to.
Gun. A stubborn Bark, that wou'd but bear up to us,
And change a broadside bravely.
Boats. Where's the Duke?
Gun. I have not seen him stir to day.
Boats. Oh Gunner,
What bravery dwells in his age, and what valour!
And to his friends, what gentleness and bounty!
How long have we been inhabitants at Sea here?
Gun. Some fourteen years.
Boats. By fourteen lives I swear then,
This Element never nourisht such a Pirate;
So great, so fearless, and so fortunate,
So patient in his want, in Act so valiant.
How many sail of well mann'd ships before us,
As the *Bonuto* does the flying Fish,
Have we pursued and scour'd, that to outstrip us,
They have been fain to hang their very shirts on?
What Gallies have we bang'd, and sunk, and taken;
Whose only fraughts were fire, and stern defiance?
And nothing spoke but Bullet in all these.
How like old *Neptune* have I seen our General
Standing i' th' Poop, and tossing his Steel Trident,
Commanding both the Sea and Winds to serve him!
Gun. His Daughter too, which is the honor Boatswain,
Of all her sex; that Martial Maid.
Boats. A brave wench.
Gun. How oftentimes, a fight being new begun,
Has she leap'd down, and took my Linstock from me,
And crying, now fly righ[t], and fir'd all my chasers!
Then like the Image of the warlike Goddess,
Her Target brac'd upon her arm, her sword drawn,
And anger in her eies leapt up again,
And bravely ha[l]'d the Bark. I have wondred Boatswain,
That in a body made so delicate,
So soft for sweet embraces, so much fire,
And manly soul, not starting at a danger.
Boats. Her noble Father got her in his fury,
And so she proves a Soldier.



Gun. This too I wonder at
Taking so many strangers as he does,
He uses them with that respect and coolness,
Not making prize, but only borrowing
What may supply his want: nor that for nothing;
But renders back what they may stand in need of,
And then parts lovingly: Where, if he take
His Countreyman, that should be nearest to him,
And stand most free from danger, he sure pays for't:
He drowns or hangs the men, ransacks the Bark,
Then gives her up a Bonfire to his fortune.
Boats. The wrongs he has receiv'd from that dull Countrey
That's all I know has purchas'd all his cruelty.
We fare the better; cheerly, cheerly boys,
The ship runs merrily, my Captain's melancholly,
And nothing cures that in him but a Sea-fight:
I hope to meet a sail boy, and a right one.
Gun. That's my hope too; I am ready for the pastime.
Boats. I' th' mean time let's bestow a Song upon him,
To shake him from his dumps, and bid good day to him.
Ho, in the hold.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here, here.
Boats. To th' Main top, Boy.
And thou kenst a ship that dares defie us,
Here's Gold.
Boy. I am gone. [*Exit Boy.*
Boats. Come sirs, a quaint *Levet.* [*Trump. a* Levet.
To waken our brave General. Then to our labor.

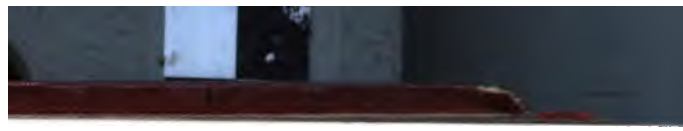
Enter Duke of Sesse *above, and his daughter* Martia *like an Amazon.*

Ses. I thank you loving mates; I thank you all,
There's to prolong your mirth, and good morrow to you.
Daugh. Take this from me, you're honest, valiant friends;
And such we must make much of. Not a sail stirring?
Gun. Not any within ken yet.
Boats. Without doubt Lady
The wind standing so fair and full upon us,

We shall have sport anon. But noble General,
Why are you still so sad? you take our edge off;
You make us dull, and spiritless.
Ses. I'll tell ye,
Because I will provoke you to be fortunate;
For when you know my cause, 'twill double arm you.
This woman never knew it yet; my daughter,
Some discontents she has.
Daugh. Pray sir go forward.
Ses. These fourteen years, I have stored it here at Sea,
Where the most curious thought could never find it.
Boats. Call up the Master, and all the Mates.

Enter below the Master and Sailers.

Ses. Good morrow.
Mast. Good morrow to our General, a good one,
And to that Noble Lady all good wishes.
Daugh. I thank you Master.
Ses. Mark me, thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have discovered,
Till full revenge had wooed me; but to satisfie
My faithful friends, thus I cast off my burden.
In that short time I was a Courtier,
And followed that most hated of all Princes,
Ferrant, the full example of all mischiefs,
Compell'd to follow to my soul a stranger,
It was my chance one day to play at Chesse
For some few Crowns, with a mynion of this Kings,
A mean poor man, that only serv'd his pleasures;
Removing of a Rook, we grew to words;
From this to hotter anger: to be short,
I got a blow.
Daugh. How, how my Noble Father:
Ses. A blow my girl, which I had soon repaid,
And sunk the slave for ever, had not odds
Thrust in betwixt us. I went away disgrac'd—
Daugh. For honors sake not so Sir.
Ses. For that time, wench;
But call'd upon him, like a Gentleman,
By many private friends; knockt at his valour,



Courted his honor hourly to repair me;
And though he were a thing my thoughts made slight on,
And only worth the fury of my footman,
Still I pursu'd him Nobly.
Daugh. Did he escape you?
My old brave father, could you sit down so coldly?
Ses. Have patience, and know all. Pursu'd him fairly,
Till I was laugh'd at, scorn'd, my wrongs made Maygames.
By him unjustly wrong'd, should be al[l] justice,
The slave protected; yet at length I found him,
Found him, when he suppos'd all had been buried;
And what I had received, durst not be questioned;
And then he fell, under my Sword he fell,
For ever sunk; his poor life, like the air,
Blown in an empty bubble, burst, and left him,
No noble wind of memory to raise him.
But then began my misery, I fled;
The Kings frowns following, and my friends despair;
No hand that durst relieve: my Countrey fearful,
Basely and weakly fearful of a tyrant;
Which made his bad Will worse, stood still and wondred,
Their virtues bedrid in 'em; then my girl,
A little one, I snatch'd thee from thy Nurse,
The modell of thy fathers miseries:
And some small wealth was fit for present carriage,
And got to Sea; where I profest my anger,
And will do, whilst that base ungrateful Countrey,
And that bad King, have blood or means to quench me.
Now ye know all.
Mast. We know all, and admire all;
Go on, and do all still, and still be fortunate.
Daught. Had you done less, or lost this Noble anger,
You had been worthy then mens empty pities,
And not their wonders. Go on, and use your justice.
And use it still with that fell violence,
It first appeared to you; if you go less,
Or take a d[o]ting mercy to protection,
The honor of a Father I disclaim in you,
Call back all duty; and will be prouder of
Th' infamous and base name of a whore,

Than daughter to a great Duke and a coward.
Ses. Mine own sweet *Martia*, no: thou knowst my nature,
It cannot, must not be.
Daugh. I hope it shall not.
But why Sir do you keep alive still young *Ascanio*,
Prince of *Rossana*, King *Ferrants* most belov'd one,
You took two months agoe?
Why is not he flung overboard, or hang'd?
Ses. I'll tell thee girl:
It were a mercy in my nature now,
So soon to break the bed of his afflictions;
I am not so far reconcil'd yet to him,
To let him die that were a benefit.
Besides, I keep him as a bait and diet,
To draw on more, and nearer to the King,
I look each hour to hear of his *Armados*,
And a hot welcome they shall have.
Daugh. But hark you!
If you were oversway'd with odds—
Ses. I find you:
I would not yield; no girl, no hope of yielding,
Nor fling my self one hour into their mercies,
And give the tyrant hope to gain his kingdom.
No, I can sink wench, and make shift to die;
A thousand doors are open, I shall hit one.
I am no niggard of my life so it go nobly:
All waies are equal, and all hours; I care not.
Daugh. Now you speak like my father.
Mast. Noble General,
If by our means they inherit ought but bangs,
The mercy of the main yard light upon us.
No, we can sink too, Sir, and sink low enough,
To pose their cruelties, to follow us:
And he that thinks of life, if the world go that way,
A thousand cowards suck his bones.
Gun. Let the worst come,
I can unbreech a Cannon, and without much help
Turn her into the Keel; and when she has split it,
Every man knows his way, his own prayers,
And so good night I think.

Mast. We have liv'd all with you, [*Boy a top.*
And will die with you General.
Ses. I thank you Gentlemen.
Boy above. A Sail, a Sail.
Mast. A cheerful sound.
Boy. A Sail.
Boats. Of whence? of whence boy?
Boy. A lusty Sail.
Daugh. Look right, and look again.
Boy. She plows the Sea before her,
And fomes i' th' mouth.
Boats. Of whence?
Boy. I ken not yet sir.
Ses. Oh may she prove of *Naples.*
Mast. Prove the Devil,
We'll spit out fire as thick as she.
Boy. Hoy.
Mast. Brave boy.
Boy. Of *Naples, Naples,* I think of *Naples* Master,
Methinks I see the Arms.
Mast. Up, up another,
And give more certain signs. [*Exit Sailor.*
Ses. All to your business,
And stand but right and true.
Boats. Hang him that halts now.
Boy. Sh'as us in chase.
Mast. We'll spare her our main top-sail,
He shall not look us long, we are no starters.
Down with the foresail too, we'll spoom before her.
Mart. Gunner, good noble Gunner, for my honor
Load me but these two Minions in the chape there;
And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,
And be thine eye, and level as thy heart is.
Gun. Madam, I'll scratch 'em out, I'll piss 'em out else.
Sayl. above. Ho.
Ses. Of whence now?
Sail. Of *Naples, Naples, Naples.*
I see her top-Flag, how she quarters *Naples.*
I hear her Trumpets.
Ses. Down, she's welcome to us. [*Exit Mast. Boats. Gun. Sail.*

Every man to his charge, mann her i'th' bow well.
And place your Rakers right, Daughter be sparing.
Mart. I swear I'll be above Sir, in the thickest,
And where most danger is, I'll seek for honor.
They have begun, hark how their Trumpets call us.
Hark how the wide-mouth'd Cannons sing amongst us.
Hark how they sail; out of our shels for shame Sir.
Ses. Now fortune and my cause.
Mart. Be bold and conquer. [*Exit.*
[*Charge Trumpets and shot within.*

Enter Master and Boatswain.

Mast. They'll board us once again, they're tuff and valiant.
Boats. Twice we have blown 'em into th' air like feathers.
And made 'em dance.
Mast. Good boys, fight bravely, manly.
They come on yet, clap in her stern, and yoke 'em.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. You should not need, I have provision for 'em;
Let 'em board once again, the next is ours.
Stand bravely to your Pikes, away, be valiant.
I have a second course of service for 'em,
Shall make the bowels of their Bark ake, boy,
The Duke fights like a Dragon. Who dares be idle? [*Exit.*
[*Charge Trumpets, Pieces go off.*

Enter Master, Boatswain following.

Mast. Down with 'em, stow 'em in. (the Sea.
Boats. Cut their throats, 'tis brotherhood to fling 'em into
The Duke is hurt, so is his lovely Daughter *Martia.*
We have the day yet.

Enter Gunner. (yet flew.
Gun. Pox fire 'em, they have smoak'd us, never such plums
Boats. They have rent the ship, and bor'd a hundred holes
She swims still lustily.
Mast. She made a brave fight, and she shall be cur'd
And make a braver yet.
Gun. Bring us some Canns up, I am as hot as fire.

Enter boy with three Canns.

Boat. I am sure I am none o'th' coolest.
Gun. My Cannons rung like Bels. Here's to my Mistriss.
The dainty sweet brass Minion: split their Fore-Mast,
She never fail'd.
Mast. Ye did all well, and truly, like faithful honest men.
Boats. But is she rich Master? [*Trumpets flourish.*

Enter Sesse, Martia, Virolet, *Sailors.*

Mast. Rich for my Captains purpose howsoever,
And we are his. How bravely now he shows,
Heated in blood and anger! how do you Sir?
Not wounded mortally I hope?
Sess. No Master, but only wear the livery of fury.
I am hurt, and deep.
Mast. My Mistriss too?
Mart. A scratch man,
My needle would ha done as much good Sir,
Be provident and careful.
Sess. Prethee peace girl,
This wound is not the first blood I have blusht in,
Ye fought all like tall men, my thanks among ye,
That speaks not what my purse means, but my tongue, soldiers.
Now Sir, to you that sought me out, that found me,
That found me what I am, the Tyrant's Tyrant;
You that were imp'd, the weak arm to his folly,
You are welcome to your death.
Vir. I do expect it,
And therefore need no compliment, but wait it.
Ses. Thou bor'st the face once of a Noble Gentleman,
Rankt in the first file of the virtuous,
By every hopeful spirit, shewed and pointed,
Thy Countries love; one that advanc'd her honor,
Not tainted with the base and servile uses
The Tyrant ties mens souls to. Tell me *Virolet*,
If shame have not forsook thee, with thy credit?
Vir. No more of these Racks; what I am, I am.
I hope not to go free with poor confessions;
Nor if I shew ill, will I seem a monster,

By making my mind prisoner; do your worst.
When I came out to deal with you, I cast it,
Only those base inflictions fit for slaves,
Because I am a Gentleman.—
Sess. Thou art none.
Thou wast while thou stoodst good, th'art now a villain.
And agent for the devil.
Vir. That tongue lies.
Give me my sword again, and stand all arm'd;
I'll prove it on ye all, I am a Gentleman,
A man as fair in honor, rate your prisoners,
How poor and like a Pedagogue it shews!
How far from Nobleness! 'tis fair, you may kill's;
But to defame your victory with foul language.
Ses. Go fling him over-board; I'll teach you sirrah.
Vir. You cannot teach me to die. I could kill you now
With patience, in despising all your cruelties.
And make you choke with anger.
Ses. Away I say.
Mar. Stay Sir, h'as given you such bold language,
I am not reconcil'd to him yet, and therefore
He shall not have his wish observ'd so nearly,
To die when he please; I beseech you stay Sir.
Ses. Do with him what thou wilt.
Mar. Carry him to th' *Bilboes*,
And clap him fast there, with the Prince.
Vir. Do Lady,
For any death you give, I am bound to bless you.
[*Exit* Virolet; *and Sailers.*
Mar. Now to your Cabin, Sir; pray lean upon me,
And take your rest, the Surgeons wait all for you.
Ses. Thou mak'st me blush to see thee bear thy fortunes;
Why, sure I have no hurt, I have not fought sure?
Mast. You bleed apace, Sir.
Mart. Ye grow cold too.
Ses. I must be rul'd, no leaning,
My deepest wounds scorn Crutches.
All. A brave General. [*Flour. Trumpets, Cornets.*
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Will they not moore her?
2 *Sail.* Not till we come to the Fort,
This is too weak a place for our defences,
The Carpenters are hard at work; she swims well,
And may hold out another fight. The ship we took
Burns there to give us light.
1 *Sayl.* She made a brave fight.
2 *Sayl.* She put us all in fear.
1 *Sail.* Beshrew my heart did she.
Her men are gone to *Candia*, they are pepper'd,
All but this prisoner.
2 *Sayl.* Sure he's a brave fellow.
1 *Sayl.* A stubborn knave, but we have pul'd his bravery.
[*He discovers* Virolet *and* Ascanio *in the Bilboes.*
Look how he looks now: come let's go serve his dyet,
Which is but bread and water.
2 *Sayl.* He'll grow fat on't. [*Exeunt Sailors.*
Asca. I must confess I have endur'd much misery,
Even almost to the ruine of my spirit,
But ten times more grows my affliction,
To find my friend here.
Vir. Had we serv'd our Countrey,
Or honesties, as we have serv'd our follies,
We had not been here now?
Asca. 'Tis too true *Virolet.*
Vir. And yet my end in vent'ring for your safety,
Pointed at more than *Ferrant's* Will, a base one;
Some service for mine own, some for my Nation,
Some for my friend; but I am rightly paid,
That durst adventure such a noble office,
From the most treacherous command of mischief;
You know him now?
Asca. And when I nearer knew him,
Then when I waited, Heaven be witness with me,
(And if I lie my miseries still load me)
With what tears I have wooed him, with what prayers.
What weight of reasons I have laid, what dangers;
Then, when the peoples curses flew like storms;

And every tongue was whetted to defame him,
To leave his doubts, his tyrannies, his slaughters,
His fell oppressions: I know I was hated too.
Vir. And all mankind that knew him: these confessions
Do no good to the world, to heaven they may.
Let's study to die well, we have liv'd like coxcombs.
Asca. That my misfortune, should lose you too.
Vir. Yes;
And not only me, but many more, and better:
For my life, 'tis not this; or might I save yours,
And some brave friends I have engag'd, let me go;
It were the meritorious death I wish for,
But we must hang or drown like whelps.
Asca. No remedy.
Vir. On my part I expect none. I know the man,
And know he has been netled to the quick too,
I know his nature.
Asca. A most cruel nature.
Vir. His wrongs have bred him up. I cannot blame him.
Asca. He has a daughter too, the greatest scorner,
And most insulter upon misery.
Vir. For those, they are toys to laugh at, not to lead men:
A womans mirth or anger, like a meteor
Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack behind it;
Our miseries would seem like masters to us,
And shake our manly spirits into feavers,
If we respected those; the more they glory.
And raise insulting Trophies on our ruines;
The more our virtues shine in patience.
Sweet Prince, the name of death was never terrible
To him that knew to live; nor the loud torrent
Of all afflictions, singing as they swim,
A gall of heart, but to a guilty conscience:
Whilst we stand fair, though by a two-edg'd storm,
We find untimely falls, like early Roses;
Bent to the earth, we bear our native sweetness.
Asca. Good Sir go on.
Vir. When we are little children,
And cry and fret for every toy comes cross us;
How sweetly do we shew, when sleep steals on us!

When we grow great, but our affections greater,
And struggle with this stubborn twin, born with us;
And tug and pull, yet still we find a Giant:
Had we not then the priviledge to sleep,
Our everlasting sleep? he would make us idiots;
The memory and monuments of good men
Are more than lives, and though their tombs want tongues,
Yet have they eies that daily sweat their losses;
And such a tear from stone, no time can value.
To die both young and good, are natures curses
As the world saies; ask truth, they are bounteous blessings:
For then we reach at Heaven, in our full virtues,
And fix our selves new Stars, crown'd with our goodness.
Asc. You have double arm'd me. [*Strange Musick*
Hark what noise is this? *within, Ho[b]oys.*
What horrid noise is the Sea pleas'd to sing.
A hideous *Dirge* to our deliverance?
Vir. Stand fast now.
[*Within strange cries, horrid noise, Trumpets.*
Asc. I am fixt.
Vir. We fear ye not. [*Enter* Martia.
Let death appear in all shapes, we smile on him.
Asc. The Lady now.
Vir. The face o' th' Mask is alter'd.
Asc. What will she do?
Vir. Do what she can, I care not.
Asc. She looks on you Sir.
Vir. Rather she looks through me,
But yet she stirs me not.
Mart. Poor wretched slaves,
Why do you live? or if ye hope for mercy,
Why do not you houl out, and fill the hold
With lamentations, cries, and base submissions,
Worthy our scorn?
Vir. Madam, you are mistaken;
We are no slaves to you, but to blind fortune;
And if she had her eyes, and durst be certain,
Certain our friend, I would not bow unto her;
I would not cry, nor ask so base a mercy:
If you see any thing in our appearance,

Worthy your sexes softness and your own glory:
Do it for that, and let that good reward it:
We cannot beg.
Mart. I'll make you beg, and bow too.
Vir. Madam for what?
Mart. For life; and when you hope it,
Then will I laugh and triumph on your baseness.
Asc. Madam, 'tis true, there may be such a favour
And we may ask it too; ask it with honor;
And thank you for that favour, nobly thank you,
Though it be death; but when we beg a base life,
And beg it of your scorn—
Vir. Y'are couzen'd woman,
Your handsomness may do much, but not this way;
But for your glorious hate—
Mart. Are ye so stubborn?
'Death, I will make you bow.
Vir. It must be in your bed then;
There you may work me to humility.
Mart. Why, I can kill thee.
Vir. If you do it handsomely;
It may be I can thank you, else—
Mart. So glorious?
A[*sc*]. Her cruelty now works.
Mart. Yet woot thou?
Vir. No.
Mart. Wilt thou for life sake?
Vir. No, I know your subtilty.
Mart. For honor sake?
Vir. I will not be a Pageant,
My mind was ever firm, and so I'll lose it.
Mart. I'll starve thee to it.
Vir. I'll starve my self, and cross it.
Mart. I'll lay thee on such miseries—
Vir. I'll wear 'em,
And with that wantonness, you do your Bracelets.
Mart. I'll be a month a killing thee.
Vir. Poor Lady,
I'll be a month a dying then: what's that?
There's many a Calenture out-does your cruelty.

Mart. How might I do in killing of his body,
To save his Noble mind? Who waits there?

Enter a Sailor, with a rich Cap and Mantle.

Sayl. Madam.
Mart. Unbolt this man, and leave those things behind you:
And so away, now put 'em on. [*Exit Sailer.*
Vir. To what end?
Mart. To my End, to my Will.
Vir. I will.
Mart. I thank you.
Vir. Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more, I'll tell ye,
I am a servant to your courtesie.
And so far will be woo'd: but if this triumph
Be only aim'd to make your mischief glorious;
Lady, y'ave put a richer shroud upon me,
Which my strong mind shall suffer in.
Mart. Come hither,
And all thy bravery put into thy carriage,
For I will admire thee.
Vir. Whither will this woman?
Asc. Take heed my friend.
Mart. Look as thou scorn'dst my cruelty:
I know thou dost.
Vir. I never fear'd nor flatter'd.
Mart. No if thou hadst, thou hadst died, and I had gloried.
I suffer now, and thou which art my prisoner,
Hast nobly won the free power to despise me.
I love thee, and admire thee for thy Nobleness;
And, for thy manly sufferance, am thy servant.
Vir. Good Lady, mock me not.
Mart. By heaven I love thee;
And by the soul of love, am one piece with thee.
Thy mind, thy mind; thy brave, thy manly mind:
That like a Rock, stands all the storms of fortune,
And beats 'em roaring back they cannot reach thee:
That lovely mind I dote on, not the body;
That mind has rob'd me of my liberty:
That mind has darken'd all my bravery,
And into poor despis'd things, turn'd my angers.

Receive me to your love Sir, and instruct me;
Receive me to your bed, and marry me;
I'll wait upon you, bless the hour I knew you.
Vir. Is this a new way?
Mart. If you doubt my faith.
First take your liberty; I'll make it perfect,
Or any thing within my power.
Vir. I love you;
But how to recompence your love with marriage?
Alas, I have a wife.
Mart. Dearer tha[n] I am?
That will adventure so much for your safety?
Forget her father's wrongs, quit her own honor,
Pull on her, for a strangers sake, all curses?
Vir. Shall this Prince have his freedom too?
Else all I love is gone, all my friends perish.
Mart. He shall.
Vir. What shall I do?
Mart. If thou despise my courtesie,
When I am dead, for grief I am forsaken,
And no soft hand left to asswage your sorrows;
Too late, but too true, curse your own cruelties.
Asca. Be wise; if she be true, no thred is left else,
To guide us from this labyrinth of mischief;
Nor no way for our friends.
Vir. Thus then I take you:
I bind ye to my life, my love.
Mart. I take you,
And with the like bond tye my heart your servant;
W' are now almost at Harbor, within this hour,
In the dead watch, I'll have the Long-boat ready;
And when I give the word, be sure you enter,
I'll see ye furnisht both immediately,
And like your self; some trusty man shall wait you,
The watch I'll make mine own; only my love
Requires a stronger vow, which I'll administer
Before we go.
Vir. I'll take it to confirm you.
Mart. Goe, in there are the keys, unlock his fetters,
And arm ye Nobly both; I'll be with you presently;

And so this loving kiss.
Ascan. Be constant Lady. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the Duke of Sesse *by Torch-light, Master and Surgeon with him.*

Surg. You grow so angry Sir, your wound goes backward.
Ses. I am angry at the time, at none of you,
That sends but one poor subject for revenge;
I would have all the Court, and all the villanie,
Was ever practis'd under that foul *Ferrant*
Tyrant, and all to quench my wrath.
Mast. Be patient,
Your grace may find occasion every hour,
For certain they will seek you to satisfie,
And to the full, your anger.
Ses. 'Death, they dare not:
They know that I command death, feed his hunger,
And when I let him loose—
Surg. You'll never heal Sir,
If these extreams dwell in you, you are old,
And burn your spirits out with this wild anger.
Ses. Thou liest, I am not old, I am as lusty
And full of manly heat as them, or thou art.
Mast. No more of that.
Ses. And dare seek out a danger;
And hold him at the swords point, when thou tremblest
And creepest into thy box of salves to save thee.
Oh Master, I have had a dreadful dream to night!
Me-thought the ship was all on fire, and my lov'd Daughter
To save her life, leapt into the Sea; where suddainly
A stranger snatcht her up, and swam away with her.
Mast. 'Twas but the heat o' th' fight Sir.
[*Boatswain within, and Sailor.*
Boats. Look out, what's that?
Sail. The Long-boat as I live.
Boats. Ho, there i'th' Long-Boat.
Ses. What noise is that? [*Hoy.*
[*Mast.*] I hear Sir,— [*Exit Master.*
Boats. The devil or his dam; hail her agen boys.
Sail. The Long-boat, ho, the Long-boat.

Ses. Why, the Long-boat.
Where is the Long-boat?
Boats. She is stolen off.

Enter Master.

Ses. Who stole her?
Oh my prophetique soul!
Mast. Your Daughters gone Sir?
The prisoners and six Sailors, Rogues.
Ses. Mischief, six thousand plagues sail with 'em;
They'r in her yet, make out.
Mast. We have ne'r a Boat.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Who knew of this trick?
Ses. Weigh Anchors and away.
Boats. We ha no wind Sir,
They'll beat us with their Oars.
Ses. Then sink 'em Gunner,
Oh sink 'em, sink 'em, sink 'em, claw 'em Gunner;
As ever thou hast lov'd me.
Gun. I'll do reason,
But I'll be hang'd before I'll hurt the Lady. [*Exit Gun.*
Ses. Who knew of this? [*Trump. a piece or*
Mast. We stand all clear. *two go off.*
Ses. What Devil
Put this base trick into her tail? my Daughter,
And run away with rogues! I hope she's sunk, } *A piece or*
Or torn to pieces with the shot, rots find her, } *two.*
The leprosie of whore stick ever to her,
Oh she has ruin'd my revenge.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. She is gone, Sir.
I cannot reach her with my shot.
Ses. Rise winds, [blow till you burst the aire,]
Blow till ye burst the Air, and swell the Seas,
That they may sink the Stars, Oh dance her, dance her;
Shee's impudently wanton, dance her, dance her,
Mount her upon your surges, cool her, cool her;

She runs hot like a whore, cool her, cool her
Oh now a shot to sink her, cut Cables,
I will away, and where she sets her foot
Although it be in *Ferrants* Court, I'll follow her,
And such a Fathers vengeance shall she suffer——
Dare any man stand by me?
Mast. All, all.
Boats. All Sir.
Gun. And the same cup you taste.
Ses. Cut Cables then;
For I shall never sleep nor know what peace is,
Till I have pluckt her heart out;
All within. Oh main there. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Ferrant, Ronvere, Castruccio, Villio, *and Guard.*

Ron. You are too gentle, Sir. [*Flourish Cornets.*
Fer. You are too careless:
The creatures I have made, no way regard me:
Why should I give you names, titles of honor,
Rob families to fill your private houses.
For your advancement, draw all curses on me,
Wake tedious winter nights, to make them happy
That for me break no slumber?
Ron. What we can,
We dare do.
Fer. Why is your Soverigns life then
(In which you live, and in whose fall your honors,
Your wealth, your pomp, your pride, and all must suffer)
No better guarded? Oh my cruel Stars,
That mark me out a King, raising me on
This pinnacle of greatness, only to be
The nearer blasting!
Vil. What think you now *Castruccio*?
Is not this a merry life?
Cast. Still thou art couzen'd;
It is a glorious royal discontentment;
How bravely it becomes him!

Fer. To be made
The common Butt, for every slave to shoot at;
No peace, no rest I take, but their alarms
Beat at my heart: why do I live, or seek then,
To add a day more to these glorious troubles?
Or to what end when all I can arrive at,
Is but the summing up of fears and sorrows?
What power has my command, when from my bosom
Ascanio, my most dear, and lov'd *Ascanio*,
Was snatch'd, spite of my Will, spite of my Succor,
And by mine own proud slave, retein'd most miserable?
And still that villain lives to nip my pleasures,
It being not within my power to reach him.
Ro[*n*]. Time may restore all this; and would you hear
Whose counsel never fail'd you.
Fer. Tell me no more,
I faint beneath the burthen of my cares;
And yield my self most wretched.
Ron. On my knees
I beg it, mighty Sir, vouchsafe me hearing.
Fer. Speak, speak, and I thus low, such is my fortune,
Will hear what thou canst say.
Vil. Look but on this,
Has not a man that has but means to keep
A Hawk, a Greyhound, and a Hunting Nag,
More pleasure than this King?
Cast. A dull fool still,
Make me a King, and let me scratch with care,
And see who'll have the better; give me rule
Command, obedience, pleasure of a King,
And let the Devil roar; The greatest corrosive
A King can have, is of more precious tickling,
And handled to the height, more dear delight,
Than other mens whole lives, let 'em be safe too.
Vil. Think of the mutinous people.
Cast. Hang the people,
Give me the pleasure, let me do all, awe all,
Enjoy their Wives and States at my discretion,
And peg 'em when I please, let the slaves mumble.
Vil. But say they should be vex'd, and rise against thee?

Cast. Let 'em rise, let 'em rise: give me the bridle here,
And see if they can crack my girths: ah *Villio*,
Under the Sun there's nothing so voluptuous
As riding of this Monster, till he founder.
Fer. Who's that so loud?
Cast. I am dumb: is not this rare?
Kings looks make *Pythagoreans*; is not this
A happiness *Villio*?
Vil. Yes, to put to silence
A fawning sycophant.
Fer. Thou speak'st truth in all,
And mercy is a vice, when there needs rigor,
Which I, with all severity, will practice;
And since, as subjects they pay not obedience,
They shall be forc'd as slaves: I will remove
Their means to hurt, and with the means, my fears;
Goe you the fatal executioners
Of my commands, and in our name proclaim,
That from this hour I do forbid all meetings,
All private conferences in the City:
To feast a neighbor shall be death: to talk,
As they meet in the streets, to hold discourse,
By writing, nay by signs; see this perform'd,
And I will call your cruelty, to those
That dare repine at this, to me true service.
1 *Gard.* This makes for us.
2 *Gard.* I, now we have employments,
If we grow not rich, 'twere fit we should be beggars.
Fer. Ronvere. [*Exit Guard.*
Ron. My Lord.
Cast. Thou enemy to Majesty?
What think'st thou of a kingdom?
Vil. As of a man
That hath power to do ill.
Cast. Or a thing rather
That does divide an Empire with the gods;
Observe but with how little breath he shakes
A populous City, which would stand unmov'd
Against a whirlwind.
Vil. Then you make him more

Than him that rules the winds.
Cast. For me I do profess it,
Were I offer'd to be any thing on earth
I would be mighty *Ferrant.*
Fer. Who names me?
Deliver thy thoughts slave, thy thoughts, and truly
Or be no more.
Cast. They rather will deserve
Your favour than your fury; I admire,
(As who does not, that is a loyal subject?)
Your wisdom, power, your perfect happiness,
The most blest of mankind.
Fer. Didst thou but feel
The weighty sorrows that sit on a Crown,
Though thou shouldst find one in the streets *Castruccio.*
Thou wouldst not think it worth the taking up;
But since thou art enamour'd of my fortune,
Thou shalt e'r long taste of it.
Cast. But one day,
And then let me expire.
Fer. Goe to my Wardrobe,
And of the richest things I wear, cull out,
What thou thinkst fit: do you attend him sirrah;
Vil. I warrant you I shall be at his elbow,
The fool will never leave him. [*Exit* Cast. Villio.
Cast. Made for ever. [*A shout within.*
Fer. What shout is that, draw up our Guards.

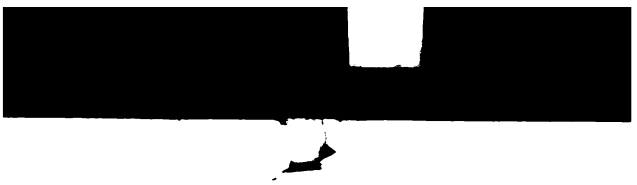
Enter Virolet, Ascanio, *and a Servant.*

Ron. Those rather
Speak joy than danger.
Bring her to my house,
I would not have her seen here.
Fer. My *Ascanio*!
The most desir'd of all men, let me die
In these embraces; how wert thou redeem'd?
Asc. Sir, this is my preserver.
Fer. At more leisure,
I will enquire the manner, and the means,
I cannot spare so much time now from my

More strickt embraces: *Virolet*, welcome too,
This service weighs down your intended Treason;
You long have been mine enemy, learn now
To be my friend and loyal, I ask no more,
And live as free as *Ferrant*; let him have
The forty thousand crowns I gladly promis'd,
For my *Ascanio*'s freedom, and deliver
His Father, and his wife to him in safety,
Something hath passed which I am sorry for,
But 'twill not now be help'd; come my *Ascanio*,
And reap the harvest of my winter travels. [*Flourish*
My best *Ascanio*, my lov'd *Ascanio*. *Cornets.*
Vir. My Lord, all former passages forgot, [*Exit* Fer.
I am become a suitor. *Ascanio.*
Ron. To me *Virolet*?
Vir. To you, yet will not beg the courtesie,
But largely pay you for it.
Ron. To the purpose.
Vir. The forty thousand crowns the King hath given me,
I will bestow on you, if by your means
I may have liberty for a divorce
Between me and my wife.
Ron. Your *Juliano*?
That for you hath indur'd so much, so nobly?
Vir. The more my sorrow; but it must be so.
Ron. I will not hinder it: without a bribe,
For mine own ends, I would have further'd this.
I will use all my power.
Vir. 'Tis all I aske:
Oh my curs'd fate, that ever man should hate
Himself for being belov'd, or be compell'd
To cast away a Jewel, Kings would buy,
Though with the loss of Crown and Monarchy! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sesse, *Master*, *Boatswain*, *Gunner.*

Sesse. How do I look?
Mast. You are so strangely alter'd.
We scarce can know you, so young again, and utterly
From that you were, figure, or any favour;
Your friends cannot discern you.



Sesse. I have none,
None but my fair revenge, and let that know me!
You are finely alter'd too.
Boats. To please your humour,
But we may pass without disguise, our living
Was never in their element.
Gun. This Jew sure,
That alter'd you, is a mad knave.
Ses. Oh! a most excellent fellow.
Gun. How he has mew'd your head, has rub'd the snow off,
And run your beard into a peak of twenty.
Boats. Stopt all the crannies in your face.
Mast. Most rarely.
Boats. And now you look as plump, your eies as sparkling,
As if you were to leap into a Ladies saddle.
Has he not set your nose awry?
Ses. The better.
Boats. I think it be the better, but 'tis awry sure;
North and by East, I, there's the point it stands in;
Now halfe a *point to the Southward.*
Ses. I could laugh,
But that my business requires no mirth now;
Thou art a merry fellow.
Boats. I would the Jew Sir,
Could steer my head right, for I have such a swimming in't,
Ever since I went to Sea first.
Mast. Take Wine and purge it.
Boats. I have had a thousand pils of Sack, a thousand;
A thousand pottle Pills.
Gun. Take more.
Boats. Good Doctor,
Your patient is easily perswaded.
Mast. The next fair open weather
Methinks this *Jew*
If he were truly known to founder'd Courtiers,
And decay'd Ladies that have lost their fleeces
On every bush, he might pick a pretty living.
Boats. The best of all our gallants, should be glad of him;
For if you mark their marches, they are tender,
Soft, soft, and tender; then but observe their bodies,

And you shall find 'em cemented by a Surgeon,
Or some Physitian for a year or two,
And then to th' tub again, for a new pickle.
This *Jew* might live a *Gentile* here. [*Ent.* 2 *Cittizens at*
Ses. What are these? *both doors, saluting*
Stand close and mark? *afar off.*
Boats. These are no men, th'are motions.
Ses. What sad and ruthful faces!
Boats. How they duck!
This senceless, silent courtesie methinks,
Shews like two *Turks*, saluting one another,
Upon two *French* Porters backs.
Ses. They are my Countrey-men,
And this, some forc'd infliction from the tyrant;
What are you, why is this? why move thus silent
As if you were wandring shadows? why so sad?
Your tongues seal'd up; are ye of several Countries?
You understand not one another?
Gun. That's an *Englishman*,
He looks as though he had lost his dog.
Ses. Your habits
Shew ye all *Neopolitanes*; and your faces
Deliver you oppressed things; speak boldly:
Do you groan and labor under this stiff yoak?
Mast. They shake their heads and weep.
Ses. Oh misery!
Give plenteous sorrow, and no tongues to shew 'em!
This is a studied cruelty.
1 *Cit.* Begone Sir,
It seems you are a stranger, and save your self.
2 *Cit.* You wonder here at us; as much we wonder
To hear you speak so openly, and boldly,
The Kings command being publisht to the contrary;
'Tis death here, above two, to talk together;
And that must be but common salutation neither,
Short, and so part.
Boats. How should a man buy mustard,
If he be forc'd to stay the making of it?
Within 1. Clear all the streets before the King.
1 *Cit.* Get off Sir,

And shift as we must do. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Ses. I'll see his glory.
Mast. Stand fast now and like men. [*Flourish Colours.*

Enter Castruccio *like the King, in the midst of a Guard.* Villio.

Cast. Begin the game, Sir,
And pluck me down the Row
Of houses there.
They hide the view o' th' hill; and sink those Merchants,
Their ships are foul and stink.
Mast. This is a sweet youth.
Cast. All that are taken in assemblies,
Their houses and their wives, their wealths are forfeit,
Their lives at your devotion. Villains, Knaves,
I'll make you bow and shake, I'll make you kneel Rogues.
How brave 'tis to b[e] a King!
Gun. Here's fine tumbling.
Cast. No man shall sit i' th' temple near another.
Boats. Nor lie with his own wife.
Cast. All upon pain
Of present death, forget to write.
Boats. That's excellent,
Carriers and Footposts, will be arrant rebels.
Cast. No character, or stamp, that may deliver
This mans intention, to that man i' th' Countrey.
Gun. Nay, an you cut off, after my hearty commendati[on]s.
Your friend and *Oliver.* No more.
Cast. No man smile,
And wear face of mirth; that fellows cunning,
And hides a double heart, he's your prize, smoke him.

Enter Virolet, Ronvero, Ascanio, *and* Martia *passing over.*

Ses. What base abuse is this? Ha? 'tis her face sure,
My prisoners with her too? by heaven wild whore
Now is my time.
Mast. Do what you will.
Ses. Stay hold yet,
My Countrey shall be serv'd first, let her go,
We'll have an hour for her to make her tremble.
Now shew our selves, and bless you with your valours.

Gun. Down with the Bul-beefs.
Ses. Hold, hold, I command you,——
Cast. A miserable thing, I am no Kin
Ses. Sirrah your fools-face has preserv'd
Wear no more Kings coats, you have scap
Boats. I'st not the King.
Ses. No, 'tis a prating Rascal,
The puppy makes him mirth.
Cast. Yes Sir I am a puppy.
Boats. I beseech you let me hang him
I'll do't in my Belt straight.
Cast. As you are honourable,
It is enough you may hang me.
Gun. I'll hang a squib at's tail
That shall blow both his buttocks; like a
Cast. Do any thing.
But do not kill me Gentlemen.
Boates. Let's flea him, and have him fl
Cit. Away, and save your lives.
The King himself is coming on; if you st
You are lost for ever; let not so much no
Wilfully perish.
Sess. How near?
2. *Cit.* He's here behind you.
Sess. We thank you. *vanish.*

Enter Ferand, Ronvere. *Florish*

Fer. Double the Guards and take in n
These slaves are frighted ——

Fer. Yet better men I say, we stand too open:
How now *Castruchio*? how do you like our glory?
Cast. I must confess, 'twas somewhat more than my match
This open glory agrees not with my body, (Sir;
But if it were ith' Castle, or some strength,
Where I might have my swinge.
Vil. You have been swing'd brother;
How these delights have tickled you! you itch yet?
Will you walk out again in pomp?
Cast. Good Fool.
Vil. These rogues must be rebuked, they are too sawcy,
These peremptory Knaves. Will you walk out Sir,
And take the remnant of your Coronation?
The people stay to see it.
Fer. Do not vex him,
H'as grief enough in's bones; you shall to the Citadel,
And like my self command, there use your pleasure,
But take heed to your person.
Vil. The more danger,
Still the more honor Brother.
Cast. If I reign not then,
And like a King, and thou shalt know it fool,
And thou shalt feel it fool.
Vil. Fools still are freemen,
I'll sue for a protection, till thy reign's out.
Fer. The people have abus'd the liberty
I late allow'd, I now proclaim it straighter,
No men shall walk together nor salute;
For they that do shall dye.
Ronver. You hit the right Sir;
That liberty cut off, you are free from practise.
Fer. Renew my guards.
Ronver. I shall.
Fer. And keep strict watches;
One hour of joy I ask.
Ron. You shall have many. [*Exeunt Flor. Cor.*

Pandulfo *and* Juliana, *led by two of the guard, as not yet fully recovered.*

1. *Guard.* You are now at liberty, in your own house Lady,
And here our charge takes end.
Pand. 'Tis now a Custom.
We must even wooe those men deserve worst of us,
And so we thank your labors; there's to drink,
For that, and mischief are your occupations;
And to mean well to no man, your chief'st harvests.
2. *Gard.* You give liberally; we hope Sir, er't be long,
To be oftner acquainted with your bounty,
And so we leave you.
Pand. Do, for I dote not on ye.
Jul. But where's my Husband? what should I do here?
Or what share have I in this joy, call'd liberty,
Without his company? Why did you flatter me,
And tell me he was return'd, his service honor'd?
1 *Gard.* He is so, and stands high in the Kings favor,
His friends redeemed, and his own liberty,
From which yours is deriv'd, confirm'd; his service,
To his own wish, rewarded: so fare-well Lady. [*Ex. Guard.*
Pand. Go persecute the good, and hunt ye hell-hounds,
Ye Leeches of the time, suck till ye burst slaves;
How does my girl?
Jul. Weak yet, but full of comfort.
Pand. Sit down, and take some rest.
Jul. My heart's whole Father;
That joys, and leaps, to hear my *Virolet*,
My Dear, my life, has conquer'd his afflictions.
Pand. Those rude hands, and that bloody will that did (this,
That durst upon thy tender body print
These Characters of cruelty; hear me heaven.
Jul. O Sir be sparing.
Pand. I'll speak it, tho I burst;
And tho the ayr had ears, and serv'd the Tyrant,
Out it should go: O he[a]re me thou great Justice;
The miseries that wait upon their mischiefs,
Let them be numberless, and no eye pitty
Them when their souls are loaden, and in labour,

And wounded through, and through, with guilt and horror;
As mine is now with grief; let men laugh at 'em
Then, when their monstrous sins, like earth-quakes, shake 'em,
And those eyes, that forgot heaven would look upward,
The bloody 'larms, of the conscience beating,
Let mercy flye, and day strook into darkness,
Leave their blind souls, to hunt out their own horrors.
Jul. Enough, enough, we must forget dear Father;
For then we are glorious formes of heaven; and live,
When we can suffer, and as soon forgive.
But where's my Lord? methinks I have seen this house,
And have been in't before.
Pand. Thine own house jewel.
Jul. Mine, without him? or his, without my company?
I think it cannot be; it was not wont Father.
Pand. Some business with the King, (let it be good, heaven)
Reteins him sure. [*Enter Boy.*
Jul. It must be good and noble,
For all men that he treats with tast of virtue;
His words and actions are his own; and Honour's
Not brought, nor compell'd from him.
Pand. Here's the Boy.
He can confirm us more, how sad the child looks!
Come hither *Lucio*; how, and where's thy Master?
Jul. Speak gentle Boy.
Pand. Is he return'd in safety?
Jul. If not, and that thou knowst is miserable,
Our hopes and happiness declin'd for ever;
Study a sorrow excellent as thy Master,
Then if thou canst live leave us.
Lucio. Noble Madam,
My Lord is safe return'd, safe to his friends, and fortune,
Safe to his Countrey, entertain'd with honour,
Is here within the house.
Jul. Do not mock me.
Lucio. But such a melancholly hangs on his mind,
And in his eyes inhabit such sad shadowes;
But what the cause is——
Pand. Go tell him we are here Boy,
There must be no cause now.

Jul. Hast thou forgot me?
Lucio. No noblest Lady.
Jul. Tell him I am here,
Tell him his wife is here, sound my name to him,
And thou shalt see him start; speak *Juliana*,
And like the Sun that labors through a tempest,
How suddainly he will disperse his sadness!
Pand. Go I command thee instantly,
And charge him on his duty.
Jul. On his love Boy:
I would fain go to him.
Pand. Away, away, you are foolish.
Jul. Bear all my service sweet Boy.
Pand. Art thou here still?
Jul. And tell him what thou wilt that shall become thee.
Pand. Ith' house, and know we are here. [*Ex. Boy.*
Jul. No, no, he did not;
I warrant you he did not: could you think
His love had less than wings, had he but seen me;
His strong affection any thing but fire
Consuming all weak lets and rubs before it,
Till he had met my flame, and made one body?
If ever heavens high blessings met in one man,
And there erected to their holy uses
A sacred mind fit for their services,
Built all of polisht honor, 'twas in this man:
Misdoubt him not.
Pand. I know he's truely noble;
But why this sadness, when the general cause
Requires a Jubile of joy?
Jul. I know not. [*Enter* Virolet *and Boy.*
Pand. Pray heaven you find it not.
Jul. I hope I shall not:
O here he comes, and with him all my happiness;
He stays and thinks, we may be too unmannerly;
Pray give him leave. [*they stand off.*
Pand. I do not like this sadness.
Vir. O hard condition of my misery!
Unheard of plagues! when to behold that woman,
That chast and virtuous woman, that preserv'd me,

That pious wife, wedded to my afflictions,
Must be more terrible than all my dangers.
O fortune, thou hast rob'd me of my making,
The noble building of a man, demolisht,
And flung me headlong, on a sin so base
Man and mankind contemn; even beasts abhor it,
A sin more dull than drink, a shame beyond it;
So foul, and far from faith; I dare not name it,
But it will cry it self out, loud ingratitude.
Your blessing Sir.
Pand. You have it in abundance;
So is our joy, to see you safe.
Vir. My Dear one!
Jul. H'as not forgot me yet: O take me to you Sir.
Vir. Must this be added to increase my misery,
That she must weep for joy, and loose that goodness?
My *Juliana*, even the best of women,
Of wives the perfectest, let me speak this,
And with a modesty declare thy vertues,
Chaster than Chrystal, on the *Scythian* Clifts
The more the proud winds Court, the more the purer.
Sweeter in thy obedience than a Sacrifice;
And in thy mind a Saint, that even yet living,
Producest miracles, and women daily,
With crooked and lame souls creep to thy goodness,
Which having toucht at, they become examples.
The fortitude of all their sex, is Fable
Compar'd to thine; and they that fill'd up glory,
And admiration, in the age behind us,
Out of their celebrated urns, are started,
To stare upon the greatness of thy spirit;
Wondring what new Martyr heaven has begot,
To fill the times with truth, and ease their stories:
Being all these, and excellent in beauty,
(For noble things dwell in the noblest buildings)
Thou hast undone thy husband, made him wretched,
A miserable man, my *Juliana*,
Thou hast made thy *Virolet*.
Jul. Now goodness keep me;
Oh! my dear Lord.

Vir. No, 'tis a sin of excellence:
Forgive me heaven, that I prophane thy l
Sit still; I'll shew you all.
Pand. What means this madness?
For sure there is no tast of right man in
Grieves he our liberty, our preservation?
Or has the greatness of the deed he has c
Made him forget, for whom, and how he
And looking down upon us, scorn the ber
Well *Virolet*, if thou beest proud, or treac
Jul. He cannot Sir, he cannot; he v
And with that reason ground his words.

Enter Virolet, Martia, Ronv

Pand. He comes.
What Masque is this? what admirable be
Pray heaven his heart be true.
Jul. A goodly woman.
Vir. Tell me my dear; and tell me
As you are nobly honest, speak the truth;
What think you of this Lady?
Jul. She is most excellent.
Vir. Might not this beauty tell me it
Without more setting off, as now it is,
Thanking no greater Mistress than meer n
Stagger a constant heart?
Pand. She is full of wonder;
But yet; yet *Virolet.*

Wealth, noble birth.
Pand. O hold there.
Vir. All virtues,
A mind as full of candor as the truth is,
I, and a loving Lady.
Jul. She must needs
(I am bound in conscience to confess) deserve much.
Vir. Nay, say beyond all these, she be so pious,
That even on slaves condemn'd she showre her benefits,
And melt their stubborn Bolts with her soft pitty,
What think you then?
Pand. For such a noble office,
At these years, I should dote my self; take heed boy.
Jul. If you be he, that have receiv'd these blessings,
And this the Lady: love her, honor her;
You cannot do too much, to shew your gratitude,
Your greatest service will shew off too slender.
Vir. This is the Lady; Lady of that bounty,
That wealth, that noble name, that all I spoke of:
The Prince *Ascanio* and my self, the slaves
Redeem'd, brought home, still guarded by her goodness,
And of our liberties you tast the sweetness;
Even you she has preserv'd too, lengthen'd your lives.
Jul. And what reward do you purpose? it must be a main
If love will do it we'll all, so love her, serve her. (one
Vir. It must be my love.
Jul. Ha!
Vir. Mine, my only love,
My everlasting love!
Pand. How?
Vir. Pray have patience.
The recompence she ask'd, and I have render'd,
Was to become her husband: then I vowed it,
And since I have made it good.
Pand. Thou durst not.
Vir. Done Sir.
Jul. Be what you please, his happiness yet stays with me,
You have been mine; oh my unhappy fortune.
Pand. Nay, break and dye.
Jul. It cannot yet: I must live,

That three times on the Rack, to guard
When thou stood'st lost, and naked to th
Thy aged Father here, that shames to kn
Ingag'd ith' jaws of danger; was not this
That then gave up her body to the tortu
That tender body, that the wind sings th
And three times, when her sinews, crack'
The beauties of her body turn'd to ruines
Even then, within her patient heart, she l
Then hid thee from the Tyrant, then pre
And canst thou be that slave?

Martia. This was but duty,
She did it for her Husband, and she ough
She has had the pleasure of him, many an
And if one minutes pain cannot be suffer'
Mine was above all these, a nobler venter,
I speak it boldly, for I lost a Father.
He has one still, I left my friends, he has
Expos'd my life, and honor to a cruelty,
That if it had seiz'd on me, racks and to
Alas, they are Triumphs to it: and had i
For this mans love, it should have shewed
Twise lost, I freed him; *Rossana* lost befc
His fortunes with him; and his friends be
Twise was I rack'd my self for his deliver
In honor first and name, which was a tort
The hang-man never heard of; next at Se
In our escape, where the proud waves tool

Beating the raging surge, with fire and Bullet,
And I stood fixt for this mans sake, and scorn'd it;
Compare but this.
Vir. 'Tis too true; O my fortune!
That I must equally be bound to either.
Jul. You have the better and the nobler Lady,
And now I am forc'd, a lover of her goodness.
And so far have you wrought for his deliverance,
That is my Lord, so lovingly and nobly,
That now methinks I stagger in my Title.
But how with honesty? for I am a poor Lady,
In all my dutious service but your shadow,
Yet would be just; how with fair fame and credit,
I may go off; I would not be a strumpet:
O my dear Sir, you know:
Vir. O truth, thou knowest too.
Jul. Nor have the world suspect, I fell to mischief.
Law. Take you no care for that, here's that has done it,
A fair divorce, 'tis honest too.
Pand. The devil,
Honest? to put her off?
Law. Most honest Sir,
And in this point most strong.
Pand. The cause, the cause Sir?
Law. A just cause too.
Pand. As any is in hell, *Lawyer.*
Law. For barrenness, she never brought him children.
Pand. Why art thou not divorc'd? thou canst not get 'em,
Thy neighbors, thy rank neighbors: O base jugling,
Is she not young?
Jul. Women at more years Sir,
Have met that blessing; 'tis in heavens high power.
Law. You never can have any.
Pand. Why quick Lawyer?
My Philosophical Lawyer.
Law. The Rack has spoil'd her
The distentions of those parts, hath stopt all fruitfulness.
Pand. O I could curse.
Jul. And am I grown so miserable,
That mine own pitty must make me wretched?

And let it be your part still to deserve
Love him no less than I have done, an
And heaven shall bless you; you shall
I give you up the house, the name of
Honor, and all respect I borrowed from
And to my grave I turn: one farewell
Nothing divide your Loves, not want o
Which I shall pray against, and make
Grow like two equal flames, rise high a
And in your honor'd age burn out toge
To all I know, farewell.

Ronver. Be not so griev'd Lady,
A nobler fortune.

Jul. Away thou parasite.
Disturb not my sad thoughts, I hate th

Ron. I hate not you, I am glad sh
Come, let's pursue. [*E*

Pand. If I had breath to curse the
Or could my great heart utter, farewell
Thy house, nor face agen.

Mar. Let 'em all go.
And now let us rejoyce, now freely tak
And now embrace me *Virolet*, give the
Of a brave Husband to his love.

Vir. I'll take my leave too.

Mar. How take your leave too?

Vir. The house is furnish'd for you
You are Mistress, may command

But to yield up those chast delights and pleasures,
Which are not mine, but my first vowes.
Mar. You jeast.
Vir. You will not find it so, to give you those
I have divorc'd, and lost with *Juliana*,
And all fires of that nature ——
Mar. Are you a Husband?
Vir. To question hers, and satisfie your flames,
That held an equal beauty, equal bounty ——
Good heaven forgive; no, no, the strict forbearance,
Of all those joys, like a full sacrifice,
I offer to the sufferings of my first love,
Honor, and wealth, attendance, state, all duty,
Shall wait upon your will, to make you happy,
But my afflicted mind, you must give leave Lady,
My weary Trunk must wander.
Mart. Not enjoy me?
Go from me too?
Vir. For ever thus I leave you;
And how so e're I fare, live you still happy. [*Exit Virol.*
Mar. Since I am scorn'd, I'll hate thee, scorn thy gifts too,
Thou miserable fool, thou fool to pitty,
And such a rude, demolisht thing, I'll leave thee,
In my revenge: for foolish love, farewell now,
And anger, and the spite of woman enter,
That all the world shall say, that read this story,
My hate, and not my love, begot my glory. [*Exit Martia.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Sess. Boatswaine, Master, Gunner.

Sess. He that fears death, or tortures, let him leave me.
The stops that we have met with, Crown our Conquest.
Common attempts are fit for common men;
The rare, the rarest spirits. Can we be daunted?
We that have smil'd at Sea at certain ruines,
Which men on shore but hazarded would shake at:
We that have liv'd free, in despite of fortune,
Laught at the out-stretch'd Arm of Tyranny,

As still too short to reach us, shall we faint now?
No my brave mates, I know your fiery temper,
And that you can, and dare, as much as men:
Calamity, that severs worldly friendships,
Could ne'r divide us, you are still the same;
The constant followers of my banisht fortunes;
The Instruments of my revenge; the hands
By which I work, and fashion all my projects.
Mast. And such we will be ever.
Gun. 'Slight Sir, Cramme me
Into a Cannons mouth, and shoot me at
Proud *Ferrand's* head: may only he fall with me,
My life I rate at nothing.
Boatsw. Could I but get,
Within my swords length of him; and if then
He scape me, may th'account of all his sins
Be added unto mine.
Mast. 'Tis not to dye Sir,
But to dye unreveng'd, that staggers me:
For were your ends serv'd, and our Countrey free,
We would fall willing sacrifices.
Sess. To rise up,
Most glorious Martyrs.
Boats. But the reason why
We wear these shapes?
Sess. Only to get access:
Like honest men, we never shall approach him,
Such are his fears, but thus attir'd like *Switzers*,
And fashioning our language to our habits;
Bold, bloody, desperate, we may be admitted
Among his guard. But if this fail I'll try
A thousand others, out-do *Proteus*
In various shapes, but I will reach his heart,
And seal my anger on't.

Enter Ronvere *and the Guard.*

Mast. The Lord *Ronvere.*
Boats. Shall we begin with him?
Sess. He is not ripe yet,
Nor fit to fall: as you see me begin,

With all care Imitate.
Gun. We are instructed.
Boats. Would we were at it once.
Ron. Keep a strict watch,
And let the guards be doubled, this last night
The King had fearful dreams.
Sess. 'Tis a good *Omen*
To our attempts.
Ron. What men are these? what seek you?
Sess. Imployment.
Ron. Of what nature?
Sess. We are Soldiers;
We have seen Towns and Churches set on fire;
The Kennels runing blood, Coy virgins ravish'd;
The Altars ransack'd, and the holy reliques,
Yea, and the Saints themselves, made lawful spoyls,
Unto the Conquerors: but these good days are past,
And we made Beggars, by this idle peace,
For want of action. I am Sir no stranger
To the Gover[n]ment of this state, I know the King
Needs men, that only do what he commands,
And search no farther: 'tis the profession
Of all our Nation, to serve faithfully,
Where th'are best payed: and if you entertain us,
I do not know the thing you can command,
Which we'll not put in act.
Ron. A goodly Personage.
Mast. And if you have an Enemy, or so
That you would have dispatch'd.
Gun. They are here, can fit you.
Boats. Or if there be an Itch, though to a man.
Sess. You shall tye
Our consciences in your purse strings.
Ron. Gentlemen,
I like your freedome: I am now in hast,
But wait for my return. I like the Rascals,
They may be useful.
Sess. We'll attend you Sir.
Ron. Do, and be confident of entertainment;
I hope you will deserve it. [*Exit Ron. and Guard.*

Sess. O, no doubt Sir:
Thus far we are prosperous; we'll be his guard;
Till Tyranny and pride find full reward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandulfo, *and* Juliana.

Pand. My blessing? no; a Fathers heavy curse,
Pursue, and overtake him.
Jul. Gentle Sir.
Pand. My name, and Family, end in my self
Rather then live in him.
Jul. Dear Sir forbear,
A fathers curses, hit far off, and kill too.
And like a murthering piece ayms not at one,
But all that stand within the dangerous level.
Some bullet may return upon your self too,
Though against nature, if you still go on
In this unnatural course.
Pand. Thou art not made
Of that same stuff as other women are:
Thy injuries would teach patience to blaspheme,
Yet still thou art a Dove.
Jul. I know not malice, but like an innocent, suffer.
Pand. More miraculous!
I'll have a woman Chronicled, and for goodness,
Which is the greatest wonder. Let me see,
I have no Son to inherit after me;
Him I disclaim.
What then? I'll make thy vertues my sole heir;
Thy story I'll have written, and in Gold too;
In prose and verse, and by the ablest doers:
A word or two of a kind step-father
I'll have put in, good Kings and Queens shall buy it.
And if the actions of ill great women,
And of the modern times too, are remembred,
That have undone their husbands and their families,
What will our story do? It shall be so,
And I will streight about it. [*Exit Pand.*

Enter Boy.

Jul. Such as love
Goodness for glory, have it for reward;

I love mine for it self: let innocence
Be written on my Tomb, though ne're so humble,
'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I
Forget my vows.

Boy. 'Fore me you are not modest,
Nor is this Courtlike. Would you take it well,
If she should rudely press into your Closet,
When from your several Boxes you choose paint,
To make a this days face with?

Jul. What's the matter?

Boy. Pray know her pleasure first.

Jul. To whom speak you Boy?

Boy. Your Ladiships pardon. That proud Lady thief,
That stole away my Lord from your embraces,
(Wrinckles at two and twenty on her cheeks for't,
Or *Mercury* unallayed, make blisters on it)
Would force a visit.

Jul. And dare you deny her,
Or any else that I call mine? No more,
Attend her with all reverence and respect;
The want in you of manners, my Lord may
Construe in me for malice. I will teach you
How to esteem and love the beauty he dotes on;
Prepare a Banquet.

Enter Martia *and Boy.*

Madam, thus my duty
Stoops to the favor you vouchsafe your servant,
In honouring her house.

Mart. Is this in scorn?

Jul. No by the life of *Virolet*: give me leave
To swear by him, as by a Saint I worship,
But am to know no farther, my heart speaks that
My servants have been rude, and this boy (doting
Upon my sorrows) hath forgot his duty:
In which, that you may think I have no share,
Sirra, upon your knees, desire her pardon.

Boy. I dare not disobey you.

Mart. Prethee rise,
My anger never looks so low: I thank you.

And will deserve it, if we may be private,
I came to see and speak with you.
Jul. Be gone. [*Exit Boy.*
Good Madam sit.
Mart. I rob you of your place then.
Jul. You have deserv'd a better, in my bed;
Make use of this too: Now your pleasure Lady.
If in your breast there be a worthy pitty,
That brings you for my comfort, you do nobly:
But if you come to triumph in your conquest,
Or tread on my calamities, 'twill wrong
Your other excellencies. Let it suffice,
That you alone enjoy the best of men,
And that I am forsaken.
Mart. He the best?
The scum and shame of mankind.
Jul. *Virolet*, Lady?
Mart. Blest in him? I would my youth had chosen
Consuming feavers, bed-rid age
For my companions, rather then a thing
To lay whose baseness open, would even poyson
The tongue that speaks it.
Jul. Certainly from you
At no part he deserves this; and I tell you,
Durst I pretend but the least title to him,
I should not hear this.
Mart. He's an impudent villain,
Or a malicious wretch: to you ungrateful;
To me beyond expression barbarous.
I more then hate him; from you he deserves
A death most horrid: from me, to dye for ever,
And know no end of torments. Would you have comfort?
Would you wash off the stain that sticks upon you,
In being refus'd? Would you redeem your fame,
Shipwrack'd in his base wrongs? if you desire this,
It is not to be done with slavish suffering,
But by a Noble anger, making way
To a most brave revenge, we may call justice;
Our injuries are equal; joyn with me then,
And share the honor.

Jul. I scarce understand you,
And know I shall be most unapt to learn
To hate the man I still must love and honor.
Mar. This foolish dotage in soft-hearted women,
Makes proud men insolent: but take your way,
I'll run another course.
Jul. As you are noble,
Deliver his offence.
Mart. He has denied
The rites due to a wife.
Jul. O me most happy,
How largely am I payd for all my sufferings!
Most honest *Virolet*, thou just performer
Of all thy promises: I call to mind now,
When I was happy in those joys you speak of,
In a chast bed, and warranted by Law too,
He oft would swear, that if he should survive me,
(Which then I knew he wisht not) never woman
Should tast of his embraces; this one act
Makes me again his debtor.
Mart. And was this
The cause my youth and beauty were contemn'd?
If I sit down here! wel——
Jul. I dare thy worst,
Plot what thou canst, my piety shall guard him
Against thy malice. Leave my house and quickly,
Thou wilt infect these innocent walls. By virtue
I will inform him of thy bloody purpose,
And turn it on thine own accursed head;
Believ't I will. [*Exit Juliana.*
Mart. But 'tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed against him.
I'll set my self to sale, and live a strumpet;
Forget my birth, my father, and his honor,
Rather then want an instrument to help me
In my revenge. The Captain of the guard;
Blest opportunity courts me.

Enter Ronvere.

Ron. Sad and troubled?

How brave her anger shews! how it sets off
Her natural beauty! under what happy star
Was *Virolet* born, to be belov'd and sought to,
By two incomparable women? noblest Lady,
I have heard your wrongs and pitty them: and if
The service of my life could give me hope
To gain your favor, I should be most proud
To be commanded.

Mart. 'Tis in you, my Lord,
To make me your glad servant.

Ron. Name the means.

Mar. 'Tis not preferment, Jewels, Gold, or Courtship.
He that desires to reap the harvest of
My youth and beauty, must begin in blood,
And right my wrongs.

Ron. I apprehend you Madam,
And rest assured 'tis done; I am provided
Of instruments to fit you: To the King,
I'll instantly present you; if I fail,
He shall make good your ayms: he's less then man,
That to atchieve your favor, would not do
Deeds, fiends would fear to put their agents to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Virolet *Reading.*

Vir. *Quod invitus facis, non est scelus.* 'Tis an *axiome*,
Now whether willingly I have departed
With that I lov'd: with that, above her life
Lov'd me again, crownd me a happy husband,
Was full of children: her afflictions,
That I begot, that when our age must perish,
And all our painted frailties turn'd to ashes,
Then shall they stand and prop[a]gate our honors.
Whether this done, and taking to protection
A new strange beauty, it was a useful one:
How to my lust? if it be so, I am sinful;
And guilty of that crime I would fling from me.
Was there not in it this fair course of virtue?
This pious course, to save my friends, my Countrey,
That even then had put on a mourning garment,
And wept the desolation of her children?

Her noblest children? Did not she thrust me on,
And to my duty clapt the spur of honor?
Was there a way, without this woman, left me
To bring 'em off? the marrying of this woman?
If not, why am I stung thus? why tormented?
Or had there been a wild desire joyn'd with it,
How easily, both these, and all their beauties
Might I have made mine own! why am I toucht thus,
Having perform'd the great redemption,
Both of my friends and family? fairly done it?
Without base and lascivious ends; O Heaven,
Why am I still at War thus? why this a mischief,
That honesty and honor had propounded,
I, and absolv'd my tender will, and chid me,
Nay then unwillingly flung me on?

Enter Juliana *and the Boy.*

Boy. He's here Madam;
This is the melancholly walk he lives in,
And chooses ever to increase his sadness.
Jul. Stand by.
Vir. 'Tis she: how I shake now and tremble!
The virtues of that mind are torments to me.
Jul. Sir, if my hated face shall stir your anger,
Or this forbidden path I tread in vex you;
My love, and fair obedience left behind me,
Your pardon asked, I shall return and bless you.
Vir. Pray stay a little, I delight to see you;
May not we yet, though fortune have divided us,
And set an envious stop between our pleasures,
Look thus one at another? sigh and weep thus?
And read in one anothers eyes, the Legends,
And wonders of our old loves? be not fearful,
Though you be now a Saint, I may adore you:
May I not take this hand, and on it sacrifice
The sorrows of my heart? white seal of virtue.
Jul. My Lord, you wrong your wedlock.
Vir. Were she here,
And with her all severe eyes to behold us,
We might do this; I might name *Juliana*,

And to the reverence of that name, bow thus:
I might sigh *Juliana* she was mine once;
But I too weak a guard for that great treasure——
And whilst she has a name, believe me Lady,
This broken heart shall never want a sorrow.
Jul. Forget her sir, your honor now commands you
You are anothers, keep those griefs for her,
She richly can reward 'em. I would have spoken with you.
Vir. What is your will? for nothing you can ask,
So full of goodness are your words and meanings,
Must be denied: speak boldly.
Jul. I thank you sir. I come not
To beg, or flatter, only to be believ'd,
That I desire: for I shall tell a story,
So far from seeming truth, yet a most true one;
So horrible in nature, and so horrid;
So beyond wickedness, that when you hear it,
It must appear the practice of another,
The cast and malice of some one you have wrong'd much,
And me, you may imagine me accuse too,
Unless you call to mind my daily sufferings;
The infinite obedience I have born you,
That hates all name and nature of revenge.
My love, that nothing but my death can sever,
Rather than hers I speak of.
Vir. *Juliana*,
To make a doubt of what you shall deliver,
After my full experience of your virtues,
Were to distrust a providence; to think you can lie,
Or being wrong'd, seek after foul repairings,
To forge a Creed against my faith.
Jul. I must do so, for it concerns your life Sir;
And if that word may stir you, hear and prosper:
I should be dumb else, were not you at stake here.
Vir. What new friend have I found, that dares deliver
This loaden trunk from his afflictions?
What pittying hand, of all that feels my miseries,
Brings such a benefit?
Jul. Be wise and manly,
And with your honor fall, when Heaven shall call you,

Not by a hellish mischief.
Vir. Speak my blest one,
How weak and poor I am, now she is from me!
Jul. Your wife.
Viro. How's that?
Jul. Your wife.
Vir. Be tender of her, I shall believe else——
Jul. I must be true; your ear, sir;
For 'tis so horrible, if the ayr catch it,
Into a thousand plagues, a thousand monsters,
It will disperse it self, and fright resistance. [*Whispers.*
Viro. She seek my life with you? make you her agent?
Another love? O speak but truth.
Jul. Be patient,
Dear as I love you, else I leave you wretched.
Vir. Forward, 'tis well, it shall be welcome to me;
I have liv'd too long, numbred too many days,
Yet never found the benefit of living;
Now when I come to reap it with my service,
And hunt for that my youth and honor aims at,
The Sun sets on my fortune red and bloody,
And everlasting night begins to close me,
'Tis time to dye.

Enter Martia *and* Ronvere.

Jul. She comes her self.
Ron. Believe Lady,
And on this Angel hand, your servant seals it,
You shall be Mistriss of your whole desires,
And what ye shall command.
Mart. Ha mynion,
My precious Dame, are you there? nay go forward,
Make your complaints, and pour out your fain'd pitties,
Slave, like to him you serve: I am the same still,
And what I purpose, let the world take witness,
Shall be so finisht, and to such example,
Spite of your poor preventions, my dear Gentleman,
My honorable man, are you there too?
You and your hot desire? your mercy Sir,
I had forgot your greatness.

Jul. 'Tis not well Lady.
Mart. Lord, how I hate this fellow now; how desperately
My stomach stands against him; this base fellow,
This gelded fool!
Jul. Did you never hear of modesty?
Mart. Yes, when I heard of you and so believ'd it,
Thou bloodless, brainless fool.
Vir. How?
Mart. Thou despised fool,
Thou only sign of man, how I contemn thee!
Thou woven worthy in a piece of Arras,
Fit only to enjoy a wall; thou beast
Beaten to use; Have I preserv'd a beauty,
A youth, a love, to have my wishes blasted?
My dotings, and the joys I came to offer,
Must they be lost, and sleighted by a dormouse?
J[u]l. Use more respect; and woman, 'twill become you;
At least, less tongue.
Mart. I'll use all violence,
Let him look for't.
Jul. Dare you stain those beauties,
Those heavenly stamps, that raise men up to wonder,
With harsh and crooked motions? are you she
That overdid all ages, with your honor;
And in a little hour dare loose this triumph?
Is not this man your husband?
Mart. He's my halter;
Which (having sued my pardon) I fling off thus,
And with him all I brought him, but my anger;
Which I will nourish to the desolation,
Not only of his folly, but his friends,
And his whole name.
Vir. 'Tis well, I have deserved it.
And if I were a woman, I would rail too.
Mart. Nature nere promised thee a thing so noble.
Take back your love, your vow, I give it freely;
I poorly scorn it; graze now where you please:
That that the dulness of thy soul neglected,
Kings sue for now. And mark me, *Virolet*,
Thou image of a man, observe my words well.

At such a bloody rate I'll sell this beauty,
This handsomness thou scornst and flingst away,
Thy proud ungrateful life shall shake at: take your house,
The petty things you left me give another;
And last, take home your trinket: fare you well, Sir.
Ron. You have spoke like your self;
Y'are a brave Lady. [*Exeunt* Ronvere *and* Martia.
Jul. Why do you smile, Sir?
Vir. O my *Juliana*,
The happiness this womans scorn has given me,
Makes me a man again; proclaims it self,
In such a general joy, through all my miseries,
That now methinks—
Jul. Look to your self dear Sir,
And trifle not with danger that attends you;
Be joyful when y'are free.
Vir. Did you not hear her?
She gave me back my vow, my love, my freedom;
I am free, free as air; and though to morrow
Her bloody will meet with my life, and sink it,
And in her execution tear me piecemeal:
Yet have I time once more to meet my wishes,
Once more to embrace my best, my noblest, truest;
And time that's warranted.
Jul. Good Sir, forbear it:
Though I confess, equal with your desires
My wishes rise, as covetous of your love,
And to as warm alarums spur my will to:
Yet pardon me, the Seal oth'Church dividing us,
And hanging like a threatning flame between us,
We must not meet, I dare not.
Vir. That poor disjoynting
That only strong necessity thrust on you,
Not crime, nor studied cause of mine: how sweetly,
And nobly I will bind again and cherish;
How I will recompence one dear imbrace now,
One free affection! how I burn to meet it!
Look now upon me.
Jul. I behold you willingly,
And willingly would yield, but for my credit.

The love you first had was preserv'd with honor,
The last shall not cry whore; you shall not purchase
From me a pleasure, that have equally
Lov'd your fair fame as you, at such a rate:
Your honesty and virtue must be bankrupt,
If I had lov'd your lust, and not your lustre;
The glorious lustre of your matchless goodness,
I would compel you now to be!—forgive me,
Forgive me Sir, how fondly still I love you!
Yet nobly too; make the way straight before me,
And let but holy *Hymen* once more guide me,
Under the Ax upon the Rack again,
Even in the bed of all afflictions,
Where nothing sings our Nuptials but dire sorrows,
With all my youth and pleasure I'll imbrace you,
Make Tyranny and death stand still affrighted,
And at our meeting souls amaze our mischiefs;
Till when, high heaven defend you, and peace guide you.
Be wise and manly, make your fate your own,
By being master of a providence,
That may controle it.

Vir. Stay a little with me,
My thoughts have chid themselves: may I not kiss you?
Upon my truth I am honest.

Jul. I believe ye;
But yet what that may raise in both our fancies,
What issues such warm parents breed.

Vir. I obey you,
And take my leave as from the Saint that keeps me.
I will be right again, and once more happy
In thy unimitable love.

Jul. I'll pray for ye,
And when you fall I have not long to follow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sesse, Master, Boteswain, *and* Gunner, *at one door*, Martia *and* Ronvere, *at another.*

Ses. Now we have got free credit with the Captain.

Mast. Soft, soft, he's here again: Is not that Lady—
Or have I lost mine eyes? a salt rhume seizes 'em;
But I should know that face.

Bots. Make him not madder,
Let him forget the woman; steer a lar-board.
Mast. He will not kill her.
Bots. Any thing he meets;
He's like a Hornet now, he hums, and buzzes;
Nothing but blood and horror.
Mast. I would save the Lady,
For such another Lady.
Bots. There's the point;
And you know there want women of her mettle.
Mast. 'Tis true, they bring such children now,
Such demilancies,
Their fathers socks will make them Christning clothes.
Gun. No more, they view us.
Ses. You shall play a while,
And sun your self in this felicity,
You shall, you glorious whore, I know you still.
But I shall pick an hour when most securely—
I say no more.
Ron. Do you see those? those are they
Shall act your will; come hither my good fellows:
You are now the Kings. Are they not goodly fellows?
Mart. They have bone enough, if they have stout heart
Mast. Still the old wench. (to it
Sess. Pray Captain, let me ask you
What Noble Lady's that? 'tis a rude question,
But I desire to know.
Ron. She is for the King, Sir;
Let that suffice for answer.
Sess. Is she so Sir?
In good time may she curse it.
Must I breed hackneys for his grace?
Ron. What wouldst thou do
To merit such a Ladies favor?
Sess. Any thing.
Ron. That can supply thy wants, and raise thy fortunes?
Ses. Let her command, and see what I dare execute.
I keep my conscience here; if any man
Oppose her will, and she would have him humbled,
Whole families between her and her wishes—

Mast. We have seen bleeding throats sir, Cities sackt;
And infants stuck upon their pikes.
Botes. Houses a fire, and handsome mothers weeping.
Ses. Which we have heaped upon the pile like sacrifices.
Churches and Altars, Priests and all devotions,
Tumbled together into one rude *Chaos.*
Gun. We know no fear Sir, but want of imployment.
Sess. Nor other faith but what our purses preach.
To gain our ends we can do any thing,
And turn our souls into a thousand figures;
But when we come to do—
Mart. I like these fellows.
Ron. Be ready and wait here within this hour
I'll shew you to the King, and he shall like ye:
And if you can devise some entertainment
To fill his mirth, such as your Countrey uses,
Present it, and I'll see it grac'd.
After this *Comicke Scene* we shall imploy you,
For one must dye.
Sess. What is he sir? speak boldly,
For we dare boldly do.
Ron. This Ladies husband;
His name is *Virolet.*
Sess. We shall dispatch it. [*Exit* Martia, Ronvere.
O damned, damned thing: a base whore first:
And then a murtherer, I'll look to you.
Bots. Can she be grown so strange?
Ses. She has an itch;
I'll scratch you my dear daughter, I'll so claw you;
I'll curry your hot hide; married and honour'd?
And turn those holy blessings into brothels?
Your beauty into blood? I'll hunt your hotness.
I'll hunt you like a train.
Mast. We did all pitty her.
Ses. Hang her, she is not worth mans memory;
She's false and base, and let her fright all stories.
Well, though thou beest mine enemy, I'll right thee,
And right thee Nobly.
Bots. Faith sir, since she must go,
Let's spare as few as may be.

Ses. We'll take all,
And like a torrent sweep the slaves before us.
You dare endure the worst?
Mast. You know our hearts sir,
And they shall bleed the last, ere we start from ye.
Gun. We can but dye, and ere we come to that,
We shall pick out some few examples for us.
Ses. Then wait the first occasion, and like *Curtius*,
I'll leap the gulph before you, fearless leap it:
Then follow me like men, and if our virtues
May buoy our Countrey up, and set her shining
In her first state; our fair revenges taken,
We have our noble ends or else our ashes. [*Exeunt.*

Actus V. Scæna Prima.

Enter Ascanio, *and* Martia *above.*

Mart. As you are noble, keep me from discovery,
And let me only run a strangers fortune;
For when the King shall find I am his daughter
He ever holds most ominous, and hates most:
With what eyes can he look, how entertain me,
But with his fears and cruelties?
Asc. I have found you,
Suspect not, I am bound to what you like best,
What you intend, I dare not be so curious
To question now, and what you are, lies hid here.

Enter Ferrand *and* Ronvere *above.*

The King comes, make your fortune, I shall joy in't.
Ron. All things are ready sir to make you merry,
And such a King, you shall behold him now.
Fer. I long for't,
For I have need of mirth.
Ron. The Lady sir.
Fer. Now as I am a King, a sprightly beauty,
A goodly sweet aspect! my thanks *Ronvere*,
My best thanks; on your lips I seal your wishes,
Be what you can; imagine mine, and happy.

And now sit down and smile; come my *Ascanio*;
And let this Monarch enter.

Enter Sess. *and* Mr. B[o]tsw. Gunner, *and* Saylors.

Ronv. These are the *Switzers*:
I told your grace of.
Fer. Goodly promising fellows,
With faces to keep fools in awe, I like 'em;
Go guard the presence well, and do your duties,
To morrow I shall take a farther view:
Sess. You shall Sir,
Or I shall loose my will; how the whore's mounted!
How she sits thron'd! thou blasing muddy meteor,
That frightest the under world with lustful flashes,
How I shall dash thy flames! away, no word more.
[*Ex.* Sess. *and his company.* Florish Cor.

Enter Villio, Castruchio, Doctor, *and a Guard.*

Fer. Now, here he comes in glory; be merry Masters,
A Banquet too? [*meat conveyed away.*
Ron. O, he must sit in State Sir!
Asca. How rarely he is usher'd! can he think now
He is a King indeed?
Ron. Mark but his countenance.
Cast. Let me have pleasures infinite, and to the height,
And women in abundance, many women,

Enter Ladies.

I will disport my grace,
Stand there and long for me.
What have ye brought me here? is this a Feast
Fit for a Prince? a mighty Prince? are these things,
These preparations, ha?
Doct. May it please your grace? (Marchpanes,
Cast. It does not please my grace: where are the
The Custards double royal, and the subtilties?
Why, what weak things are you to serve a Prince thus?
Where be the delicates oth' earth and ayr?
The hidden secrets of the Sea? am I a plow-man,
You pop me up with porridge? hang the Cooks.

Fer. O most Kingly:
What a Majestick anger!
Cast. Give me some wine.
Asca. He cools agen now.
Cast. Fool where are my Players?
Let me have all in pomp; let 'em play some love matter,
To make the Ladies itch, I'll be with you anon Ladies;
You black eyes, I'll be with you.
Give me some wine I say,
And let me have a Masque of Cuckolds enter:
Of mine own Cuckolds,
And let them come in, peeping and rejoycing
Just as I kiss their wives, and somewhat glorying.
Some wine I say, then for an excellent night-piece,
To shew my glory to my loves, and minions,
I will have some great Castle burnt.
Vil. Hark you brother:
If that be to please these Ladies, ten to one
The fire first takes upon your own, look to that;
Then you may shew a night piece.
Cast. Where's this wine?
Why shall I choak? do ye long all to be tortur'd?
Doct. Here Sir.
Cast. Why, what is this? why Doctor.
Doct. Wine and water Sir.
'Tis Soveraign for your heat, you must endure it.
Vil. Most excellent to cool your night-piece Sir.
Doct. You are of a high and cholerick complexion,
And you must have allayes.
Cast. Shall I have no sheere wine then?
Doct. Not for a world: I tender your dear life Sir;
And he is no faithful subject—
Vil. No, by no means:
Of this you may drink, and never hang, nor quarter,
Nor never whip the fool, this liquors merciful.
Cast. I will sit down and eat then: Kings when th'are (hungry,
May eat I hope?
Doct. Yes, but they eat discreetly.
Cast. Come, tast this dish, and cut me liberally;
I like sauce well.

Doct. Fie 'tis too hot Sir:
Too deeply season'd with the spice, away with't,
You must acquaint your stomach with those dyets
Are temperately nourishing.
Cast. But pray stay Doctor,
And let me have my meat again.
Doct. By no means:
I have a charge concerns my life.
Cast. No meat neither;
Do Kings never eat Doctor?
Doct. Very little Sir.
And that too very choice.
Vil. Your King never sleeps Brother,
He must not sleep, his cares still keep him waking.
Now he that eats and drinks much is a dormouse;
The third part of a wafer is a weeks diet.
Cast. Appoint me something then.
Doct. There.
Cast. This I feel good,
But it melts too suddainly; yet, how, that gone too!
Ye are not mad! I charge you. [*take away.*
Doct. For your health Sir,
A little quickens nature, much depresses.
Cast. Eat nothing for my health? that's a new dyet,
Let me have something, something has some savor.
Why thou uncourteous Doctor, shall I hang thee?
Doct. 'Tis better Sir than I should let you surfeit,
My death were nothing.
Vil. To loose a King, were terrible.
Cast. Nay, then I'll carve my self, I'll stay no ceremonies.
This is a Patridge Pye, I am sure that's nourishing,
Or *Galen* is an Ass: 'tis rarely season'd:
Ha Doctor have I hit right? a mark a mark there? [*take away.*
Vil. What ails thy grace?
Cast. Retriv those Patridges.
Or as I am a King—
Doct. Pray Sir be patient,
They are flowen too far.
Vil. These are breath'd pyes an't please you,
And your hawkes are such Buzards.

Cast. A King and have nothing,
Nor can have nothing!
Vil. What think you of pudding?
A pudding Royal?
Cast. To be royally starv'd,
Whip me this fool to death; he is a blockhead.
Vil. Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a King:
'Twill be enough.
Cast. As for your dainty Doctor, the Table taken away,
All gone, all snatch'd away, and I unsatisfied,
Without my wits being a King and hungry?
Suffer but this thy treason? I tell thee Doctor.
I tell it thee, in earnest, and in anger,
I am damnably hungry, my very grace is hungry.
Vil. A hungry grace is fittest to no meal Sir.
Doct. Some two hours hence, you shall see more: but still Sir
You must retain an excellent and strict dyet.
Vil. It sharpens you, and makes your wit so poynant, Sir
Your very words will kill.
Doct. A bit of Marmalade
No bigger than a Pease.
Vil. And that well butter'd,
The ayr thrice purified, and three times spirited,
Becomes a King: your rare conserve of nothing
Breeds no offence.
Cast. Am I turn'd King *Camelion*,
And keep my Court ith'ayr?
Fer. They vex him cruelly.
Asca. In two days more they'll starve him.
Fer. Now the women, there's no food left but they.
Asca. They'll prove small nourishment.
Yet h'as another stomach and a great one,
I see by his eye.
Cast. I'll have mine own power here;
Mine own Authority; I need no tutor.
Doctor this is no dyet.
Doct. It may be Sir.
Vil. Birlady, it may turn to a dry dyet;
And how thy grace, will ward that—
Cast. Stand off Doctor;

And talk to those that want faith.
Fer. Hot and mighty.
Asca. He will cool apace, no doubt.
Cast. Fair, plump, and red,
A forehead high, an eye revives the dead;
A lip like ripest fruit, inviting still.
Vil. But O, the rushy well, below the hill,
Take heed of that, for though it never fail
Take heed I say, for thereby hangs a tail.
Cast. I'll get ye all with Child.
Vil. With one Child Brother,
So many men in a Blew Coat.
Cast. Had I fed well.
And drunk good store of wine, ye had been blest all,
Blest all with double Births; come kiss me greedily,
And think no more upon your foolish Husbands,
They are transitory things: a Kings fame meets you.
Doct. Vanish away. [*Ex. Women.*
Cast. How, they gone too? my guard there:
Take me this devil Doctor, and that fool there,
And sow 'em in a sack; bring back the women,
The lovely women, drown these rogues or hang 'em.
Asca. He is in earnest Sir.

Enter Sess. Master, Boatsw. Gunner *and* Saylors.

Fer. In serious earnest,
I must needs take him off.
Sess. Now, now be free.
Now liberty, now Countrey-men shake from ye
The Tyrants yoke.
All liberty, liberty, liberty.
Guard. Treason, treason, treason.
Fer. We are betray'd, fly to the Town, cry treason,
And raise our faithful friends; O my *Ascanio.*
Asca. Make hast, we have way enough.
Guard. Treason, treason. [*Ex. Fer. Asca. and guard.*
Sess. Spare none, put all to th'sword: a vengeance shake (thee;
Art thou turn'd King again?
Cast. I am a Rascal:
Spare me but this time, if ever I see King more,

Or once believe in King.
Sess. The ports are ours.
The treasure and the port, fight bravely Gentlemen;
Cry to the Town, cry liberty and honor;
[*crying liberty and freedom within.*
Waken their persecuted souls, cry loudly,
We'll share the wealth among ye.
Cast. Do you hear Captain?
If ever you hear me, name a King.
Sess. You shall not.
Cast. Or though I live under one, obey him.
Gun. This Rogue again.
Sess. Away with him good Gunner.
Cast. Why look ye Sir? I'll put you to no charge;
I'll never eat.
Gun. I'll take a course, you shall not,
Come, no more words.

Enter Boatsw[a]ine.

Cast. Say nothing when you kill me.
Sess. He's taken to the Towers strength;
Now stand sure Gentlemen.
We have him in a pen, he cannot scape us,
The rest oth'Castle's ours; liberty, liberty:
What is this City up?
Boatsw. They are up and glorious,
And rouling like a storm they come; their Tents
Ring nothing but liberty and freedome.
The women are in Arms too.
Sess. Let 'em come all.
Honour and liberty.
All. Honor and liberty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juliana.

Jul. This woman threats, her eyes, even red with fury
Which like prodigious meteors, foretold
Assur'd destruction, are still before me.
Besides I know such natures unacquainted
With any mean, or in their love, or hatred,
And she that dar'd all dangers to possess him,

Will check at nothing, to revenge the loss
Of what she held so dear, I first discover'd
Her bloody purposes, which she made good,
And openly profess'd 'em; that in me
Was but a cold affection; charity
Commands so much to all; for *Virolet*
Methinks I should forget my Sexes weakness,
Rise up, and dare beyond a womans strength;
Then do, not counsel: he is too secure,
And in my judgment, 'twere a greater service
To free him from a deadly Enemy,
Then to get him a friend. I undertook too,
To cross her plots, oppos'd my piety,
Against her malice; and shall vertue suffer?
No *Martia*, wer't thou here equally armed,
I have cause, spite of thy masculine breeding,
That would assure the victory: my angel
Direct and help me.

Enter Virolet, *like* Ronvere.

Vir. The State in Combustion,
Part of the Cittadel forc'd, the treasure seiz'd on;
The guards corrupted, arm themselves against
Their late protected Master; *Ferrant* fled too,
And with small strength, into the Castle's Tower,
The only *Aventine*, that now is left him!
And yet the undertakers, nay, performers,
Of such a brave and glorious enterprize,
Are yet unknown: they did proceed like men,
I like a child; and had I never trusted
So deep a practice unto shallow fools,
Besides my souls peace, in my *Juliana*,
The honor of this action had been mine,
In which, accurs'd, I now can claim no share.

Jul. *Ronvere*! 'tis he, a thing, next to the devil
I most detest and like him terrible;
Martia's right hand, the instrument I fear too,
That is put to her bloody will, into act.
Have I not will enough, and cause too mighty?
Weak womens fear, fly from me.

Vir. Sure this habit,
This likeness to *Ronvere*, which I have studied,
Either admits me safe to my design,
Which I too cowardly have halted after,
And suffer'd to be ravisht from my glory;
Or sinks me and my miseries together;
Either concludes me happy.
Jul. He stands musing,
Some mischief is now hatching:
In the full meditation, of his wickedness,
I'll sink his cursed soul: guide my hand heaven,
And to my tender arm give strength, and fortune,
That I may do a pious deed, all ages
Shall bless my name for; all remembrance crown me.
Vir. It shall be so.
Jul. It shall not, take that token,
And bear it to the lustful arms of *Martia*,
Tell her, for *Virolets* dear sake, I sent it.
Vir. O I am happy, let me see thee,
That I may bless the hand that gave me liberty,
O courteous hand, nay thou hast done most nobly,
And heaven has guided thee, 'twas their great justice;
O blessed wound that I could come to kiss thee!
How beautiful, and sweet thou shew'st!
Jul. Oh!
Vir. Sigh not,
Nor weep not dear, shed not those sovereign Balsames
Into my blood; which must recover me;
Then I shall live again, to do a mischief,
Against the mightiness of love and virtue,
Some base unhallowed hand shall rob thy right of.
Help me, I faint: so.
Jul. O unhappy wench!
How has my zeal abus'd me; you that guard virtue,
Were ye asleep? or do you laugh at innocence?
You suffer'd this mistake? O my dear *Virolet*!
An everlasting curse follow that forme
I strook thee in, his name be ever blasted:
For his accursed shadow has betray'd
The sweetness of all youth, the nobleness,

The honour, and the valor; wither'd for ever
The beauty and the bravery of all mankind:
O my dull, devils eyes.
Vir. I do forgive you,
By this, and this I do; I know you were cozen'd;
The shadow of *Ronvere*, I know you aym'd at,
And not at me; but 'twas most necessary,
I should be struck, some hand above directed you:
For *Juliana* could not shew her justice
Without depriving high heaven of his glory,
Or any subject fit for her, but *Virolet*:
Forgive me too, and take my last breath sweet one,
This the new marriage of our souls together;
Think of me *Juliana*, but not often,
For fear my faults should burthen your affections,
Pray for me, for I faint.
Jul. O stay a little,
A little little Sir. [*Offers to kill her self.*
Vir. Fye *Juliana.*
Jul. Shall I outlive the virtue, I have murder'd?
Vir. Hold, or thou hat'st my peace, give me the dagger,
On your obedience, and your love, deliver it.
If you do thus; we shall not meet in heaven sweet;
No guilty blood comes there; kill your intentions,
And then you conquer: there where I am going,
Would you not meet me Dear?
Jul. Yes.
Vir. And still love me?
Jul. And still behold you.
Vir. Live then till heaven calls you.
Then ripe and full of sweetness you rise sainted.
Then I that went before you to prepare,
Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you
With Hymnes of holy Love—I go out,
Give me your hand, farewell, in peace farewell,
Remember me, farewell. [*dyes.*
Jul. Sleep you sweet glasses,
An everlasting slumber crown those Chrystals,
All my delight adue, farewell, Dear *Virolet*,
Dear, Dear, most Dear; O I can weep no more,

My body now is fire, and all consuming,
Here will I sit, forget the world and all things,
And only wait what heaven shall turn me to,
For now methinks I should not live. [*She sits down.*

Enter Pandulfo.

P[a]nd. O my sweet daughter,
The work is finisht now, I promis'd thee:
Here are thy virtues shewed, here register'd,
And here shall live for ever.
Jul. Blot it, burn it,
I have no virtue, hateful I am as hell is.
Pand. Is not this *Virolet*?
Jul. Ask no more questions,
Mistaking him I kill'd him.
Pand. O my Son,
Nature turns to my heart again, my dear Son,
Son of my age, would'st thou go out so quickly?
So poorly take thy leave, and never see me?
Was this a kind stroak daughter? could you love him?
Honour his Father, and so deadly strike him?
O wither'd timeless youth, are all thy promises,
Thy goodly growth of Honors come to this?
Do I halt still ith'world, and trouble nature,
When her main pieces founder, and fail dayly?

Enter Boy, and three Servants.

Boy. He does weep certain: what bodie's that lies by him?
How do you do Sir?
Pand. O look there *Lucio*,
Thy Master, thy best Master.
Boy. Woe is me.
They have kill'd him, slain him basely, O my Master!
Pand. Well daughter well; what heart had you to do this?
I know he did you wrong; but 'twas his fortune,
And not his fault, for my sake that have lov'd you,
But I see now you scorn me too.
Boy. O Mistress?
Can you [si]t there, and his cold body breathless?
Basely upon the earth?

Pand. Let her alone Boy,
She glories in his end.
Boy. You shall not sit here,
And suffer him you loved—ha! good Sir come hither,
Come hither quickly, heave her up; O heaven Sir,
O God, my heart, sh's cold; cold and stiff too:
Stiff as a stake, she's dead.
Pand. She's gone, nere bend her.
I know her heart, she could not want his company:
Blessing go with thy soul, sweet Angels shadow it
O, that I were the third now, what a happiness!
But I must live, to see you layd in earth both,
Then build a Chapel to your memories,
Where all my wealth shall fashion out your stories.
Then dig a little grave besides, and all's done.
How sweet she looks, her eyes are open smiling,
I thought she had been alive, you are my charge Sir,
And amongst you, I'll see his goods distributed.
Take up the bodies, mourn in heart my friends,
You have lost two noble succors; follow me,
And thou sad Countrey, weep this misery. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sess. Boatswaine, Master, Gunner, Citizens, *and Souldiers, as many as may be.*

Sess. Keep the Ports strongly mann'd, and let none enter,
But such as are known Patriots.
All. Liberty, Liberty,
Sess. 'Tis a substantial thing, and not a word
You men of *Naples*, which if once taken from us,
All other blessings leave us; 'tis a jewel
Worth purchasing, at the dear rate of life,
And so to be defended. O remember
What you have suffer'd, since you parted with it;
And if again you wish not to be slaves,
And properties to *Ferrand's* pride and lust,
Take noble courage, and make pe[r]fect what
Is happily begun.
1. *Cit.* Our great preserver,
You have infranchis'd us, from wretched bondage.
2. *Cit.* And might be known, to whom we owe our freedom,

We to the death would follow him.
3. *Cit.* Make him King,
The Tyrant once remov'd.
Sess. That's not my end.
'Twas not ambition that brought me hither,
With these my faithful friends, nor hope of spoil;
For when we did possess the Tyrants treasure,
By force extorted from you, and employed,
To load you with most miserable thraldome,
We did not make it ours, but with it purchas'd
The help of these, to get you liberty,
That for the same price kept you in subjection.
Nor are we *Switzers*, worthy Countrey-men,
But *Neapolitans*, now eye me well;
And tho the reverend *Emblems* of mine age,
My silver locks are shorne, my beard cut off,
Partaking yet of an adulterate Colour;
Tho 14 years you have not seen this face,
You may remember it, and call to mind,
There was a Duke of *Sess*, A much wrong'd Prince,
Wrong'd by this Tyrant *Ferrand*.
1. *Cit.* Now I know him.
2. *Cit.* 'Tis he, long live the Duke of *Sess*.
Sess. I thank you.
The injuries I receiv'd, I must confess,
Made me forget the love I owed this Country,
For which I hope, I have given satisfaction,
In being the first that stir'd, to give it freedome;
And with your loves and furtherance, will call back,
Long banisht peace, and plenty, to this people.
2. *Cit.* Lead where you please, we'll follow.
1. *Cit.* Dare all dangers.

Enter Pandulf, *the Bodies of* Virolet, *and* Juliana *upon a Hearse.*

Sess. What solemn funeral's this?
Pand. There rest a while,
And if't be possible there can be added
Wings to your swift desire of just revenge,
Hear, (if my tears will give way to my words)

In brief a most sad story.
Sess. Speak, what are they?
I know thee well *Pandulfe.*
Pand. My best Lord?
As far as sorrow will give leave, most welcome;
This *Virolet* was, and but a Son of mine,
I might say, the most hopeful of our Gentry;
And though unfortunate, never ignoble:
But I'll speak him no farther. Look on this,
This face, that in a savage would move pitty,
The wonder of her Sex, and having said
'Tis *Juliana*, Eloquence will want words
To set out her deservings; this blest Lady
That did indure the Rack, to save her Husband,
That Husband, who, in being forc'd to leave her,
Indur'd a thousand tortures; by what practise,
I know not, (but 'twas sure a cunning one)
Are made, the last I hope, but sad examples
Of *Ferrands* tyranny. Convey the bodies hence.
Sess. Express your sorrow
In your revenge, not teares, my worthy Soldiers:
That fertile earth that teem'd so many children,
To feed his cruelty, in her wounded wombe,
Can hardly now receive 'em.
Boats. We are cold,
Cold walls shall not keep him from us. (for a
Gun. Were he cover'd with mountains, and room only
Bullet to be sent level at him, I would speed him.
M[*r*]. Let's scale this petty Tower; at Sea we are Falcons,
And fly unto the main top in a moment.
What then can stop us here?
1 *Cit.* We'll tear him piece-meal.
2 *Cit.* Or eat a passage to him.
Ses. Let discretion
Direct your anger; that's a victory,
Which is got with least loss, let us make ours such:
And therefore friends, while we hold parley here,
Raise your scalado on the other side,
But enter'd wreak your suffrings.
[*Exit Saylors and Soldiers.*

1 *Cit.* In our wrongs:
There was no mean.
2 *Cit.* Nor in our full revenge
Will we know any.
Sess. Be appeas'd good man,
No sorrow can redeem them from deaths Prison;
What his inevitable hand hath seiz'd on,
The world cannot recover. All the comfort
That I can give to you, is to see vengeance
Pour'd dreadfully upon the Authors head,
Of which their ashes may be sensible,
That have faln by him. [*Sound a parley.*

Enter Ferrand, Martia, Ascanio, *and* Ronvere, *above.*

Pand. They appear.
Fer. 'Tis not that we esteem rebellious Traytors
Worthy an answer to their proudest Summons
That we vouchsafe our presence; or to exchange
One syllable with 'em: but to let such know,
Though circled round with treason, all points bent
As to their Center at my heart, 'tis free,
Free from fear, villains, and in this weak Tower
Ferrand commands as absolute, as when
He trod upon your necks, and as much s[c]orns you.
And when the Sun of Majesty shall break through
The clouds of your rebellion, every beam
Instead of comfortable heat shall send
Consuming plagues among you; and you call
That government which you term'd tyrannous
Hereafter, gentle.
Sess. Flatter not thy self
With these deluding hopes, thou cruel beast,
Thou art ith'toyle, and the glad Huntsman prouder,
By whom thou art taken, of his prey, than if
(Like thee) he should command, and spoil his Forrest.
Fer. What art thou?
Sess. To thy horror Duke of *Sesse.*
Fer. The Divel.
Sess. Reserv'd for thy damnation.
Fer. Why shakes my love?

Mart. O I am lost for ever;
Mountains divide me from him; some kind hand
Prevent our fearful meeting: Or lead me
To the steep rock, whose rugged brows are bent
Upon the swelling main; there let me hide me:
And as our bodies then shall be divided,
May our souls never meet.
Fer. Whence grows this, Sweetest?
Mar. There are a thousand furies in his looks;
And in his deadly silence more loud horror,
Than when in hell the tortur'd and tormentors
Contend whose shreeks are greater. Wretched me!
It is my father.
Sess. Yes, and I will own her, Sir,
Till my revenge. It is my daughter, *Ferrand*;
My daughter thou hast whor'd.
Fer. I triumph in it:
To know she's thine, affords me more true pleasure,
Than the act gave me, when even at the height,
I crack'd her Virgin zone. Her shame dwell on thee,
And all thy family; may they never know
A female issue, but a whore; *Ascanio.*
Ronvere, look cheerfull; be thou a man too,
And learn of me to dye. That we might fall,
And in our ruines swallow up this Kingdom,
Nay the whole world, and make a second *Chaos.*
And if from thence a new beginning rise,
Be it recorded this did end with us;
And from our dust hath embryon.
Ron. I liv'd with you,
And will dye with you; your example makes me
Equally bold.
Asc. And I resolv'd to bear
What ere my fate appoints me.
Sess. They are ours,
Now to the spoyl.
Boats. Pitty the Lady; to all else be deaf. [*Exeunt.*
Within, Kill, kill, kill. [*Alarum Flo. Trumpets. Retreat.*

Enter Sesse *with* Ferrands *head, the Citizens, Master, Boteswaine, Gunner, Souldiers bringing in* Ascanio, *and* Martia.

Sess. Cruel beginnings meet with cruel ends;
And the best sacrifice to Heaven for peace,
Is tyrants blood: and those that stuck fast to him,
Flesh'd instruments in his commands to mischief,
With him dispatch'd.
Boats. They are cut off.
Sess. 'Tis well.
All. Thanks to the Duke of *Sesse.*
Sess. Pay that to Heaven,
And for a general joy, give general thanks:
For blessings nere descend from Heaven, but when
A grateful Sacrifice ascends from men.
To your devotion, leave me, there's a Scene,
Which I would act alone; yet you may stay,
For wanting just spectators, 'twill be nothing.
The rest forbear me.
Cit. Liberty, liberty, liberty.
Mar. I would I were as far beneath the Centre,
As now I stand above it; how I tremble!
Thrice happy they that dyed; I dying live
To stand the whirlwind of a fathers fury.
Now it moves toward me.
Sess. Thou, I want a name,
By which to stile thee: All articulate sounds
That do express the mischief of vile woman,
That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak
To speak thee to the height. Witch, Parricide,
For thou, in taking leave of modesty,
Hast kild thy father, and his honor lost;
He's but a walking shadow to torment thee.
To leave, and rob thy father; then set free
His foes, whose slavery he did prefer
Above all treasure, was a strong defeazance
To cut off, even the surest bonds of mercy.
After all this, having given up thy self,
Like to a sensual beast, a slave to lust,

To play the whore, and then (high Heaven it racks me)
To find out none to quench thy appetite,
But the most cruel King, whom next to Hell,
Thy father hated; and whose black imbraces
Thou shouldst have fled from, as the whips of furies;
What canst thou look for?

Enter Pandulph, and bodies born on the Herse.

Mart. Death; and 'tis not in you
To hurt me farther: my old resolution,
Take now the place of fear; in this I liv'd,
In this I'll dye, your daughter.
Pand. Look but here;
You had I know, a guilty hand in this;
Repent it Lady.
Mart. *Juliana* dead?
And *Virolet*?
Pand. By her unwilling hand.
Mart. Fates you are equal. What can now fall on me,
That I will shrink at? now unmov'd I dare
Look on your anger, and not bend a knee
To ask your pardon; let your rage run higher
Than billows rais'd up by a violent Tempest,
And be, as that is, deaf to all intreaties:
They are dead, and I prepar'd; for in their fall
All my desires are summ'd up.
Sess. Impudent too?
Die in it wretch.
Boats. Stay Sir. [*Boats. kills her.*
Sess. How dar'st thou villain,
Snatch from my sword the honor of my justice?
Boats. I never did you better service Sir,
Yet have been ever faithful. I confess
That she deserv'd to dye; but by whose hand?
Not by a fathers. Double all her guilt,
It could not make you innocent, had you done it.
In me 'tis murder, in you 'twere a crime
Heaven could not pardon. Witness that I love you,
And in that love I did it.
Sess. Thou art Noble,

I thank thee for't; the thought of her dye with her.
Asc. My turn is next: since she could find no mercy,
What am I to expect?
Cit. With one voyce, Sir,
The Citizens salute you with the stile
Of King of *Naples.*
Sess. I must be excus'd,
The burden is too heavy for my shoulder,
Bestow it where 'tis due. Stand forth *Ascanio,*
It does belong to you; live long and wear it,
And warn'd by the example of your Unkle,
Learn that you are to govern men, not beasts:
And that it is a most improvident head,
That strives to hurt the limbs that do support it.
Give burial to the dead; for me, and mine,
We will again to Sea, and never know,
The place, which in my birth first gave me woe. [*Exeunt.*
[*Flor. of Trumpets.*

APPENDIX.

In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, acts, stage directions, &c., but not, of course, the headline or mere 'rules.' Where, as in the lists of Persons Represented, there are double columns, the right-hand column is numbered after the left.

It has not been thought necessary to record the correction of every turned letter nor the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versâ*. Full-stops have been silently inserted at the ends of speeches and each fresh speaker has been given the dignity of a fresh line: in the double-columned folio the speeches are frequently run on. Misprints in the Quartos and the First Folio are recorded when they appear to be interesting. A word or two from the printed text is attached to the variants recorded below in cases where the variant, by itself, would not be sufficiently clear. Altered punctuation is shown, usually, by printing the old punctuation between the preceding and following words.

THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.

A = First Folio. B = Second Folio.

p. 1. *Not in* A, *except title.*
p. 2, l. 15. B] Euphenes. l. 28. B] Merionc.
p. 3, l. 12. B] Agenenor.
p. 4, l. 29. B] you. l. 40. B] Gentleman.
p. 5, l. 31. A] Servant.
p. 6, l. 23. *Colon added, as in* A. l. 38. A *omits stage direction.*
p. 7, l. 38. A *reads*]
Bel. Good *Euphanes*, where benefits are ill conferr'd,
I had thought, &c. (See p. 8, ll. 28—30.)
p. 8, l. 28. B] Bell.
p. 10, l. 30. A] was from you due to me:
p. 11, ll. 29, 30. B] he is. For
p. 12, l. 5. B] in my. l. 34. A] mine.
p. 13, l. 7. B] Socines.
p. 15, l. 12. A] unto this. l. 13. B] nave. l. 23. B] Brother?
p. 17, l. 16. B *omits mark of interrogation.* l. 26. A *omits*] the.
p. 18, l. 20. A] thank ye.
p. 19, l. 2. A] Gentlemen with Torches.
p. 20, l. 7. B] Erates. l. 11. B] Ser.
p. 21, l. 1. B] Leonides. A *adds*] Gent. with Lights. l. 28. B] t'is.
p. 22, l. 9. A *misprints*] tooke. l. 18. A] strengths.
p. 23, l. 11. B] Ah.

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p. 26, l. 36. A *reads*] Enter Drawer with Quissiions.

p. 30, l. 18. A *omits stage direction.*

p. 31, l. 29. B *misprints*] Gome.

p. 32, l. 9. B] ege. l. 15. B] Gabbedge.

p. 33, l. 16. B] Mart; to Mart.

p. 34, l. 19. B] *Exeunt.*

p. 36, l. 24. A *omits*] Countries.

p. 37, l. 28. A] so felicitated.

p. 40, l. 21. A] forfeiture.

p. 43, l. 12. A] 'em.

p. 45. *The two Songs are not in* A.

p. 46, l. 36. B *misprints*] Enphanes.

p. 47, l. 27. B *misprints turned m.*

p. 49, l. 16. A and B *print stage direction 2 lines lower.*

p. 50, l. 8. A] love will. l. 29. B] trapings. l. 30. B] Bottons.

p. 51, l. 8. B] hubo. l. 19. B] Il'l. l. 27. A] o' stones.

p. 52, l. 13. A] damne me's. l. 36. *The first parenthesis has been supplied, as in* A.

p. 54, l. 11. B] T'is.

p. 55, l. 13. B] than than. l. 17. B] Il'd.

p. 56, l. 30. B] gives.

p. 58, l. 10. A] barbarisme. l. 21. *The second parenthesis has been supplied, as in* A. l. 32. *The second parenthesis has been supplied, as in* A.

p. 59, l. 4. A] innocency. l. 7. A *divides the line at* Eave. l. 25. A *misprints*] with ail. l. 33. B *misprints*] Aud.

p. 60, l. 7. B] is it to. l. 9. A *divides the line at* thou. l. 24. A *omits*] the. l. 25. B] lay as. ll. 25, 26. B] feet, she gives. l. 38. A] imminent.

p. 61, l. 11. A] Be that.

p. 62, l. 9. B] min.

p. 64, l. 27. A *divides at* hazard. l. 32. A *divides at* parts.

p. 65, ll. 5, 6. A *divides at* Neanthes *and* fit. l. 32. A] Dan.

p. 66, ll. 13, 14. A *divides at* trust *and* discharge. l. 22. A *divides at* prosper. l. 27. A *adds*] *Exit.*

p. 67, l. 24. B] Nerione like Beliza. Conon l. 25. *A comma has been supplied after* Sosicles.

p. 68, l. 11. A *divides at* confirms. l. 15. B *misprints*] Ihat. l. 16. B] reads. l. 26. B] dispairng.

p. 69, l. 11. B] this. l. 16. A] run-away. l. 19. A *omits*] 'ts.

p. 71, l. 10. B *misprints*] Uuc. l. 31. A] ye would.

p. 72, l. 25. B] Theamor. l. 32. B] you you. l. 33. B] displeasure be.

p. 73, l. 1. B *misprints*] puhlickly. l. 4. B *misprints*] he.

p. 75, l. 20. B] rises? l. 38. B] latter of.

p. 76, l. 7. B] Sonnet. l. 20. B *misprints*] gracions.

BONDUCA

BONDUCA.

p. 79. *Not in* A, *except title.*

p. 80, l. 25. A *omits*] at.

p. 82, l. 23. B] fearful? ll. 38, 39. B] Britain-Foxes. More l. 40. B] Britain;

p. 83, l. 5. B *misprints*] sor. l. 8. A] Romane.

p. 85, l. 35. B] you this. ll. 36, 37. B] see. Although

p. 86, l. 10. A *omits*] is't. ll. 26, 27. B] Petillius. That

p. 87, l. 25. B *omits this line.*

p. 88, l. 20. B] soul.

p. 89, l. 7. B] yon. l. 38. B *misprints*] Hecatomhs.

p. 90, l. 23. B] (Mona).

p. 91, l. 15. B *misprints*] faiIing. l. 32. B] Sweet. A] nothings.

p. 92, l. 10. B] Sweet. l. 13. B *misprints*] occasious. l. 20. B *misprints*] Iu. ll. 31, 32. B] cools. Fling

p. 95, l. 8. B *misprints*] Baitains. l. 27. A] Nor slaves. l. 28. B *misprints*] beseeeh.

p. 98, l. 13. A *omits*] observing Junius. l. 34. A] brings.

p. 100, l. 11. A] sick persons.

p. 101, l. 33. B *misprints*] asl.

p. 102, l. 10. B] have have.

p. 103, l. 22. A] we'ld shew.

p. 104, l. 7. A] gallows? They. l. 17. B] e'm. l. 26. B *misprints*] Remans.

p. 105, l. 36. B *misprints*] Dangh.

p. 106, l. 7. B] me.

p. 108, l. 15. B] think thou. l. 21. B] wist. l. 38. B *misprints*] otder.

p. 111, l. 35. B *misprints*] sttrik'st.

p. 112, l. 12. B *misprints*] Romc.

p. 112, l. 39 and p. 113, l. 14. A] Audate.

p. 113, l. 22. A] tempt him. l. 24. A] His hidden.

p. 114, l. 26. A] I am.

p. 115, l. 27. B] yet. l. 37. A] toplesse Perinine.

p. 117, l. 32. B] end'. l. 33. B] to.

p. 118, l. 13. A] halloa. l. 26. B] swallow'd Drusus.

p. 119, l. 38. A] 'em.

p. 120, l. 1. A] salt-itcht. l. 6. B] my self anger. l. 23. B *misprints*] lawfuI. l. 37. A] and must we shame.

p. 121, l. 20. B *misprints*] whoIe.

p. 122, l. 3. B] fate.

p. 123, l. 17. A *omits*] *Exeunt.* l. 32. B] the.

p. 124, l. 23. A] have ye.

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p. 125, l. 20. A] nesh nag. l. 22. A] of ballads.

p. 126, l. 21. B] ye have. l. 30. B] shall, choak.

p. 128, ll. 25, 26. B] He. That

p. 130, l. 21. A *adds*] *Exeunt.*

p. 131, l. 9. B *misprints*] BatteIs. l. 12. B *misprints*] scornfuI.

p. 133, l. 11. B] bring all.

p. 134, l. 10. B] dist. l. 21. B] whither.

p. 135, l. 35. B] graet.

p. 136, l. 5. A *omits stage direction.* l. 13. B] foe. I l. 15. B *misprints*] Penyns.

p. 137, l. 13. B] souldiers? l. 29. B] out out-brav'd.

p. 138, l. 9. B *misprints*] Cond.

p. 140, l. 6. A] bloody fears. l. 36. B] our.

p. 142, l. 2. *The* I *has dropped out in* B. l. 16. A *omits stage direction.* l. 17. B *misprints*] Bend.

p. 143, l. 1. A] Romane. *Omits stage direction.* l. 29. B] marriage-sons.

p. 145, l. 7. A] sometimes. l. 10. B *misprints*] soidiers.

p. 147, l. 13. A] life was. l. 14. B] drawn, pursue it on. l. 22. A *adds another*] ha.

p. 148, l. 12. B] and and.

p. 149, l. 10. A] specially.

p. 150, l. 21. B *misprints*] sufficieut. l. 40. A] th' Camp.

p. 153, l. 14. B] Petell.

p. 154, l. 36. A] sankst.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

A = the quarto of 1613. **B** and **C** = the quartos of 1635.
D = the second folio.

(**A**) The | Knight of | the Burning Pestle. | Quod si | Iudicium subtile, videndis artibus illud | Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares: | Bœotum in crasso iurares aëre natum. | Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug. | London, | Printed for Walter Burre, and are to be sold at the | signe of the Crane in Paules Church-yard. | 1613.

To his many | waies endeered | friend Maister Robert Keysar. | *Sir, this unfortunate child, who in eight daies (as lately I have learned) was begot and borne, soone after, was by his parents (perhaps because hee was so unlike his brethren) exposed to the wide world, who for want of judgement, or not understanding the privy marke of* Ironie *about it (which shewed it was no of-spring of any vulgar braine) utterly rejected it: so that for want of acceptance it was even ready to give up the Ghost, and was in danger to have bene smothered in perpetuall oblivion, if you (out of your direct* antipathy *to ingratitude) had not bene moved both to relieve and cherish it: wherein I must needs commend both your judgement, understanding, and singular love to good wits; you afterwards sent it to mee, yet being an infant and somewhat ragged, I have fostred it privately in my bosome these two yeares, and now to shew my love returne it to you, clad in good lasting cloaths, which scarce memory will weare out, and able to speake*

for it selfe; and withall, as it telleth mee, desirous to try his fortune in the world, where if yet it be welcome, father, foster-father, nurse and child, all have their desired end. If it bee slighted or traduced, it hopes his father will beget him a yonger brother, who shall revenge his quarrell, and challenge the world either of fond and meerely literall interpretation, or illiterate misprision. Perhaps it will be thought to bee of the race of Don Quixote: *we both may confidently sweare, it is his elder above a yeare; and therefore may (by vertue of his birth-right) challenge the wall of him. I doubt not but they will meet in their adventures, and I hope the breaking of one staffe will make them friends; and perhaps they will combine themselves, and travell through the world to seeke their adventures. So I commit him to his good fortune, and my selfe to your love.* | Your assured friend | W. B.

The first quarto does not contain the address *To the Reader* or The Prologue, printed on p. 160. It omits *The Actors Names* and the text is headed The famous Historie | Of the Knight of the burning | *PESTLE.* | , a title followed in quartos B and C at the head of the text.

(B) The | Knight | Of the | Burning | Pestle. | Full of Mirth and Delight. | Written by { Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher. } Gent. | As it is now Acted by Her Majesties Servants | at the Private house in Drury lane. | 1635. | Quod si | Iudicium subtile, videndis artibus illud | Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares: | Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum. | Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug. | London: | Printed by N. O. for I. S. 1635.

(C) The | Knight | Of the | Burning | Pestle. | Full of Mirth and Delight. | Written by { Francis Beamount, and John Fletcher. } Gent. | As it is now acted by her Majesties Servants | at the Private house in Drury lane. | 1635. | Quod si | Iudicium subtile, videndis artibus illud | Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares: | Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum. | Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug. | London: | Printed by N. O. for I. S. 1635.

The alternative readings adopted in square brackets in the text are, mainly, from A.

Mrs Arnold Glover has kindly collated the copies of the quartos of 1635 at the British Museum and at South Kensington.

p. 160, l. 8. A and B] person. l. 19. B] meanings. l. 25. D] tbe.

p. 161, l. 1. B and C] The Speakers Names. l. 11. B and C] Luce Marchants. l. 45. A—C *print practically the rest of the Prologue, except Ralph's lines on* p. 164 *and Prologue's conclusion* p. 165 *as prose; the interruptions of the Citizen and his Wife are also, usually, printed as prose in the Quartos.* l. 43. D] sweat.

p. 162, l. 34. A] warrant tee.

p. 163, l. 13. D *some copies misprint*] Playa, ss. l. 21. A] couple stools.

p. 164, l. 35. D] Grocers.

p. 165, l. 1. D] bunrning.

APPENDIX

p. 166, l. 3. D] my my. l. 5. A and B] his Prentice. l. 13. D] of self.

p. 167, l. 7. A and B] it must be.

p. 169, ll. 18, 29. D] Mer. l. 24. A] in's. l. 33. B—D] froward to.

p. 170, l. 3. A] this place. l. 11. D] Luec.

p. 171, l. 10. A] you, I if.

p. 172, l. 23. A—D] Tobacco? do you nothing. l. 18. A—C] fault' faith. l. 20. A *omits*] of. l. 26. D] Groccr. l. 36. A—C] stroake.

p. 173, l. 21. D] beautiful. l. 27. A—C] Methridatum. l. 29. C and D] of, in his. l. 33. C and D] I not. l. 38. D] Tom.

p. 174, l. 2. A] oth. B] o'th. l. 25. A—C] Damsels. l. 38. A] Im'e a.

p. 175, l. 5. A—C] ne'er [*in various spellings*]. l. 7. A and B] th'art. l. 8. C and D] the bloud. l. 35. C and D] I ever.

p. 176, l. 13. A and B] state. l. 14. A] lust. l. 23. A—C] hitherto this.

p. 177, l. 24. D] and and. l. 19. A and B] there's. l. 33. B—D] Enter Jasper. l. 37. A] 'tis now matter.

p. 178, l. 3. D *repeats line twice.* l. 21. A—C] a' th toe. D] Sweet: heart.

p. 179, l. 33. A—C] a' thy. l. 35. D] fair a. l. 38. A and B *omit*] thou. l. 40. D] Cit.

p. 180, l. 29. A—C] pitch-field. l. 15. A—C] the wilde.

p. 181, l. 8. D] indeed: law. l. 9. A and B *omit*] will. l. 10. A—C] a' my. l. 12. B] a knot grasse. l. 17. D] it' a. l. 18. B—D] friends. Ralph l. 22. A] may this. l. 23. D] Knigthood.

p. 182, l. 17. A and B] and some Trumpets. l. 32. C and D] to earrh.

p. 183, l. 5. D] Wifc. l. 7. A] here are. l. 10. A and B] an he. l. 23. D *omits*] Ralph. l. 36. A and B] he hath.

p. 184, l. 1. B—D] dare. l. 7. D] aed. l. 16. A] warrant thee. l. 30. D] the ill.

p. 185, l. 17. A *omits*] you. l. 28. A] a hell. l. 35. A] then ha.

p. 186, l. 29. D] shoulderr.

p. 187, l. 16. D] *Ralph.* Thou.

p. 188, l. 8. A and B] shrodly. l. 18. C and D] your.

p. 189, l. 6. A] Chamberlino. B] Chamberlaino. l. 9. A] Tastero. l. 16. A and B] nole. ll. 22, 23. A] Tapstero. l. 27. A—C] Am to.

p. 190, l. 6. A] errant. l. 15. A] shall I.

p. 191, l. 30. C and D] Never his. l. 31. B—D] *repeat* she is *thrice only.*

p. 192, l. 4. A] taken. B and C] take. l. 6. A] from that. l. 38. A—C] a your.

p. 193, l. 3. C and D *omit*] poore. l. 16. C and D] Your. l. 29. C and D] my dear,

p. 194, l. 30. D] if.

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE

p. 195, l. 31. B] *Luce.* *Luce* awake. *Luce,* why...

p. 196, l. 31. A and B] that be.

p. 197, l. 9. D] is fit. l. 12. D *omits*] *Exit.* l. 18. A] i truth. l. 24. D] Dwarse.

p. 198, l. 3. A] Every truery true Knight, and every damsell faire faire. l. 19. D] Knigthood. l. 20. A *omits*] your. l. 34. A] our Casket.

p. 199, l. 1. C and D] your can. l. 19. D] If oft. l. 22. C and D] bounds. l. 38. C and D] near a.

p. 200, l. 8. A] Ladies Gent: l. 24. A] fight him.

p. 201, l. 13. D] merry-totgght. ll. 14, 15. D] merry-thoughauhain. l. 17. D] aone. l. 22. A and B *omit*] thank. l. 30. A] plot. B] plos.

p. 202, l. 6. A and B] Behold that. l. 12. B and C] all the adventurous. l. 16. A and B] speake. l. 24. A] Ladies Gent.

p. 203, l. 6. A and B] ore. l. 24. A and B] showdst. l. 29. B—D] the wise. D] I hear. l. 31. A] That that I may give condigne. l. 34. B—D] his den.

p. 204, l. 2. A and B] till mine. l. 18. D] way. A—C] way, l. 30. B—D] 3. Knight.

p. 205, l. 7. D] Rafc. l. 20. A] for these. l. 25. A—C] stricken. l. 27. A] Turne-bull. l. 29. D] here. ll. 33, 34. D] done. Another

p. 206, l. 1. C and D] half. l. 4. C and D] tender. l. 8. D] Gentleman. l. 14. A and B] shalt thou. l. 19. D] Sqire. l. 32. D] yon. A] out at the. l. 34. D] I'll get in amoug. C] I get. A and B] 'em...em. l. 35. D] such leslon.

p. 207, l. 7. A and B] fellow and fellow. l. 24. A and B] 'em.

p. 208, l. 38. A—C] Margret.

p. 210, l. 9. D] stand, fix. l. 16. A and B] flirt Gill. l. 22. D] Geerge. l. 30. C and D] be weary.

p. 211, ll. 10, 14, 15. A and B] warrant tee. l. 22. C and D] I'm.

p. 212, l. 25. A—C] needs must. l. 38. C and D] shilling to. B] shilling, to.

p. 213, l. 12. A] and a Boy. l. 18. D] as your. l. 38. A] appointed.

p. 214, ll. 10, 11. A and B] ha has. l. 15. B] I should. l. 28. A—C] I heere. l. 31. A and B] Porrage.

p. 215, l. 14. C and D] may know. l. 19. A—C] I am. l. 20. D] bosly. l. 36. C and D] of father.

p. 216, l. 1. D] changes. A—C] changes, l. 16. A and B] deserv'd. l. 38. D] snall. A and B] borne.

p. 217, l. 5. A—C] whiles.

p. 218, l. 37. D] great. l. 38. C and D] Dinner.

p. 219, l. 11. D] Bnt. l. 13. C and D] is that. l. 19. A] let am. l. 25. A *adds another* now. l. 28. C and D] not know.

p. 220, l. 6. C and D] Rafe, l. 18. D] quickly, for I come amongst. B and C] or if I come amongst. l. 21. A and B] *Exit Boy.* l. 35. A—C] councell. l. 39. D] flagrant.

APPENDIX

p. 221, l. 13. A] the bellowing Bucke.

p. 222, l. 1. C and D] Jasper and his. l. 9. B—D] on. l. 10. A] To farre. l. 29. A] of this. l. 37. A—C] fount.

p. 223, l. 5. B] the Ghost, l. 6. B—D] now I'll. l. 15, 16. D] prethee. call l. 26. D] Scarfe for. l. 34. A—C *repeat* Rafe *before* double. l. 38. D] shaer.

p. 224, l. 6. A—C] stroke.

p. 225, l. 8. A] not you should. l. 21. A—C] double your files. l. 26. D] Shop. l. 33. C and D] is more.

p. 226, l. 10. A and B] has. l. 16. B—D] boys? l. 28. B—D] full long I.

p. 227, l. 12. D] *Mist. Mer.*

p. 228, l. 1. C and D] him talk.

p. 229, l. 1. A and B] forgive ham. l. 2. A] be sad l. 10. D] rest— l. 15. A] care of that. l. 37. B—D] means. l. 38. B—D] The Lord of May.

p. 230, l. 1. D] Afrer. l. 12. C and D] Death came [B, come] and caught. l. 17. B—D] in Moor-fields. l. 33. A] not depart.

p. 231, l. 15. A] I might see. l. 17. C and D] you like.

LOVES PILGRIMAGE.

A = First Folio. B = Second Folio.

p. 232, l. 1. B] Pilgramage. ll. 2—39. *Not in* A. l. 21. B] Borcellona.

p. 233, l. 14. A] or an onyon. l. 20. B *omits*] pray,

p. 234, l. 13. B] ought. l. 27. B] Florentinc.

p. 235, l. 24. B] sweat.

p. 237, l. 19. A] those do. l. 20. A] that it is.

p. 238, l. 24. A] eat.

p. 244, l. 1. B] Ine. l. 25. B] too.

p. 245, ll. 24, 25. B] manger. But l. 31. B] stirrop. and

p. 246, l. 7. *Omitted in* B. l. 24. B] Theodosio.

p. 247, l. 1. B] folly, l. 5. B] Sir. l. 12. B] Oh, l. 28. B] Had I.

p. 251, l. 23. B] Sir I.

p. 252, l. 4. B] havihg.

p. 254, ll. 3, 4. A] *Enter two Servants,* 1 *Rowl:* 2 *Ashton.* Come in Sir. l. 27. B *omits words in brackets.* l. 31. A *omits*] ye.

p. 255, l. 32. B] crimes,

p. 256, ll. 34, 35. A] language sirrah Signiour. *Alph.* Give....

p. 257, l. 16. B] sitter.

p. 258, l. 19. A] adventures. l. 20. B] Will.

p. 259, l. 2. A] *Diego Host, Philippo.* l. 38. A] satisfie ye.

LOVES PILGRIMAGE

p. 260, l. 8. A] They are. l. 35. B] he.

p. 263, l. 23. B] our. A] swing.

p. 264, l. 12. B] Franciscc. l. 20. B] childrne. l. 24. A *omits*] his. l. 25. B] uever.

p. 265, l. 7. B] know no. l. 29. A *adds stage direction*] *within.* l. 34. B] Bareelona. l. 35. A *reads stage direction*] *within.*

p. 266, l. 1. B] Mar— l. 4. A] pleasures children.

p. 267, l. 17. B] Mare.

p. 268, l. 15. B] lenghth. l. 16. B] as as. l. 22. A] appears. l. 33. A] if ye.

p. 269, l. 23. B] nam'd. discourses,

p. 270, l. 2. A] *Enter Philippo, and second Host.* ll. 7 ff. B] *Host.* l. 16. A] the half Falconers dog. l. 33. B *omits*] *Serv.*

p. 272, l. 20. B] three.

p. 273, l. 5. A] dams.

p. 275, l. 39. B *omits the second*] man.

p. 276, l. 9. B] Lco.

p. 277, l. 1. B] What, a. l. 32. B] wrandring. l. 40. A] ye shal.

p. 278, l. 33. B] stop.

p. 279, l. 7. B] shaddows; l. 9. A] dame that, that. l. 21. A] spoke.

p. 282, l. 30. A] Would thou appear upon us?

p. 283, l. 9. B] too. few. l. 24. B] him;

p. 284, l. 28. B] Lec. l. 36. B] call?

p. 285, l. 31. B] fame? l. 32. B] Sir,

p. 286, l. 2. B] Saneh. l. 9. B] Tuin. l. 18. B] I shall. l. 39. B] *Sanch.* Lin'd. A] *S.* Lin'd.

p. 287, l. 6. B] foundrerd. l. 14. B] Saneh.

p. 288, l. 14. A] especiall.

p. 289, l. 2. A] seditions. l. 14. A] is it not? l. 29. A] and he do's. l. 33. B] Eneer. l. 35. B] valid.

p. 290, l. 6. A *adds stage direction*] *Job. Bacon ready to shoot off a Pistol.* l. 28. A] *Rod.* She is...fame, *above.*

p. 291, ll. 21, 23. B] Lord. Not. ll. 28, 30. B] to. Our ll. 33, 35. B] yet. See A *adds stage direction*] *fight.*

p. 292, l. 7. A] Governor make. l. 15. A *adds stage direction*] *Exit.* l. 19. A] see 'em.

p. 294, l. 15. A] conduct, when I. l. 19. A] that scale religion. l. 20. A] woman. l. 40. A] a dotes.

p. 295, ll. 8, 9. A] think. Nay

p. 296, l. 5. B] Cov. l. 6. A] can quiet. l. 34. B] attendane. l. 37. A] shall he be. l. 38. A] *Servant, Rowl: Ashton.*

p. 297, l. 3. A *omits stage direction.*

p. 298, l. 6. A] there a man. l. 27. B] Mare. ll. 27, 28. B] poor. In

p. 301, l. 8. B] dlssimulation. l. 30. B] repent I.

p. 311, l. 5. B] which. l.
antonie. Would ll. 16, 17. B]
p. 314, l. 23. A] Curanza.
p. 315, ll. 3, 4. B] death. W
p. 316, l. 23. A] Sir, I.
p. 317, l. 3. A] Curanza. l
l. 38. A] Curanza. l. 39. B] t
p. 319, l. 24. A] Curanza.

THE DOUB

A=First Folio.

p. 321, ll. 3 *to end of page, not in*
p. 323, l. 24. A] believe ye.
p. 324, l. 24. B] goverment. l.
p. 325, l. 18. B] meu.
p. 326, l. 9. B] envy, ll. 33, 34
p. 327, ll. 17, 18. B] spirit. With
p. 328, l. 14. B] now l. l. 36.
p. 330, ll. 7, 8. B] you. So
p. 331, l. 2. B] happy King [*no ex*
[*instead of comma*]. l. 18. A] *Vil.*
p. 332, l. 8. A] tume. l. 26. B]
p. 333, l. 8. B] All.
p. 334, l. 7. B] sits. l. 14. A]
l. 33. B] death of victory.
p. 336, l.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE

p. 346, l. 11. A] Candy.

p. 347, l. 34. A] faire, but by. l. 36. A] But to.

p. 348, l. 15. B] Hohoys.

p. 349, l. 24. B] Assca.

p. 350, l. 6. A] on. Unbolt him. l. 19. A] I admire.

p. 351, l. 11. B] thau. l. 34. B] self some. l. 39. A] Go in,

p. 352, l. 20. A] angers. l. 35. A *adds stage direction*] *She claps on all her Oares.* l. 37. B *omits*] Mast.

p. 353, l. 21. A] I hurt. l. 33. B *omits the words in brackets.*

p. 354, l. 2. A] her; come, cut.

p. 355, l. 14. B] Rom. l. 20. A] it might, l. 31. B] roar?

p. 356, l. 5. A] so low. l. 35. A] Of a.

p. 357, l. 5. A] Ha? who. ll. 8, 9. B] deserve. Your ll. 13, 14. B] feel. The l. 27. A *omits*] our. l. 34. A] all the men.

p. 358, l. 12. A] my most lov'd.

p. 359, l. 5. B] disguise. our l. 8. B] you; is A] made knave. ll. 10, 11. B] off. And l. 21. B] laugh; l. 31. A *adds stage direction*] *En. Citizens severally.* l. 37. B] bush he. l. 38. A] gallants, now be.

p. 360, l. 30. A *omits*] save.

p. 361, l. 15. B] b. l. 25. B] commendatinos. l. 28. A] wear a face...fellowes comming. l. 38. A] shew your.

p. 362, l. 3. A] 'em; no, no. l. 7. B] slaevs. l. 37. B] distur'd.

p. 363, l. 6. A] swing. l. 12. B] Knaves Will.

p. 364, l. 36. B] here.

p. 367, l. 3. A] men of. l. 13. B] one;

p. 368, l. 30. A] me that it's. l. 34. B] wonder I.

p. 369, l. 29. B] love:

p. 370, l. 2. B] then: l. 10. A] thee *Tirant,*

p. 371, l. 11. A *omits*] a. l. 28. A] not thou.

p. 372, l. 5. A *omits*] are. ll. 10, 11. B] ashes I.

p. 374, ll. 22, 23. B] up. Most ll. 33, 34. B] heart. And

p. 375, l. 20. B] Goverment.

p. 377, l. 10. B] matter:

p. 379, l. 37. B] (Blest opportunity).

p. 380, l. 22. A] friends would. l. 30. A] turn. l. 31. B] propogate.

p. 382, l. 20. A] accus'd.

p. 383, l. 11. A *omits stage direction.*

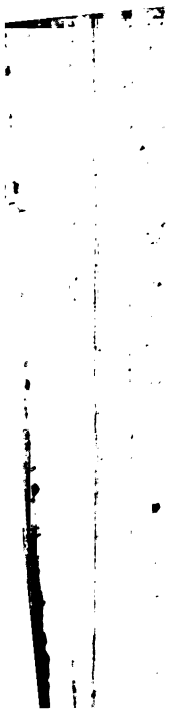
p. 384, l. 17. B] Jnl.

p. 389, l. 5. A] erst we.

p. 390, l. 3. B] Bortsw.

p. 391, l. 12. A] let 'em. ll. 12, 13. B] rejoycing. Just l. 25. A *omits*] *Doct.* l. 26. A] *Doct.* 'Tis.

p. 392, l. 33. A *omits stage direction.*



p. 400, l. 35. B] pefect.
p. 402, l. 29. B] Mer.
p. 403, l. 23. B] Sorns.

END C